THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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AUGUST 14, 1915 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

In This Number: THE GRAY DAWN—By Stewart Edward White
HOW ABOUT RUSSIA? By Samuel G. Blythe

Leader Then, Leader Now

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The Saturday Evening Post

THIS is a reproduction of the first advertisement of a popular-priced light-weight six; a six weighing less than 3000 pounds and selling for less than $2000. It sounded the opening of a new era in the automobile industry, the Era of Light Sixes. It announced the new Chandler at $1785. It announced a car destined to become quickly recognized as one of America's really great automobiles.

Exhibited in Chicago at the time of the Automobile Show, February, 1913, Chandler pioneered the way for light-six domination in public popularity. And Chandler pioneered with a car so *good*, so *right*, that—notwithstanding the influx of other light sixes that soon rushed into the market—we have maintained Chandler leadership with this model and grown to a production of Ten Thousand cars for this year. And *now*—

CHANDLER SIX $1295

Standing pat on this model, as far as all its essential features of design and construction are concerned, devoting to it all the Chandler mechanical genius, refining it and beautifying it and adding to it always the newest features of equipment, we have been enabled to make extraordinary price reductions from season to season and still give greater value.

From $1785 this price last year went down to $1595. And this year down to $1295.

What other car of like size and character has caught up with the Chandler price!

In practical effect, Chandler offers you a $1785 car for $1295. And we ask you to try to match its value in cars that sell for hundreds more.

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No Other Car for Less than $2000 Gives You All These Features

Bosch magneto and Bosch spark plugs; Gray & Davis electric generator and Gray & Davis electric starting motor; Rayfield double-jet carburetor; genuine Mayo Mercedes type radiator; cast aluminum motor base extending from frame to frame; three silent and enclosed chains for driving motor shafts; imported annular ball bearings; silent worm-bevel rear axle; auxiliary seats in tonneau of touring car are instantly adjustable and fold away entirely out of sight in back of front seat; genuine hand-buffed leather upholstery; Stewart vacuum gasoline feed; Golde patent one-man top, covered with genuine Neverleek; Jiffy curtains; Stewart-Warner magnetic speedometer; Firestone demountable rims; complete incidental equipment; and the

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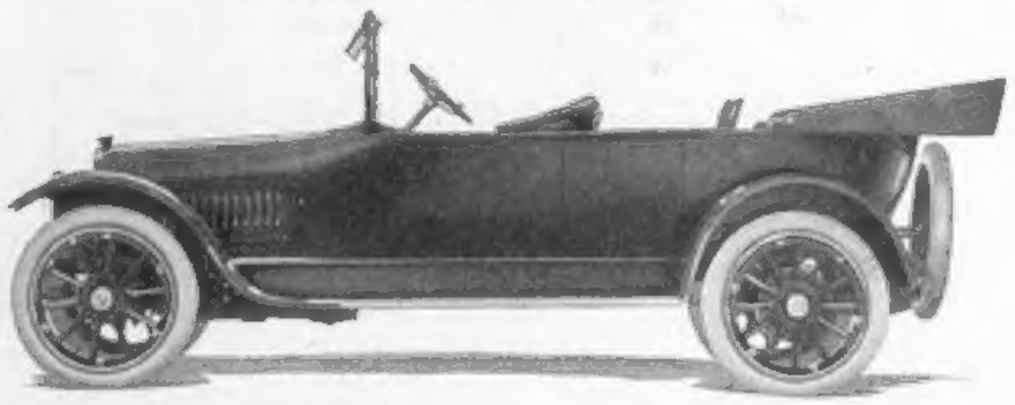
See the Chandler at your dealer's without delay, or write for new catalog now.



CHANDLER MOTOR CAR CO., 508-538 E. 131st St., Cleveland, Ohio

New York City Office: 1890 Broadway. Cable Address: Chanmotor.

Society Brand Clothes

For Young Men and Men Who Stay Young

Fall Styles

Old Faithful Geyser, Yellowstone National Park

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* * * * * *

Society Brand styles come from the gifted hand of the young man's style authority. For the past ten years this man has been regarded as master in this line.

His clothes appeal to men of all ages—for most men now want to *stay* young. He combines youthful snap with conservative style in an inimitable manner. His clothes never include fads or extremes. Yet they have marked individuality.

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Society Brand Clothes are made in Chicago by

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Canadian Prices	
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Roadster, 3-Passenger	1350
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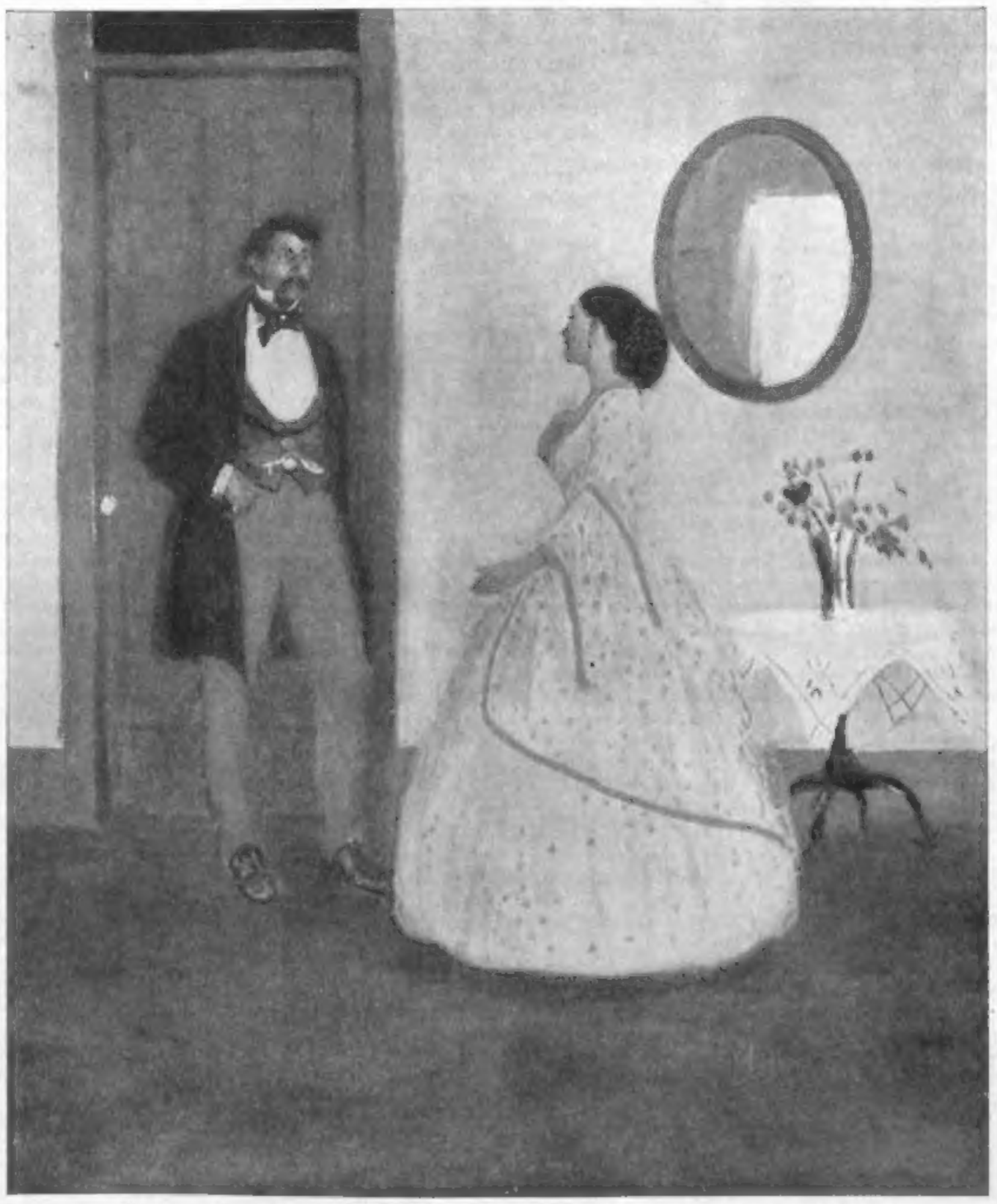
THE GRAY DAWN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

ON THE veranda of the Bella Union Hotel, San Francisco, a man sat enjoying his morning pipe. The Bella Union overlooked the Plaza of that day, a dusty, unkempt open space, later to be swept and graded and dignified into Portsmouth Square. The man was at the younger fringe of middle life. He was dressed neatly and carefully in the fashionable costume of the time, which was the year of grace 1852. As to countenance he was square and solid; as to physique he was the same; as to expression he inclined toward the quietly humorous; in general he would strike the observer as deliberately, philosophically competent. A large pair of steel-bound spectacles sat halfway down his nose. Sometimes he read his paper through their lenses; and sometimes, forgetting, he read over the tops of their bows. The newspaper he held was an extraordinary document. It consisted of four large pages. The outside page was filled solidly with short eight or ten line advertisements; the second page grudgingly vouchsafed a single column of news items; the third page warmed to a column of editorial and another of news; all the rest of the space on these and the entire fourth page was again crowded close with the short advertisements. They told the arrival of ships, the consignment of goods, the movements of real estate, the sales of stock, but mainly of auctions. The man paid little attention to the scanty news and none at all to the editorials. His name was John Sherwood, and he was a powerful and respected public gambler.

The approach across the Plaza of a group of men caused him to lay aside his paper and with it his spectacles. The doffing of the latter strangely changed his whole expression. The philosophical, middle-aged quietude fell from him. He became younger, keener, more alert. It was as if he had removed a disguise.



"Well, Jack, When It Comes to That, We Did Elope, You'll Have to Acknowledge"

The group approaching were all young men and all dressed in the height of fashion. At that rather picturesque time this implied the flat-brimmed beaver hat; the long swallow-tail or skirted coat; the tight pantaloons; vari-colored, splendid, low-cut waistcoats of satin, of velvet or of brocade; high wing collars; varnished boots; many sparkling studs and cravat pins; rather longish hair; and whiskers cut close to the cheek or curling luxuriantly under the chin. They were prosperous, well-fed, arrogant-looking youths, carrying their crests high, the light of questing recklessness in their eyes, ready to laugh, drink or fight with anybody. At sight of Sherwood they waved friendly hands and canes and veered in his direction.

"Yo're just the man we are looking foh!" cried a tall, dark, graceful young fellow. "We are all 'specially needful of wisdom. The drinks are on someone, and we cain't decide who."

John Sherwood, his keen eyes twinkling, set his chair down on four legs.

"State your case, Cal," he said.

Cal waved a graceful hand at a stout, burly, red-faced man, whose thick, blunt fingers, square, blue jowl and tilted cigar gave the flavor of the professional politician.

"John Webb, here—excuse me, Sheriff John Webb—presumin' on the fact that he has been to the mines and that he came here in '49, arrogates to himself the exclusive lyin' privileges of this assemblage."

"Pretty large order," commented Sherwood.

"Precisely," agreed Cal, "and that's why the drinks are on him."

But Sheriff Webb, who had been chuckling cavernously inside his bulky frame, spoke up in a harsh and husky voice:

"I told them an innocent experience of mine, and they try to hold me up for drinks. I don't object to giving them a reasonable amount of drinks—what I call reasonable," he added hastily—"but I object to being held up."

"He says he used to cook," put in a small, alert, nervous, rather flashily dressed individual, named Rowlee, editor of the Bugle.

"I did!" stoutly asseverated Webb.

"And that he baked a loaf of bread so hard nobody could eat it."

"Sounds perfectly reasonable," said Sherwood.

"And that nobody could break it," Rowlee went on.

"I have no difficulty in believing that," said Sherwood judicially. "Your case is mighty weak yet, Cal."

"But he claims it was so hard that they used it for a grindstone."

"I did not!" disclaimed Webb indignantly.

An accusing groan met this statement.

"I tell you I didn't say anything of the kind," roared Webb, his bull voice overtopping all.

"Well, what did you say then?" challenged Calhoun Bennett.

"I said we tried to use her as a grindstone," said Webb, "but it didn't work."

"Weak case, boys, weak case," said Sherwood.

The little group, their eyes wide, their nostrils distended, waited accusingly for Webb to proceed. After an interval the sheriff, staring critically at the lighted end of his cigar, went on in a drawling voice:

"Yes, we couldn't get a hole through her to hang her axle on. We blunted all our drills. Every Sunday we'd try a new scheme. Finally we laid her flat under a tree and rigged a lightnin' rod down to the center of her. No use, she tore that lightning all to pieces."

He looked up at them with a limpid, innocent eye, to catch John Sherwood gazing at him accusingly.

"John Webb," said he, "you forget that I came out here in '48. On your honor, do you expect me to believe that yarn?"

"Well," said Webb, gazing again at his cigar end, "no; really I don't. The fact is," he went on with a perfectly solemn air of confidence—"the fact is I've lived out here so long and told so many damn lies that now without some help I don't know when to believe myself."

"Do we get that drink?" insisted Calhoun Bennett.

"Oh, Lord, yes; you always get a drink."

"Well, come on and get it then—you, too, of course, Mr. Sherwood."

The gambler arose and began leisurely to fold his paper and to put away his spectacles.

"I see you got Mex Ryan off, Cal," he observed. "You either had extraordinary luck or you're a mighty fine lawyer. Looked like a clear case to me. He just naturally went in and beat Rucker half to death in his own store. How did you do it?"

"I assure yo' it was no sinecure," laughed the tall, dark youth. "I earned my fee."

"Yes," grumbled Webb; "but he got six months—and I got to take care of him. Cluttering up my jail with dirty beasts like Mex Ryan! Could just as easy have turned him loose!"

"That would have been a little too much!" smiled Bennett. "It was takin' some risk to let him off as easy as we did. It isn't so long since the Vigilantes."

"Oh, hell, we can handle that sort of trash now," snorted Webb.

"Who was backing Mex, anyway?" asked Rowlee curiously.

"Better ask who had it in for Rucker," suggested the fourth member of the group, a man who had not heretofore spoken. This was Dick Blatchford, a round-faced, rather corpulent, rather silent, jovial-looking individual, with a calculating humorous eye. He was magnificently appareled, but rather untidy.

"Well, I do ask it," said Rowlee.

But to this he got no response.

"Come on, ain't you got that valuable paper folded up yet?" rumbled Webb to Sherwood.

They all turned down the high-pillared veranda toward the bar, talking idly and facetiously of last night's wine and this morning's head. A door opened at their very elbow and in it a woman appeared.

II

SHE was a slender woman of medium height, with a small, well-poised head on which the hair lay smooth and glossy. Her age was somewhere between thirty and thirty-five years. A stranger would have been first of all impressed by the imperious carriage of her head and shoulders, the repose of her attitude. Become a friend or a longer acquaintance, he would have noticed more particularly her wide, low brow, her steady gray eyes, and her grave but humorous lips. But inevitably he would have gone back at last to her more general impression. Ben Sansome, the only man in town who did nothing, made society and dress a profession and the judgment of women a religion, had long since summed her up—"She carries her head charmingly."

This poised, wise serenity of carriage was well set off by the costume of the early fifties—a low collar, above which her neck rose like a flower stem; flowing sleeves; full skirts with many silken petticoats that whispered and rustled; low sandaled shoes, their ties crossed and recrossed round white, slender ankles. A cameo locket, hung on a heavy gold chain, rose and fell with her breast; a cameo brooch pinned together the folds of her bodice; massive and wide bracelets of gold clasped her wrists and vastly set off her rounded but slender forearms.

She stood quite motionless in the doorway, nodding with a little smile in response to the men's sweeping salutes.

"You will excuse me, gentlemen, I am sure," said Sherwood formally, and instantly turned aside.

The woman in the doorway thereupon preceded him down a narrow, bare, unlighted hallway, opened another door and entered a room. Sherwood followed, closing the door after him.

"Want something, Patsy?" he inquired.

The room was obviously one of the best of the Bella Union. That is to say, it was fairly large, the morning sun streamed in through its two windows and it contained a small iron stove. In all other respects it differed quite from any other hotel room in the San Francisco of that time. A heavy carpet covered the floor; the upholstery was of leather or tapestry; wall paper adorned the walls; a large table supported a bronze lamp and numerous books and papers; a canary in a brass cage, hung in the sunshine of one of the windows, flitted from perch to perch, occasionally uttering a few liquid notes under its breath.

"Just a little change, Jack, if you have some on you," said the woman. Her speaking voice was rich and low.

Sherwood thrust a forefinger into his waistcoat pocket and produced one of the hexagonal slugs of gold current at that time.

"Oh, not so much!" she protested.

"All I've got. What are you up to to-day, Patsy?"

"I thought of going down to Yet Lee's, unless there is something better to do."

"Th' Panama Done Been Signaled. Yes, Sah!"

"Doesn't sound inspiring. Did you go to that fair or bazaar thing yesterday?"

She smiled with her lips, but her eyes darkened.

"Yes, I went. It was not altogether enjoyable. I doubt if I'll try that sort of thing again."

Sherwood's eye suddenly became cold and dangerous.

"If they didn't treat you right ——"

She smiled, genuinely this time, at his sudden truculence.

"They didn't mob me," she rejoined equably, "and, anyway, I suppose it is to be expected."

"It's that cat of Morrell's?" he surmised.

"Oh, she—and others. I ought not to have spoken of it, Jack. It's really beneath the contempt of sensible people."

"I'll get Morrell, if he doesn't make that woman behave," said Sherwood, without attention to her last speech.

She smiled at him again, entirely calm and reasonable.

"And what good would it do to 'get' Morrell?" she asked. "Mrs. Morrell only stands for what most of them feel. I don't care anyway. I get along splendidly without them." She sauntered over to the window, where she began idly to poke one finger at the canary.

"For the life of me, Patsy," confessed Sherwood, "I can't see that they're an inspiring lot anyway. From what little I've seen of them they haven't more than an idea apiece. They'd bore me to death in a week."

"I know that. They'd bore me too. Don't talk about them. When do they expect the Panama, do you know?"

But with masculine persistence he refused to abandon the topic.

"I must confess I don't see the point," he insisted. "You've got more brains than the whole lot of them together; you've got more sense; you're a lot better looking"—he surveyed her, standing in the full light by the canary's cage, her little, glossy head thrown back, her pink lips pouted teasingly at the charmed and agitated bird, her fine, clear features profiled in the gold of the sunshine—"and you're a thoroughbred, egad! which most of them are not."

"Oh, thank you, kind sir!" She threw him a humorous glance. "But, of course, that is not the point."

"Oh, isn't it? Well, perhaps you'll tell me the point."

She left the canary and came to face him.

"I'm not respectable," she said.

At the word he exploded.

"Respectable! What are you talking about? You talk as though—as though we weren't married, egad!"

"Well, Jack," she replied, a faint, mocking smile curving the corners of her mouth, "when it comes to that, we did elope, you'll have to acknowledge. And we weren't married for quite a long time afterward."

"We got married as soon as we could, didn't we?" he cried indignantly. "Was it our fault that we didn't get married sooner? And what difference did it make anyway?"

"Now don't get all worked up," she chided. "I'm just telling you why, in the eyes of some of these people, I'm not 'respectable.' You asked me, you know."

"Go on," he conceded to this last.

"Well, we ran away and weren't married. That's item one. Then perhaps you've forgotten that I sat on lookout for some of your games in the early days in the mining camps?"

"Forgotten!" said Sherwood, the light of reminiscence springing to his eyes.

The same light had come into hers.

"Will you ever forget," she murmured, "the camps by the summer streams, the log towns, the lights, the smoke, the freedom, the comradeship ——"

"Homesick for the old rough days?" he teased.

"Kind of," she confessed. "But it wasn't 'respectable'—a—well a fairly good-looking woman in a miner's saloon."

He flared again.

"Do you mean to tell me they dare say ——"

"They dare say anything—behind our backs," she said with cool contempt. "It's all driveling nonsense. I care nothing about it. But you asked me. Don't bother your head about it. Have you anything to suggest doing this morning instead of Yet Lee's?" She turned away from him toward the door leading into another room. "I'll get my hat," she said over her shoulder.

"Look here, Patsy," said Sherwood rather grimly: "If you want to get in with that lot, you shall."

She stopped at this and turned square round.

"If I do—when I do—I will," she replied. "But, John Sherwood, you mustn't interfere, never in the world! Promise!" She stood there, almost menacing in her insistence, evidently resolved to nip this particularly masculine resolution in the bud.

"Egad, Patsy," cried Sherwood, "you are certainly a raving beauty!"

He covered the ground between them in two strides and crushed her in his arms. She threw her head back for his kiss.

A knock sounded, and almost immediately a very black, very bullet-headed young negro thrust his head in at the door.

"Sam," said Sherwood deliberately, "some day I'm going to kill you!"

"Yes, sah! Yes, sah!" agreed Sam heartily.

"Well, what the devil do you want?"

"Th' Panama done been signaled. Yes, sah!" said the negro, but without following his head through the door.

"Well, what the devil do you suppose I care, you black limb!" roared Sherwood. "And what do you mean coming in here before you're told?"

"Yes, sah. Yes, sah, dat's right," ducked Sam. "Shell I awdah the team, sah?"

"I suppose we might as well go see her docked. Would you like it?" he asked his wife.

"I'd love it."

"Then get the team. And some day I'm going to kill you."

III

MRS. SHERWOOD prepared herself first of all by powdering her nose. This simple operation, could it have been seen by the "respectable" members of the community, would in itself have branded her as fast. In those days cosmetics of any sort were by most considered inventions of the devil. It took extraordinary firmness of character even to protect oneself against sunburn by anything more artificial than the shadow of a hat or a parasol. Then she assumed a fascinating little round hat that fitted well down over her small head. This, innocent of pins, was held on by an elastic at the back. A ribbon, hanging down directly in front, could be utilized to steady it in a breeze.

"All ready," she announced, picking up a tiny parasol about big enough for a modern doll. "You may carry my mantle."

Near the foot of the veranda steps waited Sam at the heads of a pair of beautiful, slim, satiny horses. Their bay coats had been groomed until they rippled and sparkled with every movement of the muscles beneath. Wide, red-lined nostrils softly expanded and contracted with a restrained eagerness; and soft eyes rolled in the direction of the Sherwoods—keen, lithe, nervous, high-strung creatures, gently stamping little hoofs, impatiently tossing dainty heads, but nevertheless making no movement that would stir the vehicle that stood cramped at the steps. Their harness carried no blinders; their tails, undocked, swept the ground; but their heads were pulled into the air by the old, stupid, overhead checkreins until their noses pointed almost straight ahead. It gave them rather a haughty air.

Sherwood stepped in first, took the reins in one hand and offered his other hand to his wife. Sam instantly left the horses' heads to hold a wicker contrivance against the arc of the wheels. This was to protect skirts from dusty tires. Mrs. Sherwood settled as gracefully to her place as a butterfly on its flower. Sam snatched away the wicker guards. Sherwood spoke to the horses. With a purring little snort they moved smoothly away. The gossamerlike wheels threw the light from their swift spokes. Sam, half choked by the swirl of dust, gazed after them. Sherwood, leaning slightly forward against the first eagerness of the animals, showed a strong, competent, arresting figure, with his beaver hat, his keen, grim face, his snow-white linen and the blue of his brass-buttoned coat. The beautiful horses were stepping as one, a delight to the eye, making nothing whatever of the frail vehicle at their heels. But Sam's eye lingered longest on the small, stately figure of his mistress. She sat very straight, her head high, the little parasol poised against the sun, the other hand clasping the hat ribbon.

"Dem's quality foh sure!" said Sam with conviction.

Sherwood drove rapidly round the edge of the Plaza and so into Kearney Street. From here to the waterfront were by now many fireproof brick and stone structures, with double doors and iron shutters, like fortresses. So much had San Francisco learned from her five disastrous fires. The stone had come from China; the brick also from overseas. Down side streets one caught glimpses of huge warehouses. Already in this year of 1852 men talked of the open-air auctions of three years before as of something in history inconceivably remote. The streets, where formerly mule teams had been drowned in mud, now were covered with planking. This made a fine, resounding pavement. Horses' hoofs went merrily, klop, klop, klop, and the wheels rumbled a dull undertone. San Francisco had been very

proud of this pavement when it was new. She was very grateful for it even now; for in the upper part of town the mud and dust were still something awful. Unfortunately the planks were beginning to wear out in places; and a city government, trying to give the least possible for its taxes, had made no repairs. There were many holes, large and small—jagged, splintered, ugly holes, going down to indeterminate blackness either of depth or of mud. Private philanthropists had fenced or covered these. Private facetiousness had labeled most of them with signboards. There were rough pictures of disaster painted from the marking pot; and various screeds: "Head of Navigation"; "No Bottom"; "Horse and Dray Lost Here"; "Take Soundings"; "Storage; Inquire Below"; "Good Fishing for Teal"; and the like.

Among these obstructions Sherwood guided his team skillfully, dodging not only them, but other vehicles darting or crawling in the same direction. There were no rules of the road. Omnibuses careered along, every window rattling loudly; drays creaked and strained, their horses' hoofs slipping against wet planks; horsemen threaded their way; nondescript delivery wagons tried to outrattle the omnibuses. The din was something extraordinary—hoofs drumming, wheels rumbling, oaths and shouts, and from the sidewalks the blare and bray of brass bands in front of the various auction shops. Newsboys and bootblacks darted in all directions, shouting raucously, as they do to-day. Cigar boys, an institution of the time, added to the hubbub. Everybody was going in the same direction, some sauntering with an air of leisure, some hurrying as though their fortunes were at stake.

A wild shriek arose, and everybody made room for the steam sand shovel on its way to dump the sandhills into the bay. It was called the "steam paddy," to distinguish it from the "hand paddy"—out of Cork or Dublin. It rumbled by on its track, very much like Juggernaut in its calm indifference as to how many it ran over. Sherwood's horses looked at it nervously, askance; but he spoke to them, and though they trembled they stood.

Now they debouched on the Central Wharf, and the sound of the hoofs and the wheels changed its tone. Central Wharf extended a full mile into the bay. It was lined on either side its narrow roadway by small shacks in which were exposed fowls, fish, vegetables, candy. Some of them were tiny saloons or gambling houses. But by far the majority were the cubicles where the Jewish slopsellers exposed their wares. Men returning from the mines here landed, and here replenished their wardrobes. Everything was exposed to view, like clothes hung out after a rain.

The narrow way between this long row of shops was crowded almost dangerously. Magnificent dray horses, with long hair on the fetlocks above their big heavy hoofs, bridling in conscious pride of silver-mounted harness and curled or braided manes, rose above the ruck as their ancestors the war horses must have risen in medieval battle. The crowd parted before them and closed in behind them. Here and there, too, a horseman could be seen, with a little cleared space at his heels; or a private calash picking its way circumspectly.

From her point of vantage on the elevated seat Mrs. Sherwood could see over the heads of people. She sat very quiet, her body upright, but in the poised repose characteristic of her. Many admiring glances were directed at her. She seemed to be unconscious of them. Nevertheless, nothing escaped her. She saw and appreciated and enjoyed every phase of that heterogeneous crowd—miners in their exaggeratedly rough clothes; brocaded or cotton-clad Chinese; gorgeous Spaniards or Chileans; drunken men, sober men, excited men; frantic runners for hotels or steamboats trying to push their way by; newsboys and cigar boys darting about and miraculously worming their way through impenetrable places.

Atop a portable pair of steps a pale, well-dressed young man was plying thimblerig on his knees with a gilt pea. From an upturned keg a preacher was exhorting. And occasionally, through gaps between the shacks, she caught glimpses of blue water, or of ships at anchor, or, more often, of the tall pile drivers, whose hammers went steadily up and down.

Sherwood guided his glossy team and light, spidery vehicle with the greatest delicacy and skill. He was wholly absorbed in his task. Suddenly up ahead a wild turmoil broke out. People crowded to right and left, clamoring, shouting, screaming. A runaway horse hitched to a light buggy came careering down the way.

A collision seemed inevitable. Sherwood turned his horses' heads directly at an open shop front. They hesitated, their small pointed ears working nervously. Sherwood spoke to them. They moved forward quivering, picking their way daintily. Sherwood spoke again. They stopped. The runaway hurtled by, missing the tail of the buggy by two feet. A moment later a grand crash marked the end of its career farther down the line. Again Sherwood spoke to his horses and exerted the slightest pressure on the reins. Daintily, slowly, their ears twitching back and forth, their fine eyes rolling, they backed out of the opening.

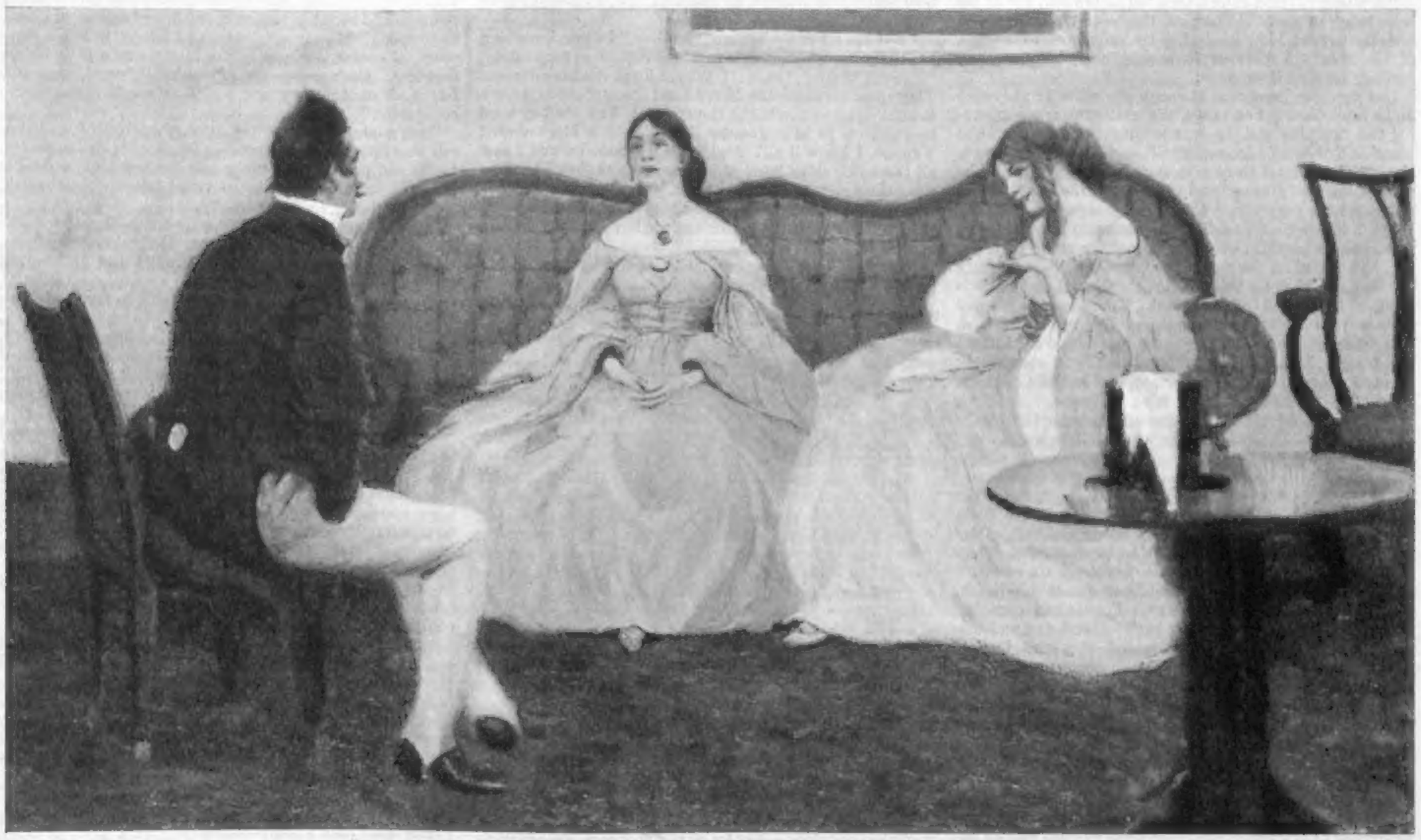
Throughout all this exciting little incident the woman had not altered her pose nor the expression of her face. Her head high, her eye ruminntive, she had looked on it all as one quite detached from possible consequences. The little parasol did not change its angle. Only, quite deliberately, she had relinquished the ribbon by which she held on her hat and had placed her slender hand steadyingly on the side of the vehicle.

The bystanders, already leaping down from their places of refuge and again crowding the narrow way, directed admiring eyes toward the beautiful, nervous, docile horses, the calm and dominating man, and the poised, dainty creature at his side. One drunken individual cheered her personally. At this a faint shell-pink appeared in her cheeks, though she gave no other sign that she had heard. Sherwood glanced down at her, amused.

But now emerged the slopseller, very voluble. He had darted like a rat into some mysterious inner recess of his burrow; but now he was out again, filling the air with lamentations, claims, appeals for justice. Sherwood did not even glance toward him; but in the very act of tooling his horses into the roadway tossed the man some silver. Immediately, with shouts and cheers and laughter, the hoodlums near by began a scramble.

The end of the long wharf widened to a great square, free of all buildings but a sort of warehouse near one end. Here a rope divided off a landing space. Close to the rope the multitude crowded, ready for its entertainment. Here also stood in stately grandeur the three livery hacks of which San Francisco boasted. They were magnificent affairs, the like of which have never elsewhere been seen plying for public hire, brightly painted, highly varnished, lined with silks, trimmed with solid silver. The harnesses were heavily mounted with the same metal. On their boxes sat fashionable creatures, dressed not in livery but throughout in the very latest of the late styles, shod with varnished leather, gloved with softest kid. Sherwood drove skillfully to the very edge of the roped space, pushing aside the crowd on foot. They growled at him savagely. He paid no attention to them, and they gave way. The buggy came to a stop. The horses, tossing their heads, rolling their eyes, stamping their little hoofs, nevertheless stood without need of further attention.

Now the brass bands blared with a sudden, overwhelming blast of sound; the crowd cheered noisily; the runners for the hotels began to bark like a pack of dogs. With a vast turmoil of paddle wheels, swirling of white and green waters, bellowing of speaking trumpets, throwing of handlines and scurrying of deck hands and dock hands, the Panama came to rest. After considerable delay the gangplank was placed. The passengers began to disembark, facing the din much as they would have faced the buffeting of a strong wind. This was the cream of the entertainment for which the crowd had gathered; for which, indeed, the Sherwoods had made their excursion. Each individual received his meed of comment, sometimes audible and by



"They are All Afraid of Each Other, Because They Don't Know Anything About Each Other"

no means always flattering. Certainly in variety both of character and of circumstance they offered plenty of material. From wild, half-civilized denizens of Louisiana's canebrakes, clinging closely to their little bundles and their long rifles, to the most polished exquisites of fashion, they offered all grades and intermediates. Some of them looked rather bewildered. Some seemed to know just what to do and where to go. Most dove into the crowd with the apparent idea of losing their identity as soon as possible. The three magnificent hacks were filled, and managed, with much plunging and excitement, to plow a way through the crowd and so depart. Amusing things happened, to which the Sherwoods called each other's attention. Thus, a man burdened with a single valise ducked under the ropes near them. A paper boy happened to be standing near. The passenger offered the boy a fifty-cent piece.

"Here, boy," said he, "just carry this valise for me."

The paper boy gravely contemplated the fifty cents, dove into his pocket and produced another.

"Here, man," said he, handing them both to the traveler, "take this and carry it yourself."

One by one the omnibuses filled and departed. The stream of passengers down the gangplank had ceased. The crowd began to thin. Sherwood gathered his reins to go. Mrs. Sherwood suddenly laid her hand on his forearm.

"Oh, the poor thing!" she cried, her voice thrilling with compassion.

A young man and a steward were supporting a young girl down the gangplank. Evidently she was very weak and ill. Her face was chalky white, with dark rings under the eyes; her lips were pale and she leaned heavily on the men. Although she could not have heard Mrs. Sherwood's exclamation of pity, she happened to look up at that instant, revealing a pair of large, dark and appealing eyes. Her figure, too, dressed in a plain traveling frock, strikingly simple but bearing the unmistakable mark of distinction, was appealing, as were her exquisite, smooth baby skin and the downward-drooping, almost childlike, curves of her lips.

The inequalities of the ribbed gangplank were sufficient to cause her to stumble.

"She is very weak," commented Mrs. Sherwood.

"She is—or would be—remarkably pretty," added Sherwood. "I wonder what ails her."

Arrived at the foot of the gangplank, the young man removed his hat with an air of perplexity and looked about him. He was of the rather florid, always boyish type, and the removal of his hat revealed a mat of close-curling brown hair, like a cap over his well-shaped head. The normal expression of his face was probably quizzically humorous, for already the little lines of habitual half-laughter were sketched about his eyes.

"A plunger," said John Sherwood to himself, out of his knowledge of men. Then as the young man glanced directly toward him, disclosing the color and expression of his eyes, "A plunger in something," he amended, revising his first impression.

But now the humorous element was quite in abeyance and a faint dismay had taken its place. One arm supporting the drooping girl, he was looking up and down the wharf. Not a vehicle remained save the heavy drays, already backing up to receive their loads of freight. The dock hands had dropped and were coiling the line that had separated the crowd from the landing stage.

With another exclamation the woman in the carriage rose, and before Sherwood could make a move to assist her, had poised on the rim of the wheel and leaped lightly to the dock. Like a thistledown she floated to the little group at the foot of the gangplank. The steward instantly gave way to her evident intention. She passed her arm round the girl's waist. The three moved slowly toward the buggy, Mrs. Sherwood, her head bent charmingly forward, murmuring compassionate, broken little phrases, supporting the newcomer's reviving footsteps.

Sherwood, a faint, fond amusement lurking in the depths of his eyes, quietly cramped the wheels of the buggy.

IV

A HALF-HOUR later the two men, having deposited the women safely in the Sherwoods' rooms at the Bella Union, and having been unceremoniously dismissed by Mrs. Sherwood, strolled together to the veranda. They had not until now had a chance to exchange six words.

The newcomer, who announced himself as Milton Keith, from Baltimore, proved to have a likable and engaging personality. He was bubbling with interest and enthusiasm; and these qualities, provided they are backed solidly, are always prepossessing. Sherwood, quietly studying him, concluded that such was the case. His jaw and mouth were set in firm lines; his eyes, while dancing and mischievous, had depths of capability and reserves of forcefulness. But Sherwood was by inclination and by the necessities of his profession a close observer of men. Another, less practiced, might have seen here merely an eager, rather talkative, apparently volatile, very friendly and quite unreserved young man of twenty-five. Anyone, analytical or otherwise, could not have avoided feeling the attractive force of the youth's personality, the friendly quality that is nine-tenths individual magnetism and one-tenth the cast of mind that initially takes for granted the other man's friendliness.

At the moment Keith was boyishly avid for the sights of the new city. In these days of long journeys so remote a place, in the most commonplace of circumstances, gathered to its reputation something of the fabulous. How much more true then of a city built from sand dunes in four years; five times swept by fire, yet rising again and better before its ashes were extinct; the resort of all the picturesque unknown races of the earth—the Chinaman, the Chilean, the Mexican, the Spaniard, the Islander, the Moor, the Turk—not to speak of ordinary foreigners from Russia, England, France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, and the out-of-the-way corners of Europe; the haunt of the wild and striking individuals of all these races: "Sydney ducks" from the criminal colonies; "shoulder strikers" direct from the tough wards of New York; long, lean, fever-gaunted crackers from the Georgia mountains or the Louisiana canebrakes; Pike County desperadoes; long-haired men from the trapping countries; hard-fisted, sardonic state-of-Maine men fresh from their rivers; Indian fighters from the Western Reserve; grasping, shrewd, commercial Yankees; fire-eating Southern politicians; lawyers, doctors, merchants, chiefs and thiefs, the well-educated and the ignorant, the high-minded and the scalawags, all dumped down together on a sand hill to work out their destinies; a city whose precedents, whose morals, whose laws were made or adapted on the spot; where might, in some form or another—revolver, money, influence—made its only right; whose history ranged in three years the gamut of human passion, strife and development; whose background was the fabled El Dorado whence the gold in unending floods poured through its sluices. To the outside world tales of these things had come. They did not lose in the journey. The vast loom of actual occurrences rose above the horizon like mirages. Names and events borrowed a half-legendary quality from distances, as elsewhere from time. Keith had heard of Coleman, of Terry, of Broderick, Brannan, Gwin, Geary, as he had heard of the worthies of ancient history. He had visualized the fabled splendors of San Francisco's great gambling houses, the excitements of her fervid fevered life, as he might have visualized the magnificences of pagan Rome; he had listened to tales of her street brawls, her vast projects, the buccaneering raids of her big men, her Vigilance Committee of the year before, as he would have listened to the stories of one of Napoleon's veterans. Now by the simple process of a voyage that had seemed literally interminable, but now was past, he had landed in the very midst of fable. It was like dying, he told Sherwood eagerly, like going irretrievably to a new planet. All his old world now seemed as remote, as insubstantial, as phantomlike as this had seemed.

"Even yet I can't believe it's all so," he cried, walking excitedly back and forth and waving an extinct cigar. "I've got to see it, touch it! Why, I know it all in advance. That must be where the Jenny Lind Theater stood, before the fire—just opposite? I thought so! And the bay used to come up to Montgomery Street, only a block down! You see, I know it all! And when we came in, and I saw all those idle ships lying at anchor, just as they have lain since their crews deserted them in '49 to go to the mines—and I know why they haven't been used since, why they will continue to lie there at anchor until they rot or sink ——"

"Do you?" said Sherwood, who was vastly amused and greatly taken by this fresh enthusiasm.

"That is Coleman, Leader of the Vigilance Movement of Last Year"

"Yes, the clipper ships!" Keith swept on. "The first cargoes in this new market made the money—the fastest clippers—poor old hulks—but you brought in the Argonauts!"

So he ran on, venting his impatience, so plainly divided between his sense of duty in staying near his wife and his great desire to slip the leash that Sherwood smiled to himself. Once again he mentioned Coleman and the Vigilantes of '51.

"I suppose he's round here. I may see him?"

"Oh, yes," said Sherwood, "you'll see him. But if you would accept a bit of advice, go slow. You must remember that such a movement makes enemies, arouses opposition. A great many excellent people—whom you will know—are a little doubtful about all that. I know them all. They are among the most influential members of the bar." He glanced at a large watch. "Just at this hour we might find them at the Monumental engine house. What do you say?"

"I should like nothing better!" cried Keith.

"Your wife's illness is not likely to require immediate attendance?" suggested Sherwood inquiringly.

"She's only seasick—horrible voyage—she's always under the weather on shipboard—three weeks of it from Panama. Nan's as strong as a horse," replied Keith with obvious impatience.

They walked across the Plaza to the Monumental fire-engine house, a square brick structure of two stories, with wide folding doors, and a bell cupola apart. Keith paused to admire the engine. It was of the type usual in those days, consisting of a water box with inlet and outlet connections, a pump atop, and parallel pump rails on either side, by the hand manipulation of which the water was thrown with force from the box. The vehicle was drawn by means of a long rope carried on a drum. This could be slacked off at need to accommodate as high as a hundred men or as few as would suffice to move her. So far this engine differed in no manner from those Keith had seen in the East. But this machine belonged to a volunteer company, one of many, and all rivals. It was gayly colored. On the sides of its water box were scenic paintings of some little merit. The woodwork was all mahogany. Its brass ornamentation was heavy and brought to a high state of polish. From a light rack along its center dangled two beautifully chased speaking trumpets and a row of heavy red-leather helmets. Axes nestled in sockets. A screaming gilt eagle with wings outspread hovered atop. Alongside the engine stood the hook-and-ladder truck and the hose cart. These smaller and less important vehicles were painted in the same scheme of color, were equally glittering and polished. Keith commented on all this admiringly.

"Yes," said Sherwood; "you see, since the big fires it has become a good deal a matter of pride. There are eleven volunteer companies, and they are great rivals in everything political and social as well as in the line of regular business, so to speak. Mighty efficient. You'll have to join a company, of course, and you better look round a little before deciding. Each represents something different, some different element. They are really as much clubs as fire companies."

They mounted to the upper story, where Keith found himself in a long room comfortably fitted with chairs, tables, books and papers. A double door showed a billiard table in action. Sherwood indicated a closed door across the hall.

"Card rooms," said he briefly.

The air was blue with smoke and noisy with rather vociferative conversation and laughter. Several groups of men were gathered in little knots. A negro in white duck moved here and there carrying a tray.

Sherwood promptly introduced Keith to many of these men; and he was as promptly asked to name his drink. Keith caught few of the names, but he liked the hearty, instant cordiality. Remarking on the beauty and order of the machines, loud cries arose for "Taylor! Bert Taylor!" After a moment's delay a short, stocky, very red-faced man with rather a fussy manner came forward.

"Mr. Keith," said a tall, dark youth with a pronounced Southern accent, "I want foh to make you acquainted with Mr. Taylor. Mr. Taylor is at once the patron saint of the Monumentals, but to a large extent its 'angel' as well. I hope you understand the theatrical significance of that term, suh. He is motheh, fatheh, guardeen and dry nurse to every stick, stone and brick, every piece of wood, brass or rubbah, every inch of hose, and every man and Irishman on these premises." Taylor had turned an embarrassed brick red. "Mr. Keith," went on the dark youth explanatorily, "was just sayin' that though he had inspected carefully many fire equipments, professional and amateur, he had nevah feasted his eyes on so complete an outfit as that of our Monumentals."

Keith had not said all this, but possibly he had meant it. The brick-red, stocky little man was so plainly embarrassed and anxious to depart that Keith racked his brains for something to say. All he could remember was the manufacturer's nameplate on the machine downstairs.

"I see you have selected the Hunaman engine, sir," said he.

The little man's eye brightened.

(Continued on Page 38)

THE ANGLE OF REFRACTION

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE climax of the dramatic spectacle, Torello, comes when Adalieta, the bride, recognizing the ring the stranger conceals in the cup he tenders her at her marriage feast, springs forward and throws herself into his arms, crying: "This is my lord! This is truly Torello!"

Searelle, the actor-manager who had mounted the sumptuous production, was frequently spoken of as a man obsessed by one idea—himself. In reality Searelle was obsessed by the idea of the dramatic moment of the great classics of the stage; and the fact that he believed himself endowed beyond all mortals in divining and interpreting this moment was merely incidental. He subordinated himself to the idea; and he subordinated everything else to himself.

When one of his productions attained its uttermost before the first night's audience a great work of art stood completed—just as truly as when a painter adds the last touch of his brush to his masterpiece of color, or when the engineer adds the last girder to his bridge, his masterpiece of form. For his favored first-night audience, Searelle consummated some magnificent spectacle for the eye, through which he wove a subtler appeal to the emotions and the finer sensibilities; but to the great actor himself the tinkle of the bell that brought down the final curtain was the knell of doom. He had built up a perfect thing, truly; but now, for night after night, week after week, month after month, he was sentenced to duplicate it hundreds of times, until the dullness of iteration hammered on every shrieking nerve.

He, the mime, possessed an art that could endure only through repetition. He was denied the solace of painter and engineer, whose art was eternal. They could turn from a completed task to the inspiration of a new and greater theme; but he was chained to his creation. With the final curtain of his opening night, Searelle, the artist, would gladly have disbanded his company and touched a match to his precious settings. So far as his divinity was concerned, the task was done; there remained only to pay the piper.

In mounting the spectacle, Torello, Searelle had spent unholy sums. The very accessories cost a fortune. He had dreamed of impossible things—and accomplished them. He had reconstructed an era—the fabled era of Saladin. One full act—that in which the necromancer transports the long-lost Torello from Alexandria to Padua on the magic bed in a single night—was in pantomime. The very jewel in the cup which the bride was to touch with her lips cost more in money than he would pay in a year's run to his wife, Fannie Chesbro, who played Adalieta.

The first scene, laid in Padua of the twelfth century; the court of Saladin; the gorgeous trappings of the magic flight; and finally the banquet scene—it was a staggering total. These were the chains the artist forged about himself. There was not much money spent on the company, that is true. Searelle never permitted a member of his cast—not even his beautiful wife, Fannie Chesbro, who before her marriage had given promise of ability—to rise above the rôle of supernumerary. Those on the stage were merely a setting for him, who must never relinquish the center.

The Searelle audiences were very well satisfied with this. The surroundings, animate and inanimate, satisfied the eye, were a complement to the whole; and—Searelle was Searelle! They paid their money to see Searelle. So now for month after month, in all kinds of weather, in health and in sickness, Searelle must drag himself from town to town until finally the two sides of the reckoning balanced. Then, if he followed his custom, he would toss away the spectacle of Torello, and with a light heart begin digging among musty tomes to unearth a new task for his genius, even more exacting and costly than its forerunner.

It is doubtful whether the artist himself ever considered the cost while he was painting the picture. During the tense period of preparation those about him who did keep count had the sensation of one aboard ship in a heavy sea—of going down, down, down, until it seemed there was no end. Then would come the première—and they were rising to the crest again. Searelle's first nights were always like this. He had never known a failure.

"Quicker! Is This a Quaker Meeting—Eh?"

To-night, the opening of Torello, was proving another triumph. In spite of the ragged nerves of the cast, the spectacle had unrolled itself in cumulative beauty through scene after scene, until now the wedding feast was spread. At the dramatic moment the bride lifted her veil and touched her lips to the cup. Perceiving the ring and recognizing it as she seized it, she sprang forward, crying:

"This is my lord! This is truly Torello!"

Torello should have said:

"This is truly Adalieta!"

But Torello said nothing. In his silken robes, enthroned in the place of honor, all eyes fastened on him, Searelle—Torello—sat in stony silence, stupidly staring into space. Fannie Chesbro, sick with fear, whispered the words in his ear again and again. The house was still gasping under the spell of the dénouement he had contrived so cleverly; and for the instant the ominous pause remained unnoticed.

Then the whole machinery of the thing, depending for movement on the master spring, came to a halt—stopped, like a clock at the end of its tension. Deaf to his wife's entreaties, dead to all sense and motion, Searelle sat like a carved image in the banquet hall. Something had snapped in that marvelous brain. Allan Morgan, the assistant stage manager, was the first to recognize that a catastrophe was at hand. He rang down the curtain; in a few moments he appeared before the house to announce that their idol, Searelle, overcome by the long strain of preparation for the great spectacle they had just witnessed, had collapsed at the moment of success. A physician with him had assured them that the attack would pass and a rest soon restore him—and so on. The dazed audience sat for a moment, then slowly began passing out.

On the stage a small group was gathered about the stricken star. On her knees his wife was repeating over and over again, "This is Fannie—Fannie!"—as though her name must call him back. But he gave no sign.

"There is something pressing on the brain," said Doctor Vossberg, an old friend who had rushed behind the scenes immediately.

"Seventy thousand dollars!" exclaimed Allan Morgan to himself as he watched them carry the limp Searelle away. Seventy thousand dollars! That was the depth of this last pit Searelle had dug for himself to satisfy his ideals of art.

A few days later Bain, master of the storage-warehouse regions, which are the graveyard of stillborn dramatic productions, came in and looked over the trappings with the urbanity of an undertaker, had them duly boxed and crated, and carted away to oblivion. That was the end of Torello. After years of striving Searelle had achieved his heart's desire: he had achieved a perfect picture, of which there was to be no duplicate, no repetition. Before the end of the week the electric sign in front of the theater had disappeared, and glaring posters of moving-picture dramas took its place. Miles away, in his remote retreat, Searelle's sluggish senses were slowly awakening; his world was still a thing of indefinite visions, into which occasionally obtruded a familiar face.

One day some months later, Heinemann, the great producer, the mogul of the theatrical world, contrived to throw himself, as though by accident, in the path of Fannie Chesbro when she came to town.

"How goes it mit you, Fannie?" he asked solicitously in his thick guttural accents as he rubbed his warty nose vigorously.

"Oh, so slow, Heinemann! It will be months and months! He must learn words all over again. It is as though he were a child struggling with a new language. And he is afraid!"

Heinemann nodded solemnly as he studied the woman closely with his piggy little eyes. It was not so much that Searelle had forgotten—he would remember again; Heinemann felt sure of that. But would his confidence ever return? Or would the haunting memory that he had been stricken speechless before an audience, at a great moment in his life, blast his future? Heinemann did not speak his thoughts, but Fannie divined them through his clumsy sympathy.

"What does he do? What does he think of?" asked the old man.

Fannie made a gesture of despair.

"He is already planning something else, Heinemann—in a vague way. He cannot tell me—the thought is there, but the symbol is lacking. He fumbles among his books and pictures—Semiramis, I think it is now. And, Heinemann, there are debts—thousands and thousands! You know he went beyond all bounds in putting on Torello. He pushed his credit to the limit. I don't know how much is owing. I only know that we never can pay it back. And yet he plans anew!" She ended with a deep sigh.

"I can tell you how much iss owing," said Heinemann.

Fannie had bowed her head, dabbing at her eyes with her little kerchief. Now she looked up in surprise. What had Heinemann to do with their debts? An old friend, yes; her former manager in the old days before the ruthless artist, Searelle, got hold of her and condemned her to a niche of mediocrity. Heinemann began fumbling in a pocket; he drew out a packet of papers bound together with a stout rubber band.

"They are all there—the debts," he said, tossing them over to her. "I haf bought them for a song—ha-ha!" He reached out and patted her hand. "Don't worry over them, child. Hide them away. Don't think of them. Some day, when you haf lots of money, you shall pay me back. Fannie!" he cried, with a sudden change to the peremptory manner of the stage potentate under whose iron rule she had made her beginnings—"Fannie! I haf something else for you! I haf here Amos Holt's new play, The Sea Anchor. And I want you for the star!"

He leaned over the table, staring at Fannie Chesbro as though he were trying to hypnotize her.

"Me? You want me!" Her voice was barely a whisper.

"Warren Ellis is to support you—unless you vill haf somebody else." Heinemann shrugged his shoulders. It was hers to say.

"Me? You want me as the star of a Holt play! Heinemann, you are crazy!" she burst out.

"No," smiled the old autocrat of the stage; "I am not crazy." And he whispered a sum he would be willing to pay—a sum that seemed almost immoral to her ears. "Fannie, you can gif him everything—every comfort—every luxury. Ve vill cure him perhaps—between us, eh? But, Fannie, you are to come back as the wife of Worden Searelle—not as Fannie Chesbro," he added quickly. "No one remembers who Fannie Chesbro was," he went on, with his usual rude candor, as he rose to go. "Go home and think it over," he said in parting. "Remember, when I am the producer I gif you your head. You vill be somebody—an artist! It vill mean the best of care for Searelle till he is on his feet—without borrowing! Perhaps for his Semiramis, eh?" And the old man laughed. "Here; I vill gif you two weeks' advance now." He took a check book from his pocket and began adjusting his pen.

"No—no!" she cried. "Not now! Let me think it over."

With that she pushed him out of the little parlor, where they had been talking. She was almost afraid to go back to Searelle. Searelle had always detested Heinemann's ideas of what constituted art on the stage. All the years of her married life he had been trying to kill in her whatever knowledge of technique she had gained through Heinemann. And now Heinemann was offering her the big rôle in the latest Holt drama. The figure he named was beyond anything she had aspired to, even in her wildest dreams in the beginning.

It meant two things: First—Heinemann, as he said, would give her her head, permit her to be a personality, not merely a reflected light. As Searelle's wife she had sacrificed all that was dear to her youthful enthusiasm—stage people said Searelle had married her for her voice, as a virtuoso would pick a violin for its tone; certainly the marriage had been a surprise to no one so much as Fannie herself. Second—she reflected that, by taking advantage of Heinemann's desire to exploit her, she would be enabled to give her stricken husband such expert care as was now out of the question.

She crossed the street and stopped in front of a door, casting an anxious glance about her, to note whether she was observed, before entering. Inside she produced a diamond sunburst, named a price in money, received it, and hastily withdrew, as though the mere act were something to be ashamed of. When she reached home she went immediately to Searelle, without waiting to take off her things, and counted the money before his eyes, laughing. She told him glibly that Bain, the storage czar, had consented to release the hangings of the Torello banquet scene; and that Kamigyan, the Armenian dealer, had paid her thus handsomely for them.

Searelle watched her with slow-moving eyes. He attempted to say something, lost courage and remained silent. He was like a child associating words; he put them together in his mind—thought a great deal of what he would say and how he would say it—but seldom said anything. He was waiting until he could feel perfectly sure of himself. These trappings of Torello, now lying in Bain's musty loft, had been dear to him when he was putting together the magnificent spectacle; but now he had no more sentiment for them than a painter for the brushes and pigments with which he has laid on a masterpiece. Searelle had finished his picture of Torello up to the very varnishing; he was satisfied; the achievement, like the catastrophe, was now only a blurred image.

"Kamigyan asked about the other things," Fannie ran on, lying easily. "He asked particularly about the Etruscan pottery; when I told him of the mark on the three big pieces he went wild—offered me any price I would name. Worden, I have come to believe that you are almost as great a collector as you are a producer. There is a veritable gold mine in the settings of Torello."

Thus she beguiled him. There was no doubt of the classic value of the trappings with which he had adorned Torello. He had collected them over years of time. But who in these times cares for a purely imaginative reconstruction of the fabled court of Saladin? And as for twelfth-century Istria, it is two centuries too soon for even the most rabid collector. All the pains and unholy expense he had lavished on Torello were fitted for Torello alone; and now Torello was a thing of the past. The boxes and crates stuffed with weirdly beautiful things would not bring the price of cartage if thrown on the market. There is nothing so dead as the second-hand trimmings of a stage spectacle.

For weeks now Fannie had been pawning her own precious keepsakes, every parting costing her a pang and a lie. As though Bain, fattening on failure, would permit her to touch so much as a single box! Some day Bain would lump them and sell them as junk to his confederates. But Searelle swallowed the stories Fannie told him. His mind,

"He Would Murder Me if He Knew I Told You!"

now groping in the fog of his affliction, was vaguely formulating the beginnings of a new extravagant spectacle.

Fannie tucked him away for the night; and when she was alone in her own room she drew the shades closely and turned the key in the lock. Then, with swift fingers, she ran through the careless litter of a chest of drawers. If one could only guess the inviolate secrets of a woman's room, what threads of romance might be spun! There are little keepsakes hidden away, mere nothings to the casual eye—a torn scrap of paper with a few meaningless words; a bit of gold or silver ornament; a book with pencilings along the margin—each a key to some bygone incident, the memento of an occasion magnified into poetry by time. In her years of immolation on the altar of Searelle, Fannie had shut her heart to the fair hopes of her beginnings, content with his genius and her part as his handmaiden. But she was still the woman—even though it required an occasion like this, when duty was the monitor of love, to bring out the instinct of her sex.

Here it was—a packet of old wrinkled paper, bound with coarse string. Her pulses beat faster as she opened it. Poor Fannie! It was a sight anyone might have looked on—yet she had hidden it away with the stealth of something forbidden. A faded picture of herself in the rôle of Helen, in Sheridan Knowles' Hunchback! With it were several newspaper clippings, yellow and shattered with age—thoughtless words of busy critics, scribbled at the last minute as addenda to reviews of one of Heinemann's pretentious revivals years ago. The adjectives were familiar, the stock tools of the reviewer's craft: adequate—pleasing—appealing—promising. That was all—a faded silver print of herself, and faded lines of newsprint.

Heinemann had always been absolute in rehearsal, no matter who the star. None had ever dared oppose his will. How he had curbed her, sneered at her, ground her down!—only finally to pat her on the shoulder, as though to assure her that it was her artistic impulse instead of his own promptings that had made her, as Helen, adequate, pleasing, appealing, promising.

And Searelle—she remembered well how the whole Heinemann company had been aquiver at the incident; had come in and sat through one act of the dress rehearsal. They did not know then that his leading woman of the moment, Margaret Inchquin, had just committed the unpardonable crime of interpolating business designed to catch the eye of his public at a moment when the great Searelle would be powerless to prevent her. But ruin, swift and sure, had repaid her; Searelle, in the instant punishment he inflicted before the audience she had sought to steal from him, adopted one of the oldest tricks on the stage. He improvised a line; and Margaret, in the center of the stage, confused and speechless, struck her colors. He had dangled her in the flames of her own making for a perceptible moment—then gracefully saved the scene.

The critics said the next morning that Margaret Inchquin had lost her lines. A few weeks later Searelle sent for Fannie Chesbro. In another year she had become his wife. It would be difficult to say on which career she embarked with the more trepidation—that of the leading woman or that of the wife of the towering Searelle.

Fannie carried the precious keepsakes—things a charwoman would have swept into a dustbin without a second thought—to her dressing table and sat down. She rested her chin in the palm of a hand and studied her features in the glass. She had been very beautiful in those old days. She was even more beautiful now. But her eyes, in their sharp scrutiny, saw only the lines and hollows, as a mariner sees, in the darkness of a familiar course, signs to which other eyes are blind. During recent years it had become the fashion of critics to style Fannie Chesbro "sweet." At first it had been like a blow in the face; but gradually, as the yoke of her lord and master became eased through habit, she had come to accept it. Her eyes sought the picture again. Before she knew it, to her lips came a line:

"Oh! He's the very height I like a man!"

The lilt of the words acted like a drug, reproducing on the instant not only the scene of that first great part she had played but the very spirit of it. She sprang to her feet, her eyes sparkling, her lips wreathing with smiles, all the vivacity of the Fannie Chesbro of other days suddenly conjured to the surface. The pale shadow was gone. She curtsied with adorable coquetry, addressing the mirror as an imaginary Modus, whom she would teach to love:

"You begin
With melancholy; then to sadness; then
To sickness; then to dying—but not die!
She would not let thee, were she of my mind;
She'd take compassion on thee. Then for hope;
From hope to confidence; from confidence
To boldness—then you'd speak; at first entreat;
Then urge; then flout; then argue; then enforce;
Make prisoner of her hand; besiege her waist;
Threaten her lips with storming; and keep thy word
And carry her!"

She ceased suddenly. The thin, querulous muttering of Searelle reached her ears through the half-opened transom. With face blanched she hurried to him. He was asleep, mumbling inarticulately. In her mind she could hear the old bell-like tones of his voice, a peculiar quality, which in the beginning had enthralled her and never ceased to cast its spell. And here he lay now, bereft. He had been a god, walking with his head in the clouds; now he was helpless in his affliction. The spirit of woman, the healer, took possession of her; and for a moment she gave herself to tender exultation. She would do for him, be everything to him, against the day when he was himself again—then she would step back into the shadow.

Fannie returned to her room and sat for a long time, thinking. Finally she rose, took the desk telephone, and softly dictated a telegram to Heinemann, asking him to send her the manuscript of the new Holt play by messenger in the morning.

When Doctor Vossberg arrived late in the morning he found her in the library, turning the typewritten pages. She told him her decision and awaited his comment.

"After all," said the old man, "one must live one's own life. When I was a young man I gave up a career in music because it seemed to promise hardship for those dependent on me. Now, in my old age, it seems to me that I have sinned against myself."

At this moment, when the woman's resolution all but forsook her, Heinemann, miles away in his busy office, was whispering to a handful of critics who had dropped in for news of the cast of the new Holt play. One and all they opened their eyes wide and whistled.

"Not a vord!" cautioned Heinemann. "It is a secred."

That was Heinemann's way of keeping a secret—calling in the gossips and sharing it with them.

So the days passed. The first symptom of encouragement in Searelle's condition was his suddenly conceived aversion to see anyone; it was his instinctive pride, which bade him conceal the extent of his affliction. Now he shut himself up in his own apartments, rapt in contemplation of his great idea—among his priceless books and pictures. In his groping for a greater stage splendor, even Fannie and his intimate world all but ceased to exist.

"Yes," said Vossberg to Fannie's anxious inquiry; "it is best to let his mind mend itself in its own way. Something may shock memory back to its perfect poise."

II

LATE in the afternoon of that eventful Monday in February, at the National Theater, where The Sea Anchor, "a new play by Amos Holt," was dragging itself wearily through dress rehearsal, Fannie Chesbro drew on her fur

coat and slipped down from the stage door, past the boxes, into the gloom of the orchestra. The eminent dramatist himself, who had seen his sacred lines torn to rags during the last three weeks, was curled up in a chair, sound asleep. A few rows away and farther to the front sat old Heinemann, the slavedriver, gurgling noisily at a can of steaming coffee that had just been brought in from a street lunch wagon.

The stage was set for a smart drawing-room scene; but at the present moment it presented a picture of a finale of some wild bacchanalian revel. Such unfortunates as had been struggling through their lines for the hundredth time, when Heinemann sought solace for the moment in another can of coffee, had fallen in their tracks, seeking a moment's surcease for their shattered nerves. This thing had been going on now since ten o'clock; and it was but a continuation of a grind of the day before lasting until two in the morning

In three hours more the electric lights out in front, at which the workmen were still tinkering, would be blazing out the news of another opening to the passers-by; and a picked audience, such as made a fad of Holt openings, would be seating themselves and waiting impatiently for the wink of the footlights and the sudden cessation of music to apprise them that another event of the brilliant theatrical season was at hand. And these sprawling, complaining creatures would be speaking their lines before a deathwatch ready to turn down its thumbs if they permitted the theme to lose its gathering tensity for a single instant; before a phalanx of critics prepared to consign them to perdition if for a single moment their art failed to conceal the artifice that was their profession.

Fannie worked her way through a row of upturned chairs to the side of old Heinemann, who alone of all the assembly had not lost for a single moment his sense of proportion. He had been through this eleventh-hour anguish before, would go through it again and again. It was his trade to take a company of potential stars and knead them into a well-balanced whole: with the manners of a boor and the fiat of a czar, he ground them, polished them, lashed them with insolent sneers to a point where the mildest felt willing to commit murder.

Through it all he consumed copious draughts of vile coffee.

At her approach Heinemann turned slightly and regarded her over the rim of his coffee can. He may have noted that she was dressed for the street; if he did he made no sign. He continued pulling at his tipple; and, the can consumed, he set it at his feet and clapped his hands sharply. Instantly, as though stung with a knout, the sprawling figures on the stage pulled themselves together and began mechanically to assume attitudes. Warren Ellis, the leading man, stretched himself, yawned, cursed Heinemann under his breath, then started across the stage to center.

"I am going to steal an hour now, Heinemann," began Fannie, assuming a tone of confidence she was far from feeling. "Just to look in on him—then I'll be back."

Heinemann apparently did not hear her. He was driving his creatures with a rapid fire of snarls and threats until, in their very desperation, they snapped out their lines with crisp inflection.

"Again!" commanded the old curmudgeon; this time he drew out his watch.

"Faster yet!"

"You are through with me for a little while—I'm going to steal an hour now," Fannie repeated timidly. Heinemann was bawling at Ellis:

"Quicker! Is this a Quaker meeting—eh? Run up on her—step on her heels—so! Now—once again!"

Heinemann was impenetrable to all but what was in progress on the stage. Fannie turned away, beaten. She slipped into a chair far back in the dark, away from the glow of the stage. Yesterday she had been a prisoner here all day—and to-day again. She had not seen Searelle since Saturday, and then only for a moment. True, he had hardly been conscious of her presence. He was miles and miles away from earth by this time. He had discarded Semiramis, forgotten it; now the idea of a presentation of Marco Polo held his mind. He had even forgotten his affliction. For three weeks it had been like this—almost as though he were in a trance. It had always been the same when he was in the throes of an idea: and in this instance it had been a blessed thing for Fannie. He had not even noted her absence, much less required an explanation of it.

After a while she rose to her feet and slipped out through the foyer. Heinemann's car was standing at the curb, his man smoking furiously while he awaited his master.

"John, can you take me down there and back in an hour?" Fannie asked as he sprang out at sight of her. "I won't keep you a minute there."

In an instant they were under way. It was bitter cold and the pavements were icy with the film of snow left from the last storm. The machine raced across town, over the bridge, out into the open avenues of Long Island. The necessity of a sudden turn or the quick application of the brakes might have spelled destruction; but Fannie was not thinking of the danger—she was thinking that she was in costume and Searelle might notice it.

When they arrived she sprang out and up the steps, and was in Searelle's presence in a moment. He seemed not to have moved since she last saw him, two days ago. He was attired in the same bizarre dressing gown; he was standing at his high desk littered with books lying open. As she watched him he turned and began to pace the floor in front of the fire, his hands clasped behind him, his eyes on the carpet. She stopped him, held him for a moment; but the sweet, crisp smell of the out-of-doors she brought in with her did not rouse him from his meditations. She pressed her cold lips against his cheek, and released him; and he started again, pacing back and forth, not even turning his head when she gently closed the door behind her.

Then began the wild race back to town. Heinemann would be furious, she told herself. It lacked only a quarter of eight as they ran along Broadway and finally came to a stop in front of the National. She raised her eyes to the big electric sign and was struck motionless as it greeted her:

MRS. WORDEN SEARELLE
IN THE SEA ANCHOR
A NEW PLAY BY AMOS HOLT

She entered by the little side door and hurried to her dressing room. Warren Ellis came in to ask her whether she had eaten. He was munching at a sandwich, which was his dinner for this night. Amos Holt joined them, as gloomy as a pallbearer. He was softly blaspheming: Heinemann had ruined his play—torn the heart out of it; the company was a pack of wolves, snarling at each other at the slightest provocation; even Mrs. Winchell, the charming old lady who always played grandmother parts, had all but bitten off the poor playwright's nose when he addressed to her some innocent remark! The thing was doomed to failure—and it was all Heinemann's fault! Heinemann, the vandal!

Suddenly the music started up; and, with the first strains, they could hear the scraping of the asbestos fire curtain as it ascended, displaying the drop. A sudden hush came over everything on the stage. The moment was at hand!—the first-night moment, than which there is nothing greater in the life of these people.

The weary, jaded creatures, who the instant before had been grabbing tasteless morsels in lieu of the repast denied them, seemed in a flash to forget their gloom, their raw nerves. They sprang up breathlessly, congregating in knots here and there in the wings to whisper. Every time Heinemann passed near them they were silent, watching him as the master of their destinies. What a privilege it was to work under his tutelage! No one could have handled this situation as Heinemann had! He had balanced each against the other—had given everybody a chance; even the most modest parts still preserved their character. So they told themselves, with fluttering hearts, now that they waited for the curtain to rise and watched the old boor as he tramped round, flat-footed, to see that all was right. He gave his final instructions to the stage manager; then departed.

Fannie came out and looked at the house through the peephole. This was different from a Searelle audience—as light and airy and up-to-the-minute in its distinction as his was cultured and gloomy. In the last seat of the topmost gallery her searching eye discovered the squat figure of Heinemann; it had become his habit lately to watch a new production from afar, letting his creatures flounder through as best they might after he had brought them to the perfection possible to their poor talents.

The stage manager clapped his hands; an electrician in a gallery began to throw switches; the stage cleared; and Warren Ellis, as sleek and lithe as a well-groomed colt, walked out, to be discovered when the curtain rose. The music ceased; the hum of voices outside became silent. Then the act was on. Fannie, supporting herself against a wing, felt weak and giddy as the warmth of the house was wafted over the footlights like a cloud. Her moment was come!

To her confused senses she seemed rather to float than to walk into her part. She found herself prompting herself, as though the woman stood apart from the actress. It was eight steps to the spot on the rug where she was to come to a halt and, in surprise, discover the dandy there before her. She reached the spot and stopped. Then the sky seemed to fall. At first it came to her ears like a dull roar in a tunnel. Then the house beyond the haze of light seemed to boil over. It was acclaiming her!

"Steady! Steady! It will pass," she heard the cautious aside of Warren Ellis in assuring tones.

She was herself again; with a barely perceptible acknowledgment of the tribute, she was in her part. The house as though by magic became hushed. With her first lines she caught the "feel" of it; this house was hers, to thrill, entrance, make gay, as she liked. Now again she was Fannie, the sparkling, vivacious Fannie of the old days—no longer the shadow in some somber tragedy. She projected her lines with a trick of enunciation Heinemann had taught her; every word must reach the most remote corner of the house—every tone must have its own shading. Her audience must follow her without conscious effort.

Holt's plays invariably had to do with consequences. The situation was clearly defined in the first few moments; and the action, built up line by line, became so intense that an anticlimax seemed inevitable. But it never came—the last moment was the greatest.

His Wife Repeated Over and Over Again, "This is Fannie—Fannie!" as Though Her Name Must Call Him Back

(Continued on Page 49)

HOW ABOUT RUSSIA?

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

RUSSIA has been and still is the great unknown speculative quantity in this war. Russia is the eternal question. What will Russia do? they asked a year or more ago. What can Russia do? came next. And then, in endless succession, the other queries. How far forward can she go? How far back will she be shoved? What is the real situation? Will she stick? Can she stick? What of the Czar and his German wife? How about the intrigants at the top? How about the inepts at the bottom? How about her officers her guns her munitions? Russia? Russia? Russia!

The Czar and the Grand Duke at the Grand Duke's Headquarters

You remember the celerity with which Sir Edward Grey, the English Minister for Foreign Affairs, drew up and had signed an agreement among the three Powers that none of them should make a separate peace? He made great haste to get that additional safeguard from Russia, notwithstanding the formal covenant between Russia, France and England. That was not an evidence of lack of faith, of course; but merely a precautionary measure—just a matter of form. England had her doubts—maybe Russia had hers—but all three signed; and the most popular picture postcard in the three countries is the one on which a facsimile of that agreement and its signatures is shown. Those triply allied brethren seem comforted by this documentary proof that they will all stick together to the end.

In days like these doubt is a natural condition of mind. One is justified in not believing anything one hears and not much that one sees. As for motives—underlying, ulterior, surface or secret—one nation's motive may be another nation's poison. It is true enough that in ordinary times one never can tell; but in these times one cannot even surmise. Wherefore Russia, sitting off there to the east, with her vast territory, her enormous potential resources, her millions and millions of raw-soldier material, has been the continuous conjecture—not because Russia has not done what she could in this first year of the war, but because of her past; because it is very unusual to get new tricks from an old Bear.

How Russia Carried Out Germany's War Plans

RUSSIA began with a smash. Contrary to the accepted military theory, Russia mobilized weeks sooner than it was held she could. And, in strict accord with the German plan of campaign, Russia went lumbering off toward the west, pushing all before her. There was talk that the soldiers of the Czar would have their Christmas dinners in Berlin. It was magnificent! The Russians swept through Prussian Poland, through Galicia—far into the territory of the enemy. They took cities and ravaged villages, and seemed irresistible. England with her handful of men, and France with her millions, were grimly trying to hold the Germans in check on the western frontier of battle; but here were these Russians, like a tidal wave, advancing and engulfing the enemy.

England was almost hysterical with joy and admiration. Her beloved allies, the Russians, would turn the trick. It was true that things were difficult in France and in Belgium; but if the Germans could be held there the Russians would crush them utterly on the other side. Two years before this war began I happened to be in Berlin. One of my friends—he was killed in this very onrush of the Russians—was a member of the General Staff of Germany at that time. Sitting one afternoon in his rooms, he told me the plan of the German campaign if war came.

Its two big features were the quick advance on France and the apparent abandonment of a certain portion of the eastern frontier to the Russian advance. The plan was to whip France, and then come back at leisure and attend to Russia.

The execution was according to program, but the results were not as planned. England came in. It was not so easy to whip France, but Russia advanced as anticipated and found just as much opposition by the Germans as had been originally contemplated. I have seen no German officers since this war began, but I doubt whether the men who made the plans were depressed in anywhere near similar proportion to the English, French and Russian elation over this Russian advance. Anyhow, all the world knows to some degree what has happened since the spring campaign began in the eastern theater of war. If you will look at the map of that territory and observe where the Russians were at the crest of their advance, and where they were on the twenty-fifth of June, for example, you will see what I mean. The Russians have gone back, kilometer after kilometer—have been beaten back, crushed back, chased back, slaughtered back. They have lost Przemysl after immense toil in getting it. Lemberg has fallen. The Germans have crumpled that brave advance into a retreat. So what of Russia?

The Czarina and the Heir Apparent

I cannot answer the question. I doubt whether there is a man in the world who can answer it. I have searched Russia, France and England rather carefully for an answer, and there is none to be had that is not so complicated with ifs and buts and howevers and perhapses as to be a special plea or a guess rather than a solution. There are many opinions; but, next to human life, opinions are the cheapest commodities of these times. As it now stands, human life is the cheapest and the least regarded thing in the world—not only human life as it exists but human life in the future. Both are held in careless disregard. A rifle has more value than the man who shoots it. A high explosive shell is worth a hamlet. A battery of guns is more treasured than a village.

"The most important man in the world," said a Russian Cabinet Minister to me, "is the man who can make or supply munitions of war."

A Land of a Hundred and Fifty Languages

THERE is one true thing about this war—one true Russian thing—and that is that this war has knitted that vast, discordant, rebellious, discontented, varied and diversified people into a semblance of homogeneity. For the first time there is apparent a sort of Russian nationalism. It would be straining the term to call it patriotism; but there is a new spirit. The dissimilar individualities have, by the process of this war, been harmonized to a degree; and, so far as I could discover, only the Finns remain cold, and only some of the wild tribes in the mountains—not all are turning the conditions to their own brigandous account.

Now, to get the entire significance of this, it is necessary to consider only two points: The first is the vastly complex character of the Russian people; and the second is the history of the ten years between the end of the Russo-Japanese War and the beginning of this war.

Take European Russia, exclusive of Siberia, and you find that it is a vast hive in which are housed people of dissimilar characteristics and races, speaking varied languages and practicing varied religions—a titanic ant hill, but with many species of ants. Broadly, we speak of the Russians as Slavs—or basically Slav; but to make an anthropological classification of them would require a series of volumes. To begin with, there are among the Russians themselves three types—the Great Russians, the Little Russians and the White Russians. The Little Russians live in the Ukraine and are purest Slav, though not pure. The Great Russians, owing to Finns intermingling, are the least Slav; but it is well enough to call them all Slav, for that is the root. The Great Russians predominate, followed by the Little Russians and the White Russians. Then come scores of other races—Polish Slavs, Bulgars, Slovaks, Letts, Livonians, Moldavians, Iranians, Jews, Finns, Turko-Tartars, in which are the Kirghiz, the Tartars and the Tchuvashes. In addition there are Georgians, Imeritians, Circassians, and many remnants of Asiatic nomad tribes and Eastern peoples. There are one hundred and fifty languages and dialects spoken in Russia, and scores and scores of religions, of which the more important are the Orthodox—or Greek—Church, Roman Catholic, Protestant, Jewish and Mohammedan.

This discordant and diversified mass of people, held in uneasy check by the most powerful autocracy of modern times, by military strength, by terrorism and by brute force, represented a vast number of nonfusible elements, placed together in a gigantic test tube. They were there,

touching one another, but neither soluble nor assimilable. Realizing this, the first effort of the Russians, when the war came, was to make the mass cohesive. To this end, promises were made to Poland, promises were made to the Jews, and every endeavor was put forth to utilize the inherent religious fetishism of the bulk of the population—the Orthodox Russians. It was not necessary to do anything to bring in the Cossacks. Cossack is a term that has wide application in Russia—for they always are soldiers, subject to call and needing but the command to fight valorously for any cause, good or bad. Shrewdly and methodically the impression was made on the people that this is a holy war, and the peasants responded as one man. The priests did their part. The Czar made pilgrimages to the most sacred shrines. All the symbolism and mysticism of the Church were employed, and that had its tremendous effect.

To get the full significance of this it must be remembered that the ten years between the disastrous ending of the war with Japan and the stirring of this sense of nationalism, both religiously and civilly, were years of turmoil in Russia. There were times when it seemed as though this torn and tenuous fabric of empire must fall apart of its own weakness of fiber. There were revolutions, enormous labor difficulties, much shedding of blood, disasters, social unrest of the most pronounced sort, and a culmination of all the movements toward freedom that had hitherto found their speech and outlet in the activities of the nihilists, the progressivists, the dissenters, the intellectuals, the socialists, the thinkers and the incendiaries. A harassed Czar granted a measure of self-government. The bureaucrats were frightened. The secret police was disrupted. Russia was in the pains of rebirth.

Then came this war. It is possible that Russia welcomed the war. It was a last chance to get Russia together. The result must have been gratifying. Broadly speaking, by the supreme fusing of war Russia was made fairly cohesive. As I have shown in another article, the fighting men of the nation—the peasants—went into this war singing songs and sure of its quality of holiness. There was none of that in the War with Japan. There was neither enthusiasm nor confidence then; but for this war a sort of Russian national spirit was roused, and Russia went out to fight whole-heartedly, enthusiastically and confidently.

Russia Made One

THE war enabled the Russians in power to put Russia together rather definitely. That is the one thing thus far accomplished. And that, too, gives rise to the question that is uppermost in the mind of every Russian who has his country's welfare at heart, or his own—brings up the most advanced series of queries about Russia; and those queries are these: Can Russia be held together after the war? Will the fusion remain fused? Is there a man in sight big enough for this supreme test of patriotism, ability and honesty? Terrorists prophesy revolution, no matter how the war may end. Thinkers predict revolution if the war shall end disastrously for Russia. No man who knows anything of Russia is unconscious of the struggle there will be to hold Russia as Russia—to maintain the present national status—to keep the advantages of homogeneity now gained. Is this new Russian spirit enduring? Is this patriotism temporary or permanent? Every phase of Russia's present and future is an interrogatory, and the answers are speculative—not concrete.

Russian statesmanship and Russian good faith have always been objects of suspicion to the rest of Europe. Russia has seventeen thousand miles of frontier and is neighbor to eight nations. It was the opinion of General Kuropatkin in 1900 that the frontiers of Russia in that year were less favorable from a military point of view than they were in 1700. There were two reasons for that: one was the growing strength of the neighbors; the other was the increasing dislike and distrust of Russia. Russian nobility, from the Czar down, has always been reactionary, which makes extraordinary an alliance between monarchical Russia and republican France. That came about because, after the disasters of 1870 and 1871 in France, and the further disaster of the colonial policy of France in order to recoup, which caused the downfall of Ferry's Ministry, France found in Russia a place to invest and regain the enormous sums lost; and Russia was ripe for the exploitation. There was some fear of Germany in it also; but the real causes for this alliance were financial—not political.

There were two controlling reasons for the alliance with England: The first was the necessity for English and Russian coöperation against the encroachments of Asia and its peoples, to keep watch on India, on Persia, on Turkey, on all those various states where the new spirit of republicanism not only caused the Czar uneasiness but has made things more difficult for the British as well. The second controlling cause was the advance of German competition in the markets once held to be the commercial property of Great Britain. Germans were advancing commercially—not only in Russia, but in Asia, in China, and in all the far places of the world where British trade had been paramount. The increase of German exports meant the decrease of English exports. Russia had certain spheres of influence in those territories. Hence, more successfully to resist German competition Russia and Great Britain went into an alliance, for commercial rivalry eventually extended to military and naval rivalry, and both England and Russia needed the consolation and confidence of unity.

The Russians, at top, are shrewd men, clever men, geniuses in many ways. They saw how the trade rivalry of Germany and Great Britain might be used to Russia's benefit, and they seized the opportunity. Russia has two congenital and continuous needs: one is trade and the other is money. French writers on political and economic subjects have bitterly complained that France was obliged to pay Russia some two hundred million dollars yearly, in the shape of loans, as a protection against Germany. Moreover, there never was in France any feeling of certainty that, in case of war with Germany, Russia would keep her engagements. Of course all that is changed now, for Russia is keeping her engagements right gallantly and to the extent of her ability and resources; but it is still true that Russia needs money.

Now then, until this war came the record of the autocracy of Russia was unenviable. It had broken promise after promise made to the people. It had not kept faith. With this held in mind, it is not at all remarkable that there was a scurry and hurry to make Russia signatory to another agreement, which stipulated that the question of peace must be a joint question—not to be considered separately. It is Russia's own fault that this old-time distrust continues; that always there is a question about Russia and never an answer, even with this year's heroism and sacrifice in the balance on Russia's side.

The reaction in the ten years between 1905, when the first disturbance began, and 1914, when Russia went to war as the ally of France and Great Britain, came to an end about four years ago. The autocracy struggled against it. Promises were broken. Guarantees were disregarded. Much blood was shed, but the awakening could not be forestalled. Russia was in a receptive state. The disaster of the Japanese War had awakened something. This awakening, coming to a people who had had at least a subconscious glimmer of what they might get for themselves, took such shape as the conditions demanded. In reality it went far behind the Japanese War for its beginning; but it needed that to start it definitely. The revolution gave the people little that could be put out and counted, but it began a new era. The people ceased to regard themselves as functionless. They realized a sort of individuality; sensed a nationalism. They became a part of Russia instead of being merely Russian because of the chance of environment.

The Daughter of the Czar in the Costume of a Russian Nurse

The Kaiser's War Movies

IT IS true that the Russian autocracy felt and knew this. It is also true that they took steps to capitalize this to their own advantage. This war gave them their opening. Germany was strongly predominant in Russia. Germany had taken much of Russia's trade arrogantly and without much consideration for the temperamental and sentimental side of the Russians. Germany had grabbed it. That was the way. Germany had made use of every weakness of Russian character, of every wickedness of the Russian bureaucracy, of every avenue of potential profit. Germany was astride of Russia and riding her roughly, and with spurs. Moreover, Germany was at court, in the person of the wife of the Czar, and Germany had her loyal nobility of the Baltic provinces.

Germany had no tact with Russia. It is told that when the Czar paid his latest visit to Potsdam a grand banquet was given by the Kaiser in honor of the visiting monarch. About one hundred and fifty of the greatest nobles in Germany, in addition to the imposing staff of the Czar, were at the banquet, and the friendship of the two neighboring nations was toasted by both Czar and Emperor. After the dinner, as an added entertainment for the Czar, the Emperor took the royal visitor and his other guests into a salon where he had arranged a moving-picture show. The Kaiser put on his pictures. There were reels after reels of scenes showing the wonders of the German Army and the German Navy, showing the guns and the munition factories, the perfectly trained troops and the mass of them, the Zeppelins—the whole German paraphernalia for making war. The tremendous military strength of Germany was demonstrated in every picture.

It was an object lesson for the Czar. "If you fight us, this is the sort of enemy you will meet!" was the sense of it. The Czar was furious; but he had to remain until the last picture was shown. Then the Kaiser asked him what he thought of the German Army and the German Navy and the German guns—and so on. Imagine that for an evening's entertainment arranged by one monarch for another who not long before had been on the verge of war with an ally of the Emperor who was showing the pictures!

The Czar is as much of an opportunist as circumstances will permit. He is an autocrat who desires to retain his autocracy and who will make concessions if he must. His chief difficulty is in his surroundings. He cannot do as he wishes, for his nobility is too powerful for him at times. The camarilla of the Russian Court is not without influence. There has always been a strong German influence at the Russian Court. The Czar, as a Russian, knew there was nothing idealistic in Germany's designs on Russia. The Germans were there for purely utilitarian purposes.

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Dabney Scouted the River With His Glass While the Thing He Feared Came In Through the Swamps Behind Him

The Treasure Hunter

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

I REMEMBER very well when the sailor came to Highfield. It was the return of the prodigal—a belated return. The hospitalities of the parable did not await him. Old Thorndike Madison was dead. And Charlie Madison, in possession as sole heir, was not pleased to see a lost brother land from a river boat after twenty years of silence.

The law presumes death after seven years, and for twenty Dabney Madison had been counted out of life—counted out by old Thorndike when he left his estate to pass by operation of law to the surviving son; and counted out by Charlie when he received the title.

The imagination of every lad in the Hills was fired by the romantic properties of this event. The negroes carried every detail, and they would have colored it to suit the fancy had not the thing happened in ample color.

The estate had gone to rack with Charlie drunk from dawn until midnight. Old Clayborne and Mariah kept the negro quarters, half a mile from the house. Clayborne would put Charlie to bed and then go home to his cabin. In the morning Mariah would come to get his coffee. So Charlie lived after old Thorndike, at ninety, had gone to the graveyard.

It was a witch's night when the thing happened—rain and a high wind that wailed and whooped round the pillars and chimneys of the house. The house was set on a high bank above the river, where the swift water, running like a flood, made a sharp bend. It caught the full force of wind and rain. It was old and the timbers creaked.

Charlie was drunk. He cried out when he saw the lost brother and got unsteadily on his legs.

"You are not Dabney!" he said. "You are a picture out of a storybook!" And he laughed in a sort of half terror, like a child before a homemade ghost. "Look at your earrings!"

It was a good comment for a man in liquor; for if ever a character stepped out of the pages of a pirate tale, here it was.

Dabney had lifted the latch and entered without warning. He had the big frame and the hawk nose of his race. He was in sea-stained sailor clothes, his face white as plaster, a red cloth wound tightly round his head, huge half-moon rings in his ears; and he carried a seaman's chest on his shoulder.

Old Clayborne told the story.

Dabney put down his chest carefully, as though it had something precious in it. Then he spoke.

"Are you glad to see me, brother?"

Charlie was holding on to the table with both hands, his eyes bleared, his mouth gaping.

"I don't see you," he quavered. Then he turned his head, with a curious duck of the chin, toward the old negro. "I don't see anything—do I?"

Dabney came over to the table then; he took up the flask of liquor and a glass.

"Clabe," he said, "is this apple whisky?"

I have heard the ancient negro tell the story a thousand times. He gave a great shout of recognition. Those words—those five words—settled it. He used to sing this part in a long, nasal chant when he reached it in his tale: "Marse Dabney! Oh, my Lord! How many times ain't I heard 'im say dem words—jis' lak dat: 'Clabe, is dis apple whisky?' Dem outlandish clo's couldn't fool dis nigger! I'd 'a' knowed Marse Dabney after dat if he'd been 'parisoned in de garments ob Israel!"

But the old negro had Satan's time with Charlie, who held on to the table and cursed.

"You're not Dabney!" he cried. ". . . I know you! You're old Lafitte, the Pirate, who helped General Jackson thrash the British at New Orleans. Grandfather used to tell about you!"

He began to cry and blame his grandfather for so vividly impressing the figure that it came up now in his liquor to annoy him. Then he would get his courage and shake a trembling fist across the table.

"You can't frighten me, Lafitte—curse you! I've seen worse things than you over there. I've seen the devil, with a spade, digging a grave; and a horsefly, as big as a buzzard, perched on the highboy, looking at me and calling out to the devil: 'Dig it deep! We'll bury old Charlie deep'!"

Clayborne finally got him to realize that Dabney was a figure in life, in spite of the chalk face under the red headcloth.

And then Charlie went into a drunken mania of resentment. Dabney was dead—or if he was not dead he ought to be; and he started to the highboy for a dueling pistol. His fury and his drunken curses filled the house. The place belonged to him! He would not divide it.

It was the devil's night. About daybreak the ancient negro got Charlie into bed and the sailor installed in old Thorndike's room, with a fire and all the attentions of a guest.

After that Charlie was strangely quiet. He suffered the intrusion of the sailor with no word. Dabney might have been always in the house for any indication in Charlie's manner. There was peace; but one was impressed that it was a sort of armistice.

Dabney went over the old estate pretty carefully, but he did not interfere with Charlie's possession. He laid no claim that anybody heard of. Charlie seemed to watch him. He kept the drink in hand and he grew silent.

There seemed no overt reason, old Clayborne said, but presently Dabney began to act like a man in fear. He made friends with the dog, a big old bearhound. He got a fowling piece and set it up by the head of his bed, and finally took the dog into the room with him at night. He kept out of the house by day.

One could see him, with a mariner's glass, striding across the high fields above the river, or perched in the fork of a tree. He wore the sailor clothes, and the red cloth wound round his head.

I am sure my father saw him more than once. I know of one time. He was riding home from a sitting of the county justices. Dabney was walking through the deep broom sedge in the high field beyond the old house. My father called and he came down to the road. He had the mariner's glass, the sailor clothes and the headcloth.

He was not pleased to see my father. He seemed nervous, like a man under some restraint. While my father talked he would take three steps straight ahead and then turn back. My father marked it, with a query.

"Dabney," he said, "why do you turn about like that?"

The man stopped in his tracks; for a moment he seemed in a sort of frenzied terror. Then he cursed:

"Habit—damme, Pendleton!"

"And where did you get a habit like that?" said my father.

"In a ship," replied the man.

"What sort of ship?" said my father.

The sailor hesitated for a moment.

"Now, Pendleton," he cried finally, "what sort of ships are they that sail the Caribee and rendezvous on the Dry Tortugas?" His voice took a strained, wild note. "Have they spacious cabins, or does one take three steps thus in the narrow pen of their hold?"

My father gathered his chin into his big fingers and looked steadily at the man.

"Strange quarters, Dabney," he said, "for a son of Thorndike Madison."

"Well, Pendleton!" cried the man, "what would you have? It was that or the plank. It's all very nice to be a gentleman and the son of a gentleman under the protection of Virginia; but off the Bermudas, with the muzzle of a musket pressed into your back and the sea boiling below you—what then?"

My father watched the man closely and with a strange expression.

"A clean death," he said, "would be better than God's vengeance to follow on one's heels."

The sailor swore a great oath.

"God's vengeance!" And he laughed. "I should not care how that followed on my heels. It's the vengeance of old Jules le Noir and the damned Britisher, Barrett, following on a man's heels, that puts ice in the blood.

"God's vengeance! Why, Pendleton, a preacher could pray that off in a meetinghouse; but can he pray the half-breed off? Or the broken-nosed Englishman?"

The man seemed caught in a current of passion that whirled him headlong into indiscretions from which a saner mood would have steered him clear.

"The Spanish Main is not Virginia!" he cried. "One does not live the life of a gentleman on it. Loot and murder are not the pastimes of a gentleman. The Spanish Main is not safe. But is Virginia safe? Is any spot safe? Eh, Pendleton? Show it to me if you know it!" And he plunged off into the deep broom sedge.

So it came about that an evil Frenchman with a cutlass in his teeth, and a vile old rum-soaked creature with a broken nose and a brace of pistols, got entangled in the common fancy with Dabney's legend.

Everybody in the Hills thought something was going to happen; but the wild thing that did happen came sooner than anybody thought.

One morning at sunrise a negro house boy ran in, out of breath, to say that old Clayborne had gone by at a gallop on his way to the lawyer, Mr. Lewis, and shouted for my father to come to Highfield.

Mr. Lewis had the nearer road; but my father met him at the Madison door and the two men went into the house together.

Old Charlie was sober; but he was drinking raw liquor and doing his best to get drunk. His face was ghastly, and his hands shook so that he could keep only a few spoonfuls of the white brandy in his big tumbler. My father said that if ever the terror of the damned was on a human creature in this world it was on old Charlie.

It was some time before they could get at what had happened. It was of no use to bother with Charlie until

the liquor should begin to steady him. His loose underlip jerked and every faculty he could muster was massed on the one labor of getting the brandy to his mouth.

Old Mariah sat in the kitchen, with her apron over her head, rocking on the four legs of a split-bottomed chair. She was worse than useless.

My father and Mr. Lewis had got some things out of Clayborne on the way. There had been nothing to indicate the thing that night. Dabney had gone into old Thorndike's room, as usual, with the dog. Old Clayborne had put Charlie to bed drunk, snuffed out the candles and departed to his cabin, half a mile away. That was all old Clayborne could tell of the night before. Perhaps the sailor seemed a little more in fear than usual, and perhaps Charlie was a little more in liquor; but he could not be sure on those questions of degree. The sailor lately seemed to be in constant fear and Charlie had got back at his liquor with an increased and abandoned indulgence.

What happened after that my father and Mr. Lewis could see for themselves better than Clayborne could tell it.

Old Thorndike's room, like the other rooms of the house, had a door that opened on a long covered porch, facing the river. This door now stood open. The ancient rusted lock plate, with its screws, was hanging to the frame. There were no marks of violence on the door. The sailor was gone. His pillow and the bedclothes were soaked with blood. All his clothes, including the red headcloth, were lying neatly folded on the arm of a chair.

The sailor's chest stood open and empty. There was a little sprinkling of blood drops from the bed to the door and into the weeds outside, but no blood anywhere else in the room. And from there, directly in a line to the river, the weeds and grass had been trampled. The ground was hard and dry, and no one could say how many persons had gone that way from the house. The dog lay just inside the door of the room, with his throat cut. It was the slash of a knife with the edge of a razor, for the dog's head was nearly severed from the neck.

It was noiseless, swift work—incredibly noiseless and swift. Dabney had not wakened, for the fowling piece stood unmoved at the head of the bed. When the door swung open somebody had caught the dog's muzzle and slipped the knife across his throat . . . and then the rest.

"It must have happened that way," Mr. Lewis said.

At any rate, the unwelcome sailor was gone. He had arrived in an abundance of mystery and he had departed in it, though where he went was clear enough. The great river, swinging round the high point of land, swallowed what it got. A lost swimmer in that deadly water was sometimes found miles below, months later—or, rather, a hideous, unrecognizable human flotsam that the Hills accepted for the dead man.

The means, too, were not without the indication Dabney had given in his wild talk to my father. Besides, the negroes had seen a figure—or more than one—at dusk, about an abandoned tobacco house beyond the great meadow on the landward side of Highfield.

It was a tumbledown old structure in a strip of bush between the line of the meadow and the acres of morass beyond it—called swamps in the South. It was ghost land—haunted, the negroes said; and so what moved there before the tragedy, behind the great elm at the edge of the meadow, old Clayborne had seen only at a distance, with no wish to spy on it.

Was it the inevitable irony of chance that Dabney scouted the river with his glass while the thing he feared came in through the swamps behind him?

By the time my father and Mr. Lewis had got these evidences assembled the liquor had steadied Charlie. At first he pretended to know nothing at all about the affair. He had not wakened, and had heard nothing until the cries of old Mariah filled the house with bedlam.

Mr. Lewis said he had never seen my father so profoundly puzzled; he sat down in old Charlie's room, silent, with his keen, strong-featured face as immovable as wood. But the lawyer saw light in a crevice of the mystery and he drove directly at it, with no pretension.

"Charlie," he said, "you were not pleased to see Dabney turn up!"

The drunken creature did not lie.

"No; I didn't want to see him."

"Why not?"

"Because I thought he was dead."

"Because you did not wish to divide your father's estate with him—wasn't that it?"

"Well, it was all mine—wasn't it if Dabney was dead?"

The lawyer went on:

"You tried to shoot Dabney on the night he arrived!"

"I don't know," said Charlie. "I was drunk. Ask Clabe."

The man was in terror; but he kept his head that was clear as light.

"Dabney knew he was in danger here, didn't he?"

"Yes; he did," said Charlie.

"And he was in fear?"

"Yes," said Charlie—"damnably in fear!"

"Of you!" cried the lawyer with a sudden, aggressive menace.

"Me?" Old Charlie looked strangely at the man. "Why, no—not me!"

"Of what, then?" said Mr. Lewis.

Old Charlie wavered; he got another measure of the brandy in him.

"Well," he said, "it was enough to be afraid of. Look what it did to him!"

Mr. Lewis got up, then, and stood over against the man across the table.

"You Madisons are all big men. Now listen to me! It required force to break that door in, and yet there is no mark on the door; that means somebody broke it in with the pressure of his shoulder, softly. And there is another thing, Charlie, that you have got to face: Dabney was killed in his bed while asleep. The dog in the room did not make a sound. Why?"

The face of the drunken man took on a strange, perplexed expression.

"That's so, Lewis," he said; "and it's strange—it's damned strange!"

"Not so very strange," replied the lawyer.

"Why not?" said Charlie.

"Because the dog knew the man who did that work in your father's room!"

And again, with menace and vigor, the lawyer, Mr. Lewis, drove at the shaken drunkard:

"Where's the knife Dabney was killed with?"

Then, against all belief, against all expectation in the men, old Charlie fumbled in a drawer beside him and laid a knife on the table.

Mr. Lewis gasped at the unbelievable success of his driven query, and my father rose and joined him.

They looked closely at the knife. It was the common butcher knife of the countryside, made by a smith from a worn-out file and to be found in any kitchen; but it was ground to the point, and whetted to the hair-shearing edge of a razor.

"Look on the handle!" said Charlie.

They looked. And there, burned in the wood crudely, like the imitative undertaking of a child, was a skull and crossbones.

"Where did you get this knife?" said my father.

"It was sticking here in my table, in my room, beside my bed, when I woke up." He indicated with his finger nail the narrow hole in the mahogany board where the point of the knife had been forced down. "And this was under it."

He stooped again to the drawer and put a sheet of paper on the table before the astonished men. It was a page of foolscap, with words printed in blood by the point of the knife: "Chest empty! Put thousand in gold—elm—meadow. Or the same to you!"

And there was the puncture in the center of the sheet where the point of the knife had gone through. My father laid it on the table, over the narrow hole in the mahogany board, and pressed it down with the knife. The point fitted into the paper and the board.

There was blood on the knife; and the gruesome thing, thus reset, very nearly threw old Charlie back into the panic of terror out of which the brandy had helped him. His fingers twitched, and he kept puffing out his loose underlip like a child laboring to hold back his emotions.

He went at the brandy bottle. And the tale he finally got out was the wildest lie anybody ever put forward in his own defense—if it was a lie. That was the point to judge. And this was Mr. Lewis' estimate at the time.

Charlie said that, to cap all of Dabney's strange acts, about a week before this night he asked for a thousand dollars. Charlie told him to go to hell. He said Dabney did not resent either the refusal or the harsh words of it. He simply sat still and began to take on an appearance of fear that sent old Charlie, tumbler in hand, straight to his liquor bottle. Dabney kept coming in every day or two to beg for money; so Charlie got drunk to escape the thing.

"Where was I to get a thousand dollars?" he queried in the tale to my father and the lawyer, Mr. Lewis.

He said the day before the tragedy was the worst. Dabney got at him in terror for the money. He must have it to save his life, he went on desperately, Charlie said. And then he cried!

Charlie spat violently at the recollection. There was something gruesome, helpless and awful in the memory—in the way Dabney quaked; the tears, and the jingle of the earrings; all the appearance of the man so set to a part of brutal courage—and this shattering fear! The flapping of the big half-moon earrings against the man's white quivering jowls was the worst, Charlie said.

Mr. Lewis thought old Charlie colored the thing if he was lying about it. If it was the truth the delusions of liquor would account for these overdrawn impressions. At any rate, the lawyer promptly spoke out what he thought.

"Charlie," he said, "you're trying to stage a sea yarn by the penny writers. It won't do!"

The man reflected, looking Mr. Lewis in the face.

"Why, yes," he said; "you're right—that's what it sounds like. But it isn't that. It's the truth." And he turned to my father. "You know it's the truth, Pendleton."

Mr. Lewis said that just here, at this point in the affair, all the

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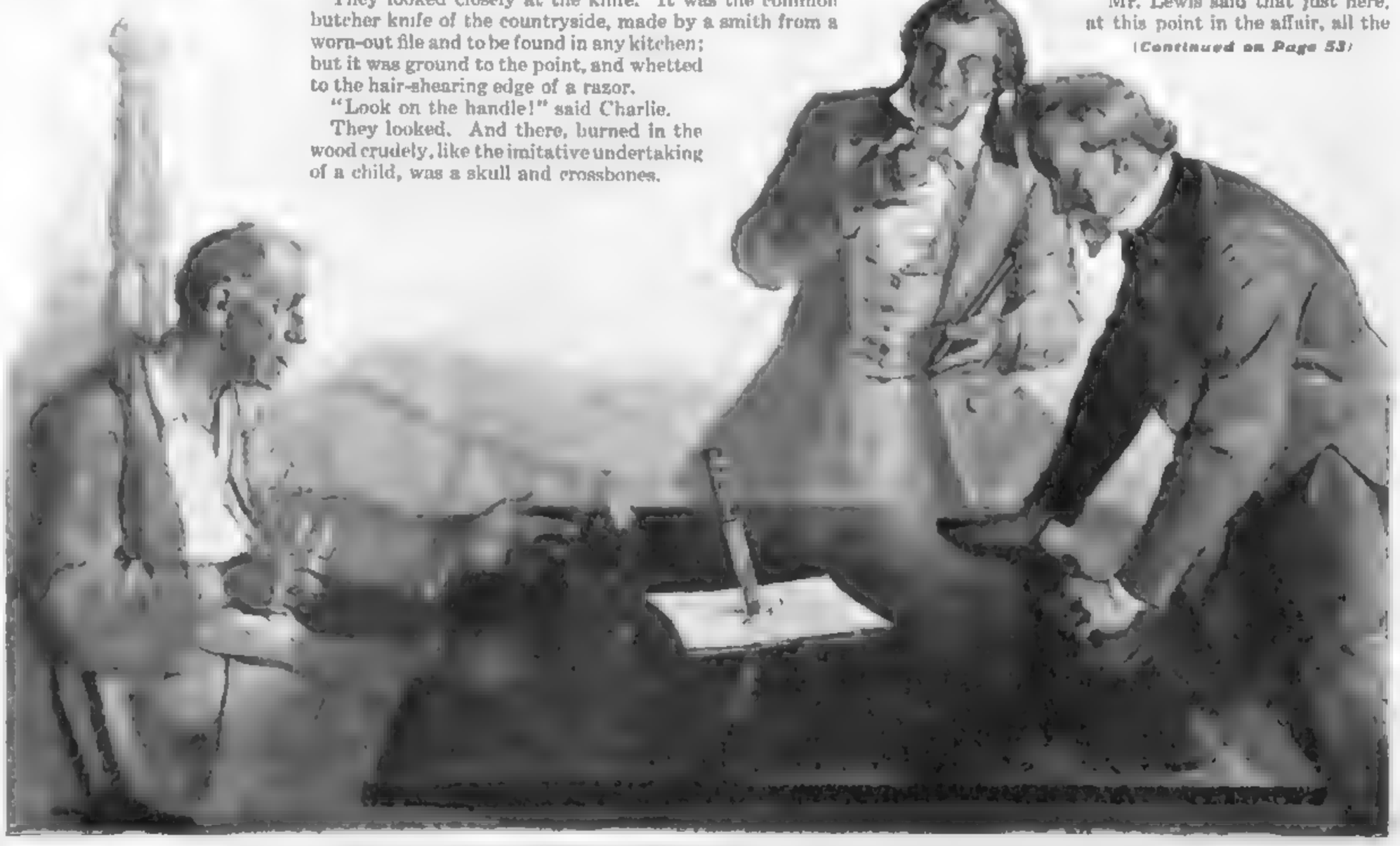


The Tale He Finally Got Out Was the Wildest Lie Anybody Ever Put Forward in His Own Defense—if It Was a Lie

CAMERA STUNTS—By Leo Owen

How the Motion-Picture Photographer Turns Things Topsy-Turvy

A FEW years ago, when moving-picture production was yet in its infancy, news dispatches set forth the fact that a young woman, a member of an English company of motion-picture actors, had been killed by an engine used in a motion-picture scene. As a part of the plot, stated the dispatch, the young actress was to have been scooped from the rails by the hero, who stood on the pilot of a swiftly approaching engine. At the crucial instant the hero failed to secure a firm hold on the heroine and she was crushed beneath the wheels of the engine. Behind the tragedy lies a story.

As is usual in many lines of endeavor, Americans always have set and still continue to set the pace in the production of moving-picture "thrillers." The rescue that failed and the consequent killing of the young Englishwoman resulted from the effort of an English motion-picture producer to imitate an American photoplay stunt with similar action. A few months before the English tragedy an American company of screen players had depicted in film the rescue of a young woman from in front of a speeding engine by the hero, who stood on the cowcatcher. The film was ultimately shown in England, with the result that the producing director of the English company decided to produce a picture with a similar scene.

"If the Americans can do it, we can do it too!" declared the director of the English group of players.

Though the determination not to be outdone by an alien may have been commendable, the failure of the English director first to find out how the Americans performed the feat justifies condemnation, because such failure resulted in the snuffing out of a human life.

As a prelude to the filming of the fatal rescue scene the young Englishman who was to play the rôle of hero put in a solid day clinging to the pilot of a moving engine and in picking up a dummy figure of a woman from the track as the engine swept down on it. The precaution was taken to have the dummy of the same size, shape and weight as the young woman who later was to be rescued. All went well in practice and the moving-picture camera was finally set in place and the girl ordered to cast herself across the rails. The signal was given. The engine, with the hero bent low in front of the pilot, came rapidly toward the prostrate girl. The news dispatches are sufficient description of the ending.

The old saw that necessity is the mother of invention was the contributing factor aiding Americans in finding a way to film the same scene with the elements of danger entirely eliminated.

An American photoplay actress cast for the part of the heroine who lies prostrate on the railroad track refused at the last instant to endanger her life even for the sake of art—not because she was a star of such scintillating histrionic ability that she could not be replaced, but because base commercialism was the contributing cause to the invention of another means of rescue.

Several hundred feet of film had already been taken of scenes in which the young leading woman had occupied the center of the stage. Because the summary dismissal of the recalcitrant heroine and the substitution of another young woman, more amenable to orders, would have necessitated the retaking of all previous scenes, and because at that time film was a costly item, it was up to the producing director to find another way of producing rescue effects without a real rescue.

The Thrilling Rescue Reversed

THE director, nonplused for an effective alternative, consulted with his camera operator. The camera man had experimented in film causes and effects. He studied the problem briefly and then offered a solution. Here is the way the American heroine was depicted as the subject of a thrilling rescue without having to endanger herself:

"We will first reverse the film in the camera and then we will reverse all the action in the scene," said the camera man. "We'll have to rehearse it a lot to make it look smooth."

The engine, which originally was to have passed through the picture from left to right, was taken outside camera bounds on the right. The hero and heroine both climbed on the pilot, and then the hero held the heroine in his arms in the same way he would have done had he just scooped her from the rails. At a signal the engine started to back slowly across the camera's radius. Meantime the camera man was slowly running the film through his camera backward. At a given point, with the engine running slowly enough to preclude serious bruises, the hero bent low and dropped the heroine gently across the rails. Then he continued bent over, going through, backward, the same motions that would be taken by a man preparing to scoop a young woman from the path of a speeding engine.

"We've taken it backward," said the camera man. "Now when we reverse the film it will show the engine coming on, pilot first, and the hero leaning from the front of the pilot. He will pick up the girl and the engine will go on through the scene, with him holding her. I cranked slowly, so that when the projecting machine shows the picture at ordinary speed it will look as though the engine is doing thirty miles an hour or better."

Meantime the actress lay across the tracks and the means of getting her there must be accounted for. The scenario plot provided that she should be placed on the tracks and left there by three hirelings of the villain. More backward action!

After numerous rehearsals to get the necessary smoothness of action, they came into the picture walking backward and picked up the supposedly unconscious girl; then, carrying her, they backed out of the picture. Reversed, the film showed them walking to the railroad tracks, carrying the girl, laying her on the rails, and then walking out of the picture, with their backs to the camera.

Because small things are often big factors in motion-picture photography, and particularly in such work as the foregoing, a slight mistake or an oversight may completely ruin the entire effect of a clever piece of film illusion. As it affords an illustration we will tell why this same scene had to be retaken. The wind was in the wrong direction. The first reversed picture of the rescue showed the smoke from the engine's funnel strung out ahead of the engine. The smoke clouds, also, were going into the funnel instead of out of it. It detracted from the realistic qualities of the action.

Two alternatives were open to the director in making a retake—either to utilize a time when a strong wind was blowing in the same direction in which the engine was backing through the picture, or to wait for a period of perfect calm in atmospheric conditions and have the engine "coast" through the stretch of track within the camera's limits. Because smoke would give the impression of speed, the director decided on waiting for propitious winds.

The final picture showed the smoke strung out over the engine—but, to a close observer, it was still going into the smokestack instead of out of it. The only alternative here was to hope that the action of the picture would be so enthralling that attention would be centered on the hero and the heroine. In this way the attention of future audiences before which the finished picture would be shown was drawn away from the defect.

To the French must be accorded credit for pioneering the way in illusion or trick camera work. When motion pictures were interesting solely as a new invention, and the stories they depicted were not redundant with opaqueness of theme, one exhibitor commenced amusing the public with strange tricks of the camera. He first showed a horse galloping backward down the street, with a mob of pedestrians in pursuit, also traveling backward. By way of diversion the horse would suddenly cease its backward flight and, reversing its form of nimble-footedness, dash madly in pursuit of the pedestrians. The ludicrousness was comedy. It was not done for the purpose of deceiving, but to create laughs.

Dreams, Visions, More Than Half a Hundred Different Effects, Can be Had by the Clever Use of Double Exposure

Funny Deceptions and Illusions

FROM the ludicrous sprang illusion photography, which was intended to deceive. Working upon this nucleus, motion-picture camera operators have developed trick photography into an art. There are few things or effects the camera man cannot produce on the screen if given time and a modicum of makeshift materials. Be it a volcano spouting lava and flames, or a human body hurtling through the air from a great height, or the blowing up of the Capitol Building at Washington—the skillful and inventive manipulator of the motion-picture camera will produce a finished picture that will deceive completely the layman onlooker who is not familiar with the wide scope of photography.

Classified, there are six different varieties of illusion or trick camera work. Utilizing one or more of them, it is possible to get almost any desired result on the screen. They are:

1—Double or multiple exposure on the same piece of film—the most frequently used method.

2—Reversing the film. The performers also reverse their actions. The film, after development, is again reversed as it is run through the projecting machine.

3—The use of miniature models or replicas instead of life-size subjects.

4—Cutting objects from one film and arranging them on another.

5—The illusion in perspective, or the destroying of the correct perspective and making the subjects appear in grotesque relative proportions.

6—Discarding sections of film or stopping the camera, causing objects to jump on and off the screen as though by magic; and the stopping of the camera while objects are moved about—used in the producing of comedy pen drawings.

There are few pictures in which the first-named method—double exposure—is not utilized. Dreams, visions, the depiction of dual rôles—in fact, more than half a hundred different effects—can be had by the clever use of this medium. It is used largely for explanatory purpose—to let the audience know more clearly the trend of the story and the thoughts of the character or characters therein.

The double or multiple exposure is most commonly used in conjuring up visions or in portraying dreams. The actor is usually seen lying down, or he may be sitting before a fireplace. He is thinking of his sweetheart or his mother or some other person. Slowly into the picture—usually in one of the upper corners—comes the subject of his thoughts. If he is before a fireplace in which the flames are leaping from a cozy-looking log fire, the sweetheart or mother may appear among the flames. Sometimes the entire screen surface will be given over to the vision, the actor slowly fading out and the vision, first indistinctly and then clearly, taking his place. At other times the vision may be confined to an upper corner of the screen, or it may appear on so small a space as a wineglass or on the surface of a letter the actor may hold in his hand.

The effect is produced by masking the spot on the film where the vision is to appear while the remainder of the film surface is being exposed; by increasing and then slowing down the speed with which the camera crank is turned; and by the judicious use of lighting effects.

For the purpose of illustration we will take a man sitting at his desk in his office. His thoughts turn to his two children at home. For explanatory purposes the director desires to show the trend of the man's thoughts. The camera operator takes several feet of film showing him as he sits at his desk. Then he increases the speed of the camera crank, at the same time commencing to mask a small portion of the picture. The speed of the crank continues to increase and at the same time the film surface continues to be masked until the whole surface is covered. Several feet of unexposed film are run through the camera and then the unmasking process commences, the crank-turning gradually diminishing in speed.

The outcome of this series of operations will result in the film's showing the man sitting in his office, first clearly and then indistinctly; then fading entirely from view—some blank film—and then slowly appearing again until the picture is clear and distinct.

The first stage of the double exposure has now been completed. The camera is shifted to where the actor has meantime seated himself, with the two children on his lap. The camera man secures a focus that shows the trio in an upper corner of the picture. Meantime the film has been rewound back to the point where the man in his office was first started. The only portion of the film surface exposed when the camera is started is the upper corner where the man and the children appear. The operator commences turning the crank at a frenzied speed, gradually slowing down to an ordinary exposure gait, continuing this for a certain film footage, and then gradually increasing the cranking speed again. At the same time he has commenced unmasking the entire film surface by degrees. He then slows down and recommences the masking process

The finished product now, when developed, will show the man in his office, then the appearance of himself and two children in the upper corner, the gradual fading-out of the office scene and the substitution therefor of himself and the children, and then another fading-out, gradually coming back to the office scene.

The Intricacies of Count Work

DOUBLE and multiple exposure are instanced in the playing of a dual rôle in the same scene by one person. Two men identically alike may be seen shaking hands or quarreling. A split-second watch and a mask that covers half of the film surface are integral parts of the scheme. The layman in the audience believes that two men, exactly alike, have appeared in the scene; and, for unexplained reasons, motion-picture directors are prone to let him think so. In the parlance of the camera operator this is what is known as "count work"—and it is exceedingly difficult

Again, for purposes of explanation we must have the trend of the story that is being filmed: Twin brothers—one a ne'er-do-well and the other of the prescribed hero type—are to appear in the same scene, one man depicting both rôles. The villainous one, after quarreling, attempts to draw his pistol and is "beaten to it" by the righteously inclined brother. During the scene there are many gestures and facial expressions registered by each participant in the quarrel and consequent gunplay; and these gestures and expressions must be either in unison or in such perfect continuity that they will not make the finished picture appear absurd.

Here is how it is done: The actor takes his place on one side of a table or other piece of furniture, which stands exactly in the center of the picture. The director, split-second watch in hand, is alongside the camera man. At a given signal the actor commences a prescribed formula of action. He talks to an imaginary opponent, strikes the table with his fist, refuses to listen, becomes aggressive, and finally reaches for his pistol. Each movement is timed to the fraction of a second. For instance, at "one" he strikes the table; at "two" he refuses to listen; at "three" he assumes an aggressive attitude, gradually working up to the point—say, at "ten"—where he reaches for his pistol, attempts to draw it, and then lets it slide back into its holster. Every movement, gesture and facial expression has been recorded mentally to the fraction of a second by the director.

Now for the other half of the picture: The actor goes to the other side of the table. The mask over the film surface is switched and the action commences. There he goes through another prescribed program that will key perfectly with that already taken on the other half of the film. He argues, pleads, insists—by split-second schedule—and at the count of ten draws his pistol and covers an imaginary opponent. The film, when developed, shows concordance of action between the two men, identically alike in appearance. Any defects in the center of the film, which may come from a slight difference in lighting conditions during the two periods of exposure, are retouched, and the finished film when projected on the screen appears to have been exposed under ordinary picture-taking conditions.

The same procedure is followed when a man is to be shown shaking hands with himself. First on one side of the film and then on the other every motion and expression is timed in its sequence. The result is that at a given time—say, "seven"—the two hands have met; at "eight," clasped; at "nine," moved upward—and so on.

The second variety of illusion—the reversing of the film as it goes through the camera and the reversing of the action of the performers—is aptly illustrated by the rescue of the girl from the rails by the hero on the engine pilot. Of course the desired effects depend on the rereversing of the film as it goes through the projecting machine.

Another instance of this backward method is had in making a screen character slide up a tree or telegraph pole. You have probably seen it done. The actor slides up a pole with a smoothness and celerity which lead to the suspicion that he is attached to an unseen rope or wire. The film has been run backward through the camera and he has been photographed as he slides down the pole. Reversed, it shows him going up.

The third method—the use of miniature models or replicas instead of the real subjects—is commonly used in depicting railroad wrecks, explosions, fires, and other kinds of thrilling scenes where the cost of a genuine subject for destruction is too great to be thought of.

Suggestion—or the establishing of one certain viewpoint in the minds of the audience—is an important factor. For instance, a bridge is to be dynamited and then a passenger train is to plunge through the wrecked bridge to the river below. A genuine bridge is first used. A boat approaches and two men climb from it to the trestlework above. A "close-up" shows them planting the dynamite. They descend from the bridge, enter the boat and row away. The two views of the bridge showing the dynamiters approaching and going away are from identically the same angle—that certain view of the bridge is to be established in the minds of the audience. For the purpose of more firmly establishing it, three or four "flashbacks" from the same angle are secured.

Meantime an exact replica of the genuine bridge has been made and set up in miniature surroundings identical with those of the large bridge. The earth embankments are the same; the bushes along the river shore are the same—the effort at realism is even carried to the point of having a tiny river flowing below. Railroad tracks lead up to the bridge.

In connection with the producing of railroad wrecks, it is well to explain that practically all film-manufacturing companies are well supplied with wreck scenes. Whenever a railroad smash-up occurs within a hundred miles of a studio a camera man is immediately dispatched to the scene; and he "shoots" everything worth while. These scenes are developed and stored away for future use. When a story with a railroad wreck therein is to be produced they are resurrected, and from them are garnered such parts as will fit in and, at the same time, give the tinge of unquestionable realism.

Railroad Wrecks in Miniature

WITH the bridge duplicated in replica, the only obstacle to overcome, before the explosion takes place and the train hurtles into the river bed below, is the providing of the train that is to be wrecked. It really does not assume the importance of being termed an obstacle. Life-size rolling stock—even a few antiquated box cars—cost too much to be given serious consideration. In lieu thereof the director calls on the property room to provide an engine and coaches. Though of toy size, they are replicas of the big compounds and steel Pullmans featured in railroad advertising. With miniature bridge and miniature train ready the director is ready to proceed. It is done as follows:

Views of the life-size bridge already having been secured from a certain angle, the camera operator adjusts his machine so that the miniature bridge appears of the same size on the film surface and with the same perspective. The miniature engine and train are kept out of the picture until the crucial instant. The toy bridge is blown up and the chasm yawns for what is to follow. By hand power, engine and train are shoved into the scene; they plunge through the wrecked bridge and into the river below.

To the reader this may appear to be crude and subject to quick detection; but again the art of suggestion comes into play. In the interval between the time the bridge is blown up and the train is wrecked there will be inserted one or more flashes showing a real engine and train of coaches speeding toward the camera. As an aftermath to the wreck there will be scenes from a real railroad wreck showing splintered and telescoped coaches, twisted steel, and other evidences of a genuine catastrophe.

When shown on the screen the finished article will first show the genuine bridge, the appearance of the boat, the planting of the dynamite, the escape of the dynamiters, a train speeding along, a flash of the bridge, another flash of the speeding train, the blowing up of the bridge, another flash of the speeding train, a flash of the wrecked bridge, the train coming directly toward the camera, and then the bridge as the train plunges through it. The finale shows the smashed and splintered coaches.

Camera men refer to the fourth method as "cutting and patching." It consists in cutting objects from one piece of exposed negative and arranging them on another piece of exposed negative. It can be used to illustrate an automobile dashing across railroad tracks just in front of a speeding express train, pieces of a building flying through the air after an explosion—the genuine explosion sending things too fast for the camera to

Double and Multiple Exposure are Instanced in the Playing of a Dual Rôle in the Same Scene by One Person

(Continued on Page 30)

SOMETHING NEW

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"They're All Alike, These Girls—Every One of Them"

XI—(Continued)

UNTIL to-day Aline would have resented the suggestion that she was in love with George. She liked to be with him, partly because he was so easy to talk to and partly because it was exciting to be continually resisting the will power he made no secret of trying to exercise. But to-day there was a difference. She had suspected it at luncheon and she realized it now. As she looked down at him from behind the curtain, and marked his air of gloom, she could no longer disguise it from herself.

She felt maternal—horribly maternal. George was in trouble and she wanted to comfort him.

Freddie, too, was in trouble. But did she want to comfort Freddie? No. On the contrary, she was already regretting her promise, so lightly given before luncheon, to go and sit with him that afternoon. A well-marked feeling of annoyance that he had been so silly as to tumble downstairs and sprain his ankle was her chief sentiment respecting Freddie.

George Emerson continued to perambulate and Aline continued to watch him. At last she could endure it no longer. She gathered up her letters, stacked them in a corner of the dressing table and left the room.

George had reached the end of the terrace and turned when she began to descend the stone steps outside the front door. He quickened his pace as he caught sight of her. He halted before her and surveyed her morosely.

"I have been looking for you," he said.

"And here I am. Cheer up, George! Whatever is the matter? I've been sitting in my room looking at you, and you have been simply prowling. What has gone wrong?"

"Everything!"

"How do you mean—everything?"

"Exactly what I say. I'm done for. Read this." Aline took the yellow slip of paper. "A cable," added George. "I got it this morning—mailed on from my rooms in London. Read it."

"I'm trying to. It doesn't seem to make sense."

George laughed grimly.

"It makes sense all right."

"I don't see how you can say that. 'Meredith elephant kangaroo ——'"

"Office cipher; I was forgetting. 'Elephant' means 'Seriously ill and unable to attend to duty.' Meredith is one of the partners in my firm in New York."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! Do you think he is very sick? Are you very fond of Mr. Meredith?"

"Meredith is a good fellow and I like him; but if it were simply a matter of his being ill I'm afraid I could manage to bear up. Unfortunately 'kangaroo' means 'Return, without fail, by the next boat'"

"You must return by the next boat?" Aline looked at him, in her eyes a slow-growing comprehension of the situation. "Oh!" she said at length.

"I put it stronger than that," said George.

"But—the next boat —— That means on Wednesday."

"Wednesday morning, from Southampton. I shall have to leave here to-morrow."

Aline's eyes were fixed on the blue hills across the valley, but she did not see them. There was a mist between. She was feeling crushed and ill-treated and lonely. It was as though George were already gone and she left alone in an alien land.

"But, George!" she said; she could find no other words for her protest against the inevitable.

"It's bad luck," said Emerson quietly; "but I shouldn't wonder if it was the best thing that really could have happened. It finishes me cleanly, instead of letting me drag on and make both of us miserable. If this cable hadn't come I suppose I should have gone on bothering you up to the day of your wedding. I should have fancied, to the last moment, that there was a chance for me; but this ends me with one punch.

"Even I haven't the nerve to imagine that I can work a miracle in the few hours before the train leaves to-morrow. I must just make the best of it. If we ever meet again—though I don't see why we should—you will be married. My particular brand of mental suggestion doesn't work at long range. I shan't hope to influence you by telepathy."

He leaned on the balustrade at her side and spoke in a low, level voice.

"This thing," he said, "coming as a shock, coming out of the blue sky without warning—Meredith is the last man in the world you would expect to crack up; he looked as fit as a dray horse the last time I saw him—somehow seems to have hammered a certain amount of sense into me. Odd it never struck me before; but I suppose I have been about the most bumptious, conceited fool that ever happened.

"Why I should have imagined that there was a sort of irresistible fascination in me, which was bound to make you break off your engagement and upset the whole universe simply to win the wonderful reward of marrying me, is more than I can understand. I suppose it takes a shock to make a fellow see exactly what he really amounts to. I couldn't think any more of you than I do; but, if I could, the way you have put up with my mouthing and swaggering and posing as a sort of superman would make me do it. You have been wonderful!"

Aline could not speak. She felt as though her whole world had been turned upside down in the last quarter of an hour. This was a new George Emerson, a George at whom it was impossible to laugh, an insidiously attractive George. Her heart beat quickly. Her mind was not clear; but dimly she realized that he had pulled down her chief barrier of defense and that she was more open to attack than she had ever been. Obstinacy, the automatic desire to resist the pressure of a will that attempted to overcome her own, had kept her cool and level-headed in the past. With masterfulness she had been able to cope. Humility was another thing altogether.

"Er—Freddie, My Dear Boy, I Fear We Have a Painful—er—Duty to Perform"

Soft-heartedness was Aline's weakness. She had never clearly recognized it, but it had been partly pity that had induced her to accept Freddie; he had seemed so downtrodden and sorry for himself during those autumn days when they had first met. Prudence warned her that strange things might happen if once she allowed herself to pity George Emerson.

The silence lengthened. Aline could find nothing to say. In her present mood there was danger in speech.

"We have known each other so long," said Emerson, "and I have told you so often that I love you, we have come to make almost a joke of it, as though we were playing some game. It just happens that that is our way—to laugh at things; but I am going to say it once again, even though it has come to be a sort of catch phrase. I love you! I'm reconciled to the fact that I am done for, out of the running, and that you are going to marry somebody else; but I am not going to stop loving you.

"It isn't a question of whether I should be happier if I forgot you. I can't do it! It's just an impossibility—and that's all there is to it. Whatever I may be to you, you are part of me, and you always will be part of me. I might just as well try to go on living without breathing as living without loving you."

He stopped and straightened himself.

"That's all! I don't want to spoil a perfectly good spring afternoon for you by pulling out the tragic stop. I had to say all that; but it's the last time. It shan't occur again. There will be no tragedy when I step into the train to-morrow. Is there any chance that you might come and see me off?"

Aline nodded.

"You will? That will be splendid! Now I'll go and pack and break it to my host that I must leave him. I expect it will be news to him that I am here. I doubt whether he knows me by sight."

Aline stood where he had left her,

leaning on the balustrade. In the fullness of time there came to her the recollection that she had promised Freddie that shortly after luncheon she would sit with him.

The Honorable Freddie, draped in purple pyjamas and propped up with many pillows, was lying in bed, reading Gridley Quayle, Investigator. Aline's entrance occurred at a peculiarly poignant moment in the story and gave him a feeling of having been brought violently to earth from a flight in the clouds. It is not often an author has the good fortune to grip a reader as the author of Gridley Quayle gripped Freddie.

One of the results of his absorbed mood was that he greeted Aline with a stare of an even glassier quality than usual. His eyes were by nature a trifle prominent; and to Aline, in the overstrung condition in which her talk with George Emerson had left her, they seemed to bulge at her like a snail's. A man seldom looks his best in bed, and to Aline, seeing him for the first time at this disadvantage, the Honorable Freddie seemed quite repulsive. It was with a feeling of positive panic that she wondered whether he would want her to kiss him.

Freddie made no such demand. He was not one of your demonstrative lovers. He contented himself with rolling over in bed and dropping his lower jaw.

"Hello, Aline!"

Aline sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Well, Freddie?"

Her betrothed improved his appearance a little by hitching up his lower jaw. As though feeling that would be too extreme a measure, he did not close his mouth altogether; but he diminished the abyss. The Honorable Freddie belonged to the class of persons who move through life with their mouths always restfully open.

It seemed to Aline that on this particular afternoon a strange dumbness had descended on her. She had been unable to speak to George and now she could not think of anything to say to Freddie. She looked at him and he looked at her; and the clock on the mantelpiece went on ticking.

"It was that bally cat of Aunt Ann's," said Freddie at length, essaying light conversation. "It came legging it up the stairs and I took the most frightful toss. I hate cats! Do you hate cats? I knew a fellow in London who couldn't stand cats."

Aline began to wonder whether there was not something permanently wrong with her organs of speech. It should have been a simple matter to develop the cat theme; but she found herself unable to do so. Her mind was concentrated, to the exclusion of all else, on the repellent nature of the spectacle provided by her loved one in pyjamas. Freddie resumed the conversation.

"I was just reading a corking book. Have you ever read these things? They come out every month, and they're corking. The fellow who writes them must be a corker. It beats me how he thinks of these things. They are about a detective—a chap called Gridley Quayle. Frightfully exciting!"

An obvious remedy for dumbness struck Aline.

"Shall I read to you, Freddie?"

"Right-ho! Good scheme! I've got to the top of this page." Aline took the paper-covered book.

"'Seven guns covered him with deadly precision.' Did you get as far as that?"

"Yes; just beyond. It's a bit thick, don't you know! This chappie Quayle has been trapped in a lonely house, thinking he was going to see a pal in distress; and instead of the pal there pop out a whole squad of masked blighters with guns. I don't see how he's going to get out of it, myself; but I'll bet he does. He's a corker!"

If anybody could have pitied Aline more than she pitied herself, as she waded through the adventures of Mr. Quayle, it would have been Ashe Marson. He had writhed as he wrote the words and she writhed as she read them. The Honorable Freddie also writhed, but with tense excitement.

"What's the matter? Don't stop!" he cried as Aline's voice ceased.

"I'm getting hoarse, Freddie."

"You Think There Is Something Tremendous Just Round the Corner and That You Can Get It If You Try Hard Enough"

Freddie hesitated. The desire to remain on the trail with Gridley struggled with rudimentary politeness.

"How would it be —— Would you mind if I just look at the rest of it myself? We could talk afterward, you know. I shan't be long."

"Of course! Do read if you want to. But do you really like this sort of thing, Freddie?"

"Me? Rather! Why—don't you?"

Freddie had become absorbed in his story. Aline did not attempt further analysis of her attitude toward Mr. Quayle; she relapsed into silence.

It was a silence pregnant with thought. For the first time in their relations she was trying to visualize to herself exactly what marriage with this young man would mean. Hitherto, it struck her, she had really seen so little of Freddie that she had scarcely had a chance of examining him. In the crowded world outside he had always seemed a tolerable enough person.

To-day, somehow, he was different. Everything was different to-day.

This, she took it, was a fair sample of what she might expect after marriage. Marriage meant—to come to essentials—that two people were very often and for lengthy periods alone together, dependent on each other for mutual entertainment. What exactly would it be like, being alone often and for lengthy periods with Freddie? Well, it would, she assumed, be like this.

"It's all right," said Freddie without looking up. "He did get out! He had a bomb on him, and he threatened to drop it and blow the place to pieces unless the blighters let him go. So they cheesed it. I knew he had something up his sleeve."

Like this! Aline drew a deep breath. It would be like this forever and ever and ever—until she died. She bent forward and stared at him.

"Freddie," she said, "do you love me?" There was no reply. "Freddie, do you love me? Am I a part of you? If you hadn't me would it be like trying to go on living without breathing?"

The Honorable Freddie raised a flushed face and gazed at her with an absent eye.

"Eh? What?" he said. "Do I —— Oh, yes. Rather! I say, one of the blighters has just loosed a rattlesnake into Gridley Quayle's bedroom through the transom!"

Aline rose from her seat and left the room softly. The Honorable Freddie read on.

Ashe Marson had not greatly overshot the truth in his estimate of the probable effect on Mr. Peters of the information that his precious scarab had once more been removed by alien hands and was now farther from his grasp than ever. A drawback to success in life is that failure, when it does come, acquires an exaggerated importance. Success had made Mr. Peters, in certain aspects of his character, a spoiled child.

At the moment when Ashe broke the news he would have parted with half his fortune to recover the scarab. Its recovery had become a point of honor. He saw it as the prize of a contest between his will and that of whatever malignant powers there might be ranged against him in the effort to show him that there were limits to what he could achieve. He felt as he had felt in the old days when people sneaked up on him in Wall Street and tried to loosen his grip on a railroad or a pet stock. He was suffering from that form of paranoia which makes men multimillionaires. Nobody would be foolish enough to become a multimillionaire if it were not for the desire to prove himself irresistible.

Mr. Peters obtained a small relief for his feelings by doubling the existing reward, and Ashe went off in search of Joan, hoping that this new stimulus, acting on their joint brains, might develop inspiration.

"Have any fresh ideas been vouchsafed to you?" he asked. "You may look on me as baffled."

Joan shook her head.

"Don't give up," she urged. "Think again. Try to realize what this means, Mr. Marson. Between us we have lost ten thousand dollars in a single night. I can't afford it. It is like losing a legacy. I absolutely refuse to give in without an effort and go back to writing duke-and-earl stories for Home Gossip."

"The prospect of tackling Gridley Quayle again ——"

"Why, I was forgetting that you were a writer of detective stories. You ought to be able to solve this mystery in a moment. Ask yourself, 'What would Gridley Quayle have done?'"

"I can answer that. Gridley Quayle would have waited helplessly for some coincidence to happen to help him out."

"Had he no methods?"

"He was full of methods; but they never led him anywhere without the coincidence. However, we might try to figure it out. What time did you get to the museum?"

"One o'clock."

"And you found the scarab gone. What does that suggest to you?"

"Nothing. What does it suggest to you?"

"Absolutely nothing. Let us try again. Whoever took the scarab must have had special information that Peters was offering the reward."

"Then why hasn't he been to Mr. Peters and claimed it?"

"True! That would seem to be a flaw in the reasoning. Once again: Whoever took it must have been in urgent and immediate need of money."

"And how are we to find out who was in urgent and immediate need of money?"

"Exactly! How indeed?"

There was a pause.

"I should think your Mr. Quayle must have been a great comfort to his clients, wasn't he?" said Joan.

"Inductive reasoning, I admit, seems to have fallen down to a certain extent," said Ashe. "We must wait for the coincidence. I have a feeling that it will come." He paused. "I am very fortunate in the way of coincidences."

"Are you?"

Ashe looked about him and was relieved to find that they appeared to be out of earshot of their species. It was not easy to achieve this position at the castle if you happened to be there as a domestic servant. The space provided for the ladies and gentlemen attached to the guests was limited, and it was rarely that you could enjoy a stroll without bumping into a maid, a valet or a footman; but now they appeared to be alone. The drive leading to the back regions of the castle was empty. As far as the eye could reach there were no signs of servants—upper or lower. Nevertheless, Ashe lowered his voice.

"Was it not a strange coincidence," he said, "that you came into my life at all?"

"Not very," said Joan prosaically. "It was quite likely that we should meet sooner or later, as we lived on different floors of the same house."

"It was a coincidence that you took that room."

"Why?"

Ashe felt damped. Logically, no doubt, she was right; but surely she might have helped him out a little in this difficult situation. Surely her woman's intuition should have told her that a man who has been speaking in a loud and cheerful voice does not lower it to a husky whisper without some reason. The hopelessness of his task began to weigh on him.

Ever since that evening at Market Blandings Station, when he realized that he loved her, he had been trying to find an opportunity to tell her so; and every time they had met the talk had seemed to be drawn irresistibly into practical and unsentimental channels. And now, when he was doing his best to reason it out that they were twin souls who had been brought together by a destiny it would be foolish to struggle against; when he was trying to convey the impression that fate had designed them for each other—she said "Why?" It was hard.

He was about to go deeper into the matter when, from the direction of the castle, he perceived the Honorable Freddie's valet—Mr. Judson—approaching. That it was this repellent young man's object to break in on them and rob him of his one small chance of inducing Joan to appreciate, as he did, the mysterious workings of Providence as they affected herself and him was obvious. There was no mistaking the valet's desire for conversation. He had the air of one brimming over with speech. His wonted indolence was cast aside; and as he drew nearer he positively ran. He was talking before he reached them.

"Miss Simpson, Mr. Marson, it's true—what I said that night. It's a fact!"

Ashe regarded the intruder with a malevolent eye. Never fond of Mr. Judson, he looked on him now with positive loathing. It had not been easy for him to work himself up to the point where he could discuss with Joan the mysterious ways of Providence, for there was that about her which made it hard to achieve sentiment. That indefinable something in Joan Valentine which made for nocturnal raids on other people's museums also rendered her a somewhat difficult person to talk to about twin souls and destiny. The qualities that Ashe loved in her—her strength, her capability, her valiant self-sufficingness—were the very qualities which seemed to check him when he tried to tell her that he loved them.

Mr. Judson was still babbling.

"It's true. There ain't a doubt of it now. It's been and happened just as I said that night."

"What did you say, which night?" inquired Ashe.

"That night at dinner—the first night you two came here. Don't you remember me talking about Freddie and the girl he used to write letters to in London—the girl I said was so like you, Miss Simpson? What was her name again? Joan Valentine. That was it. The girl at the theater that Freddie used to send me with letters to pretty nearly every evening. Well, she's been and done it, same as I told you all that night she was jolly likely to go and do. She's sticking young Freddie up for his letters, just as he ought to have known she would do if he hadn't been a young fathead. They're all alike, these girls—every one of them."

Mr. Judson paused, subjected the surrounding scenery to a cautious scrutiny and resumed.

"I took a suit of Freddie's clothes away to brush just now; and happening"—Mr. Judson paused and gave a little cough—"happening to glance at the contents of his pockets I come across a letter. I took a sort of look at it before setting it aside, and it was from a fellow named Jones; and it said that this girl Valentine was sticking onto young Freddie's letters what he'd written her, and would see him blowed if she parted with them under another thousand. And, as I made it out, Freddie had already given her five hundred.

"Where he got it is more than I can understand; but that's what the letter said. This fellow Jones said he had passed it to her with his own hands; but she wasn't satisfied, and if she didn't get the other thousand she was going to bring an action for breach. And now Freddie has given me a note to take to this Jones, who is stopping in Market Blandings."

Joan had listened to this remarkable speech with a stunned amazement. At this point she made her first comment:

"But that can't be true."

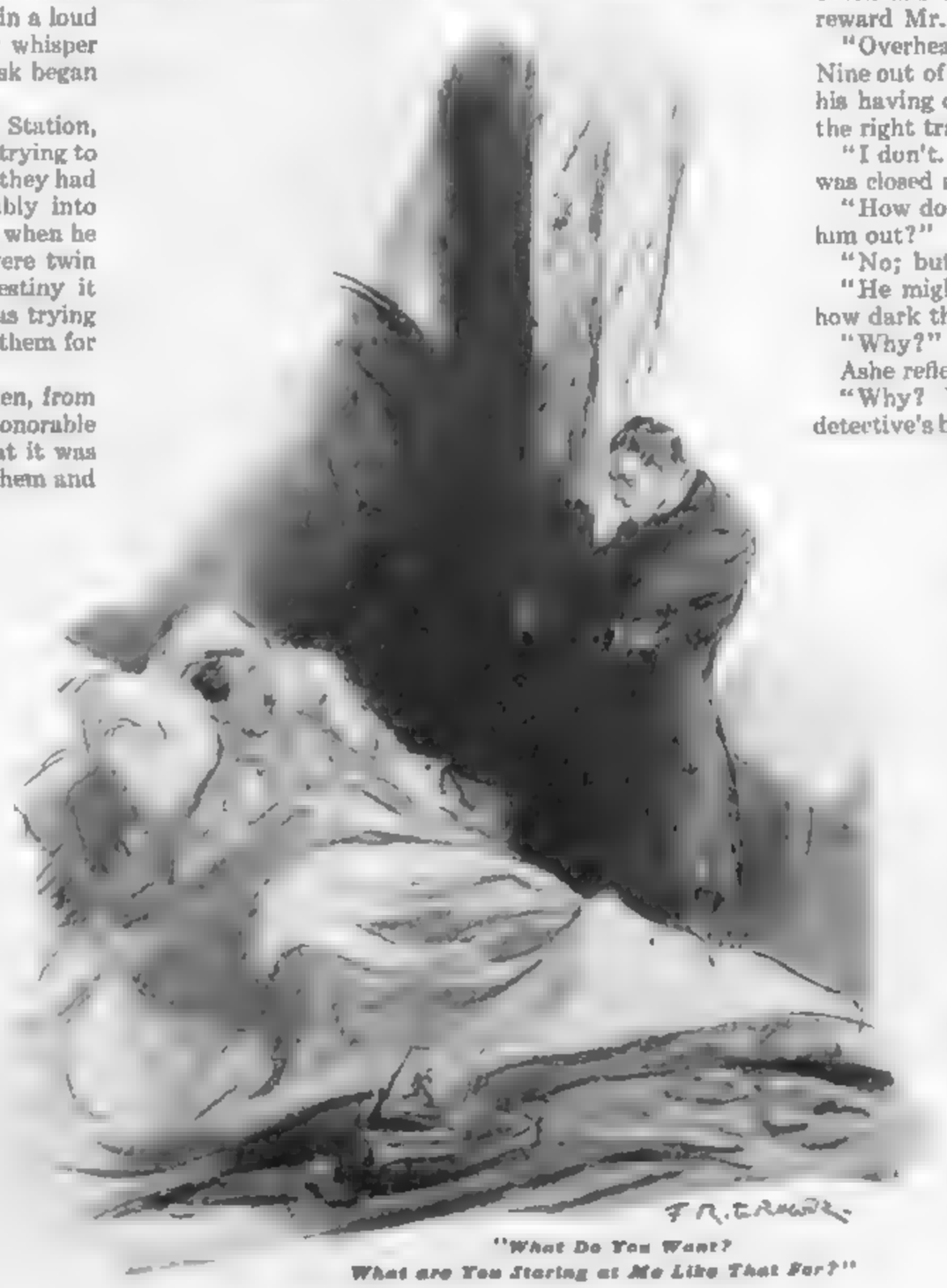
"Saw the letter with my own eyes, Miss Simpson."

"But ——"

She looked at Ashe helplessly. Their eyes met—hers wide with perplexity, his bright with the light of comprehension.

"It shows," said Ashe slowly, "that he was in immediate and urgent need of money."

"You bet it does," said Mr. Judson with relish. "It looks to me as though young Freddie had about reached the end of his tether this time. My word! There won't half be trouble if she does sue him for breach! I'm off to tell Mr. Beach and the rest. They'll jump out of their skins." His face fell. "Oh, Lord, I was forgetting this note. He told me to take it at once."



"What Do You Want? What are You Staring at Me Like That For?"

"I'll take it for you," said Ashe. "I'm not doing anything."

Mr. Judson's gratitude was effusive.

"You're a good fellow, Marson," he said. "I'll do as much for you another time. I couldn't hardly bear not to tell a bit of news like this right away. I should burst or something."

And Mr. Judson, with shining face, hurried off to the housekeeper's room.

"I simply can't understand it," said Joan at length. "My head is going round."

"Can't understand it? Why, it's perfectly clear. This is the coincidence for which, in my capacity of Gridley Quayle, I was waiting. I can now resume inductive reasoning. Weighing the evidence, what do we find? That bright lad, Freddie, is the man. He has the scarab."

"But it's all such a muddle. I'm not holding his letters."

"For Jones' purposes you are. Let's get this Jones element in the affair straightened out. What do you know of him?"

"He was an enormously fat man who came to see me one night and said he had been sent to get back some letters. I told him I had destroyed them ages ago and he went away."

"Well, that part of it is clear, then. He is working a simple but ingenious game on Freddie. It wouldn't succeed with everybody, I suppose; but from what I have seen and heard of him Freddie isn't strong on intellect. He seems to have accepted the story without a murmur. What does he do? He has to raise a thousand pounds immediately, and the raising of the first five hundred has exhausted his credit. He gets the idea of stealing the scarab!"

"But why? Why should he have thought of the scarab at all? That is what I can't understand. He couldn't have meant to give it to Mr. Peters and claim the reward. He couldn't have known that Mr. Peters was offering a reward. He couldn't have known that Lord Emsworth had not got the scarab quite properly. He couldn't have known—he couldn't have known anything!"

Ashe's enthusiasm was a trifle damped.

"There's something in that. But —— I have it! Jones must have known about the scarab and told him."

"But how could he have known?"

"Yes; there's something in that too. How could Jones have known?"

"He couldn't. He had gone by the time Aline came that night."

"I don't quite understand. Which night?"

"It was the night after I first met you. I was wondering for a moment whether he could by any chance have overheard Aline telling me about the scarab and the reward Mr. Peters was offering for it."

"Overheard! That word is like a bugle blast to me. Nine out of ten of Gridley Quayle's triumphs were due to his having overheard something. I think we are now on the right track."

"I don't. How could he have overheard us? The door was closed and he was in the street by that time."

"How do you know he was in the street? Did you see him out?"

"No; but he went."

"He might have waited on the stairs—you remember how dark they are at Number Seven—and listened."

"Why?"

Ashe reflected.

"Why? Why? What a beast of a word that is—the detective's bugbear. I thought I had it, until you said —— Great Scott! I'll tell you why. I see it all. I have him with the goods. His object in coming to see you about the letters was because Freddie wanted them back owing to his approaching marriage with Miss Peters—wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"You tell him you have destroyed the letters. He goes off. Am I right?"

"Yes."

"Before he is out of the house Miss Peters is giving her name at the front door. Put yourself in Jones' place. What does he think? He is suspicious. He thinks there is some game on. He skips upstairs again, waits until Miss Peters has gone into your room, then stands outside and listens. How about that for a theory?"

"I do believe you are right. He might quite easily have done that."

"He did do exactly that. I know it as though I had been there; in fact, it is highly probable I was there. You say all this happened on the night after we first met? I remember coming downstairs that night—I was going out to a vaudeville show—and hearing voices in your room. I remember it distinctly. In all probability I nearly ran into Jones."

"It does all seem to fit in, doesn't it?"

(Continued on Page 24)

C. O. D. TO-NIGHT

By Edgar Franklin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Wouldn't it be Perfectly Killing if Jim Was Piling Up a Fortune and Never Telling a Word About It?"

HENRY TRINDEL, waiting on the topmost step of his beautiful, newly rented suburban home, stared darkly into the early sunshine and sighed, like a man to whom Joy has spoken her last farewell. Behind him twelve feet of polished hardwood veranda stretched to the granite wall, with its small-paned windows and its clinging ivy wherein, this last week or so, little birds had twittered until Henry's thin, mild fingers itched for the good feel of tweaking neck.

Before him extended twelve yards of wonderfully barbered lawn and beyond that most of Clythebourne, heaven's only earthly fraction within commuting distance of New York. In the grass robins whistled; flowering shrubs, as perfect as any color plate of a seed catalogue, swayed in the light breeze; motors whizzed gayly down the billiard-table highway to the station and the eight-three. Nature seemed pleased this morning, and man in general reflected her mood; yet Henry Trindel, down on the substratum of solid gloom where he lived nowadays, only sighed.

Offhand one might have attributed his deep depression to homesickness for the great city's whir—to a lack of attunement with country calm. One would have erred. Again, it might have been guessed that Henry Trindel's melancholy had root in the fact that, having risen to a seven-thousand-dollar salary as cashier of Bland & Brackett, Incorporated, his living expenses had soared simultaneously to exactly seven thousand dollars. It was not so. Henry Trindel's vast dejection hailed solely from his constitutional inability to endure that unlovely condition known as family jar, when, as in this case, his tender conscience must burn with the guilty knowledge that the blame was all his own.

Weeks—six of them now—had merely sharpened the poignancy of his trouble. Argue with himself as he might, one grisly certainty clung fast: For the first, the only, and unquestionably the last time in his life Henry Trindel had sought to lie flatly to Gilda, his exquisite, child-eyed wife.

Some men can explain away almost any of their lies. Some lies can be explained away by almost any man. Neither Henry Trindel nor his single ill-omened effort fell within these happy groups. As a liar his personal failure had been rather more than monumental; as a lie, the daring of the production itself had verged on the insane. Henry Trindel, in fine, had endeavored to misstate his income and his prospects, by way of avoiding just this expensive shift to peerless Clythebourne; and retribution and exposure, fairly treading on the heels of his poor attempt, had one-stepped into the mendacious moment and laid him low.

Even now, after six long, upset weeks, Henry winced sharply when he recalled the dread hour that had found him quite alone with Gilda and the things which trembled on her red lips—not, be assured, that there had been one breath of coarse excitement in all that bloodcurdling interview or any faintest hint of the vulgar family row. Breeding and repression were as much a part of Gilda as her beauty; yet, in the most definite manner, her full sense of Henry Trindel's crime had been conveyed to him—and since then they had been mainly moving up to Clythebourne, and the cool of their relations had seemed to chill the sunshine of a brilliant young summer.

The long, wearing strain of the thing was ghastly! A red-hot give-and-take battle of angry words, with dishonorable peace to follow complete defeat, Henry could have suffered cheerfully—or even a prolonged period of perfect speechlessness on Gilda's part, terminating in forgiveness. These, to Henry Trindel's mind, would have been disasters of a normal, natural sort; but there was nothing natural about the saddened dignity with which Gilda had been addressing him these last weeks.

To all the rest of the world she had bubbled pure happiness over the whole wretched process of moving to the suburbs; yet never a solitary bubble but had burst on the very instant it promised to float in Henry Trindel's own direction. Quite as of old, her incomparable smile had flashed on her friends—on Clythebourne—even on the grinning, willing real-estate agent; but, turning toward Henry Trindel, the smile had flickered out, a candle flame caught in the blast of his unworthiness. Yet on each occasion, as his lips opened to protest, the smile had flashed out again—at somebody else!

Latterly, deep in a brain that lacked complexity but possessed an infinite capacity for taking its owner seriously, he had wondered whether Gilda's love was really gone from his frugal life forever; whether it might not be better for them to separate now than to prolong an intolerable situation. Indeed, waiting morosely on the top step for the letters that must be mailed in the city, Henry contemplated returning to the library of his ruined home and, with a firm, pathetic dignity of his own, proposing that one plain course. Instead, however, he moved suddenly from the pillar against which he leaned so limply and smiled his nervous smile, because Gilda, a song on her lips, was hurrying out.

The song died as she appeared. Radiant an instant before, Gilda considered her husband unsmilingly.

"Will you post those in the Grand Central, please?" she said with the new, quiet formality. "Good-by, Henry!"

"Good-by!" Henry Trindel muttered brokenly, and turned from her loveliness.

There was a hopeless hunch to his shoulders as he shuffled down the three wide steps. His fingers fumbled the letters into his pocket with the uncertainty of an old man's hand. His wife dimpled for an instant—a queer little smile, with a hint of pain in it and a good deal of contrition.

"Henry!" said Gilda suddenly and softly. "Come here!"

Henry Trindel trudged patiently to the hardwood veranda once more.

"What did I forget?" he asked colorlessly.

"You forgot to be honest with me—once."

"I know," said Henry Trindel.

Two fine little hands astonished him by resting on his shoulders.

"Henry," his wife inquired, "have you been punished enough?"

"I—huh?" stammered Henry Trindel. "Yes!"

"Are you truly sorry?"

"Gilda!" cried her husband quite dramatically. "If there is any way in this world by which I can atone for——"

"Will you promise never—never to do it again?"

"I—— Listen! I swear it!" Henry Trindel responded vehemently. "I——"

"Then I forgive you, Henry—yes, really! And now kiss me good-by and run!" laughed the restored illumination of his existence. "You're awfully late now; and—Henry! We're outdoors, where everybody can see and you're only going away for the day!" she protested breathlessly. "And—oh, that's the eight-three whistling now, up at Manor Crossing! Run!"

When he had sped to the highway and fluttered into the merciful automobile of a kindly commuting neighbor—when he had waved a wild hand and, for the first time in Clythebourne, received an answering farewell wave—the life-giving laugh had dwindled to a pensive smile. She backed slowly into the adorable house, with its sixteen perfect rooms and its real professional cook at last, a rather thoughtful Gilda.

The day of Henry's disciplining was done. An effective, happy finis had been written to the chapter of his sin, and all was forgiven and ostensibly forgotten. Perhaps the disciplining had been rather mean and cruel, too, for Henry did not take punishment lightly; and still—she tried but could not push away the thought—just why had Henry lied like that? Just why, too, had she believed the clumsy, grotesque falsehood—even for a little while?

The last was easily answered: It was because never before, to her knowledge, had Henry Trindel told a lie. Pretty Mrs. Trindel leaned her cheek against the window casing and frowned at the side garden. That was just it—never to her knowledge! Before that one unlucky evening she had accepted Henry's every utterance as gospel, with no remote idea of questioning a single detail's truth. Was it not possible, therefore, that frequently in the bygone years numerous other lies had quite slipped past her?

As food for lonely meditation the whole conception was most distasteful; she turned on it the light of cold reason, telling herself that she knew every nook and cranny of Henry Trindel's mind—which was the fact, by the way. But the poisoned thought, having penetrated to her usually happy mind, clung impishly; and after three long, somber minutes she sought to shake it off by stepping through the window and down the veranda on her way to the back path that led to the big red-and-white house two doors beyond and the morning chat with Mrs. James Merriweather—otherwise Myra, Gilda Trindel's very dearest friend.

Mrs. Merriweather herself halted the expedition by appearing from the back path, quite exhausted. Mrs. Merriweather had been frightfully busy with her early morning planting—a becoming occupation for a beauty of her vivid brunette type, and one that consisted of standing, in rubber gloves and palest, fluffiest yellow, beneath the shading blossoms of a fruit tree, watching critically while the plump new chauffeur squatted in the warm sunshine and patted down little plants as they were handed to him by a patient parlor maid with two ornamental smudges of topsoil on her nose.

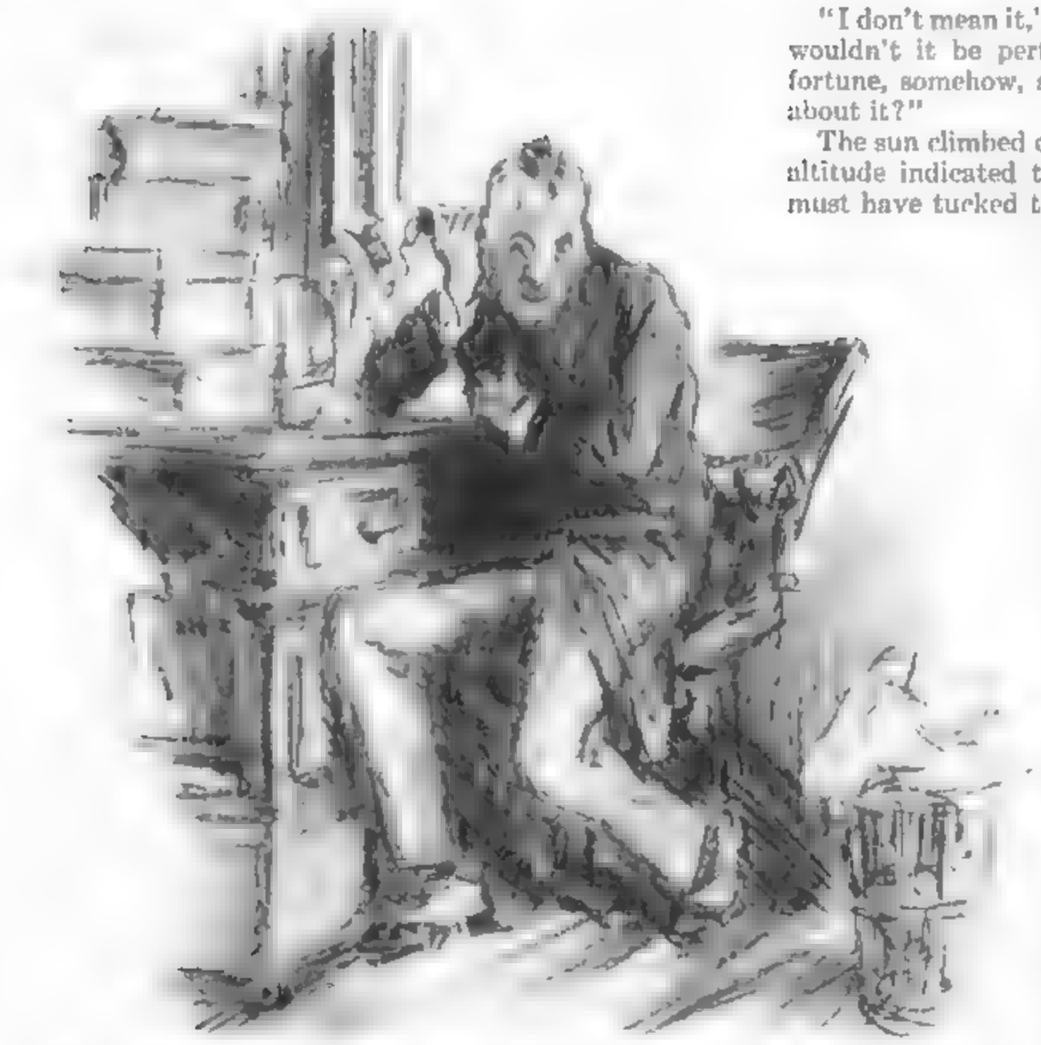
Having gained the veranda—since they were quite alone and utterly honest with one another—Mrs. Merriweather ceased being exhausted, settled gracefully on the top step and grinned happily at Gilda.

"Go over and look at Martin," she advised. "He's been putting down radishes since daylight and he's a scream when he tries to stoop over gracefully!"

"I'd rather stay here, now that you've come," Gilda murmured.

"What's the matter, child? Blue?" asked Mrs. Merriweather.

"Sort of," confessed deceitful Henry Trindel's wife.



From Nowhere at All an Impalpable Battering Ram Leaped at Henry Trindel

"Don't be!" the agriculturist said sagely, stripping off her gloves and gazing at the distant, shining water. "The Sound looks good, doesn't it? . . . The best of the best up here seem to belong to that yacht club. Are you folks going to buy a sloop thingumajig or a speed boat?"

"Good gracious, no! We could never afford that!" cried Mrs. Trindel. "Are you?"

The corners of Myra's highly intelligent nose twitched in a fashion all her own.

"I don't know, Gilda. I haven't decided. We can't afford it either, of course; but—we seem to buy a lot of things we can't afford and pay for them."

Gilda merely nodded. Her beloved intimate rested a shimmering black coiffure against the pillar and studied the infinite blue of the skies, and there was deep, soothing silence until

"Gilda, doesn't it ever seem funny to you?"

"What, dear?"

"All the things you and I want and get, I mean, and the way Jim and Henry—bless their old hearts!—seem to find the money to pay for them. Where does it all come from?"

"Why, I don't know," mused a slightly startled Gilda. "We live within Henry's salary, of course."

"I think you only think you do," said Myra earnestly. "You know, it sounds horribly mercenary for you and me to be talking it over like this, and if there's a creature in the world I abhor it is the mercenary woman; but I've been wondering a lot lately, Gilda. This last month I've bought absolutely everything I needed for the new house and the bills are all paid. Jim didn't even growl when I suggested hiring Martin for the car either—and it isn't as though he was scrimping or borrowing; I'd live in a tent before I'd let him do anything of that sort. But he's not doing it!"

"How do you know?" Henry Trindel's wife asked curiously.

"Because, when I ask him whether we can afford this or that he always says no, but to go ahead and get it—and then he chuckles. Nobody ever heard Jim chuckle when he was even a little bit worried about anything. And when I—oh, sort of ask delicately just how we can afford it he just chuckles again and says he owns the only living sawbuck tree—it grows ten-dollar bills instead of leaves, you know. Then we talk about something else, always. Isn't it curious?"

"Very," said Gilda.

Silence, faintly scented by new blooms, caressed the veranda for another space. Myra thought aloud:

"Some day I'm going to find out!"

"How?"

"Some day, when everything is slow and seems to need shaking up, I'll make a tremendous experiment," Mrs. Merriweather said lazily. "I'll do something simply awful, Gilda! I'll buy a private yacht, or something like that, for ten or twenty thousand dollars, and just have them send the bill to Jim. And when he's thoroughly mad about it I'll find out just how much we have to spend and where it comes from, because Jim tells absolutely everything when he's mad! . . . Isn't that a contemptible way to plot trouble for the biggest, finest husband mortal woman ever owned?"

"I suppose so," said Gilda doubtfully.

"I don't mean it," yawned Mrs. Merriweather. "Only—wouldn't it be perfectly killing if Jim was piling up a fortune, somehow, somewhere, and never telling a word about it?"

The sun climbed on. When a careful examination of his altitude indicated that, in the nature of things, Martin must have tucked the final radish into its summer home Myra resumed her rubber gloves and returned to finish her planting; but her idle dream of secret, accumulating wealth remained in the granite house. It is, indeed, the shaft at random sent that does the mischief.

The cook consulted Gilda at some length about the grocer's order and the butcher's. From the indefinite region whence he appeared to work by the day the hired man materialized and heard instructions anent the back garden. Even the maid, a dilettante in electro-mechanics, furnished diversion by blowing out the household's fuses while repairing the vacuum cleaner; but the dream persisted and minute by minute applied itself more definitely to the personal case of Mrs. Trindel.

If Merriweather were busy amassing wealth, why not Henry? There was much to support some such hypothesis. Henry Trindel, for one thing, had not offered an objection to a solitary item of expense through all their moving, though that might have been attributed to penitence or plain fear. For another, though—and this was really convincing—Henry had purchased for her the blue automobile out there in the garage, and to this day he had never made quite clear the source of the extra dollars that had made it possible. And there was a strain of duplicity in Henry Trindel; he himself had proved it conclusively.

Gilda, gazing from her upper window, studied the distant top of Martin's chauffeur cap for many seconds. It was a trim, correct cap. He crossed the Merriweather garden and she observed his livery. It was trim, correct livery. She turned and looked moodily at the mere transient hired man out back, who leaned on his hoe and gazed at the corncob pipe and the lessening billows of shag beneath his tamping thumb. Again she turned—but this time away from the brilliant outdoors and with eyes that flashed a little.

She preferred, infinitely and invariably, to originate rather than to imitate; at the same time, in a modified form, that absurd private-yacht experiment of Myra's might hold much merit—and, after all, it is only the fool who rejects a good idea because of its birth in another's brain. The suspicion perhaps was not worthy of her and it might be quite without foundation; but if, for the mere sake of hoarding money, Henry Trindel happened to be depriving his dainty Gilda of such bare necessities as liveried chauffeurs and resident gardeners, the time to discover it was now, while she still retained the youth to enjoy such things.

With her left hand pretty Mrs. Trindel opened the time-table to the city-bound morning trains. Her right, gliding swiftly backward and upward along her well-set vertebræ, twitched deftly at hooks.

In the Clythebourne club car of the eight-three they had looked askance at Henry Trindel as a soured huddle of insignificance, whose glum silence rendered him a blot on the very chair for which he paid. They did not look askance this morning. As one man, the better commuting element stared, listened and marveled, for Henry Trindel's tongue had lost its atrophy, luster lived in his lately dull eye, and his thin, dead hands, hitherto listlessly folded, gesticulated effectively as he related funny stories, several of them not more than ten years old.

As a raconteur, a thoroughly genial good fellow, he was a revelation to the Clythebourne club car. They wondered and laughed mightily at his wit, and wondered further—they felt that they had been misjudging Henry Trindel, and it showed plainly in their expressions. Henry chuckled secretly at their wonder, for he alone knew the truth about his metamorphosis—the world, which had rocked along upside down for six solid weeks, was topside up again. The blight had left his life and with it the queer, nagging premonition of impending bad luck.

This latter had been a very curious and unpleasant freak of his disturbed mind. He could smile at it now, but not with much enthusiasm; for, really the notion had harried him sorely. Though he had not admitted it even to himself, out there in the unconsecrated gloom of Gilda's disapproval, Henry Trindel had felt certain that he was about to be overtaken by nameless, crushing blows of pure misfortune. It was utterly absurd, of course—he could see that now; but it had haunted him just the same, day and night.

Under his airy feet the concrete walk from train to Subway turned resilient, neglecting to give forth the usual series of long, dismal scrapes. The uniformed man at the train gate, who but yesterday had scowled instinctively at the acidulated new Clythebourne commuter, could offer nothing better than a bewildered smile in answer to Henry's cheery salutation. The sidewalk newsboy, when Henry Trindel had stepped briskly into the building of Bland & Brackett, Incorporated, stared blankly at the nickel in his open palm; once, at least, the little guy with the grouch had neglected to wait, foot tapping, for his four pennies. Even the alert young woman at the desk in the anteroom turned to stare after Mr. Trindel as he breezed into the general offices beyond. How could these know that the killing thorn had been drawn from his side and its wound healed with a kiss?

Brackett himself—omnipotence in that establishment—beckoned as Henry Trindel passed the open portal of his private office.

"Country air's bracing you up at last; I said it would," he stated. "Health's beginning to stick out all over you, Henry. Say!"

"Yes?" beamed the firm's cashier, leaning a nonchalant elbow on his employer's desk.

Mr. Brackett tilted back and, his emphatic cigar trained full on Henry, he impaled it with an eyetooth and held it fast.

"This," said he, "is the twenty-fifth. This is the day that Curley & Curley hand somebody something pretty nice—eh?"

"Er—yes. They open their bids to-day, don't they?" Henry Trindel smiled absently, and then quite dreamily continued: "Ah—Mr. Brackett, if you have nothing better to do, why not run out to our little nest Saturday afternoon and ——"

"Damn Saturday afternoon! I'm talking about this afternoon," the firm responded with some warmth. "Henry, d'you know that's a million-dollar contract the Curleys'?"

"Why, yes!" said Henry Trindel, having wakened with a slight jar.

"At a guess, how many firms have bid on it?"

"A dozen, doubtless."

"Not a house in this world besides ours and the Donovan crew," Brackett corrected sharply. "I'd give a lot to know

As a Raconteur He Was a Revelation to the Clythebourne Club Car

that we are going to sign up with Curley; it would be the year's biggest order."

"Indeed, yes," the cashier agreed politely.

Brackett caressed his large, determined chin.

"I'm trying to fool myself into believing that Donovan hasn't underbid us a mile, and I can't do it," he pursued. "He'll skin Curley out of the difference and more; but that doesn't help us much, does it?"

"Not a particle—not a particle," said Henry Trindel, drifting away gently. "Not a—particle!"

"And, on the other hand, you see, with Donovan unable to—— Say, Henry!" rasped Mr. Brackett. "Do you go to bed early?"

"I—yes!"

"Then go to bed still earlier!" snapped Henry Trindel's employer. "You're not more than half awake now, and I want to get somebody else's opinion on this thing—yours. Do you suppose it would be a good scheme for me to stroll round to the Curleys' about three or four o'clock this afternoon and try to kick the deal through, no matter what they've decided, with a little real selling talk and some cold facts about the stuff we can supply 'em?"

The old, savage gleam flickered in his hard eye. Henry Trindel, with some difficulty, smoothed out the ridiculous smile that possessed his features this morning and tried to look really concerned.

"Yes—I think it would be a splendid thing to do," he said gravely; "because——"

"I don't! I think it would be a perfectly jackass performance," Brackett said readily; "because it would give 'em the idea that their business was a life-and-death matter with us to see me turn up in person. I'll send Storer round if I send anybody. That's all, Henry."

His chair turned, presenting his broad back to Henry Trindel's inspection; he snatched up one of the ten thousand papers on his desk and read busily. Henry, his smile returning quickly, strolled to his own office, opened the big safe for the day's business, commended his bright new clerk for no particular reason, and dropped happily into his own chair.

Given like conditions, on almost any other morning of his twenty-seven years with Bland & Brackett, Incorporated, he would have bowed his head and pondered the problem of Curley & Curley, their big contract, and the Donovan firm. To-day he dumfounded his aid by relating a jest of the original Joe Miller collection, squinted humorously at the sound of Brackett's great voice remonstrating with his substitute private secretary, dismissed the Curley trifle altogether and, turning to the mass of routine work he could have performed efficiently while asleep, made a gentle surrender to golden meditations of a purely personal character.

The black night of his expiation was over, broken by the rosy dawn of Gilda's smile; his punishment was done and he had deserved it richly, as he conceded freely and humbly. He had erred and, whatever happened to others of the green-bay-tree variety, the consequences had measured up fully to orthodox specifications. Even the weird foreboding of crushing evil had disappeared. What now? It seemed to Henry Trindel that a visible token of the new happiness was in order—a memento of atonement that should bring joy to Gilda and, at the same time, constitute a gentle reminder to himself in event of future temptation.

The exquisitely fitting thing, as he saw at once, would have been a diamond tiara, or something like that—a sparkling bit worth thousands on thousands, to dazzle Gilda's vision of the darkened past. Toward eleven he paused in his work and sighed heavily for the first time since leaving home. Tiaras, of course, were utterly out of the question; but from the bottom of his usually economical heart he wished they were not. It would have been the splendid thing to do—that of strolling in with the plain white-kid case in his side pocket, handing it to Gilda with a careless, casual word or two, strolling on out of sight, quite as though nothing of importance were afoot, and waiting for her soft little squeal of delight.

However, only the really rich may dream of tiaras; Henry Trindel brought his mentality to focus on prospects more modest. He could not actually afford it, but he fancied that he would leave the office early and, pausing at one of the big Fifth Avenue jewelry establishments, spend about twenty-five dollars on something really delicate and pretty; or he might possibly run as high as thirty or forty. It would mean some scrimping later, when he came to balance the month's expenses; but it was the least he could do and he would be glad to do it—yes, even though he might have to forego ordering his new, trim black summer serge for another two or three weeks. He nodded with a touch of resignation as he considered the expenditure, and then winced conscientiously at its smallness—and the telephone rang.

"For Your—or—Knickknacks, My Darling!"

"Mr. Trindel?" asked a dulcet tone.

Henry Trindel glanced over his shoulder; for the time his aid was absent.

"Yes, my love!" said he. "How clearly your voice comes over the wire! It seems hardly possible that you're nearly thirty miles away."

"I'm not," answered Gilda with an odd little laugh. "I'm in town for an hour or two. Er—Henry!"

"Yes?" purred Henry Trindel. "Yes, dear?"

"I—well, it was a dreadful thing to do, I suppose, but—I saw the dearest pendant—you know I've been looking for a little pendant," his wife continued somewhat jerkily. "And I bought it!"

Henry beamed at his telephone. "It is the very thing I had meant to suggest," he cried heartily. "I'm glad you found something that pleased you, darling."

"Are you—truly?" asked Gilda.

"I truly am!" rippled from Henry Trindel.

"They're going to send it out C. O. D. to-night, when you're—er—there, you know."

"That's quite all right, my dear," the cashier assured her. "The little old money specialist will be on hand with the price."

"Yes, it's—one hundred and fifty dollars," submitted pretty Mrs. Trindel.

From nowhere at all an impalpable battering ram leaped at Henry Trindel and smote him a one-thousand-foot-ton blow just above the heart. His hand clutched the spot and left it as quickly to leap upward and tug at his collar, by way of easing the tension on a throat through which breath seemed unable to pass. Twice, also, he swallowed, each time emitting a gulp. And then, the first concussion passing, an uncanny impulse of gameness rose within him.

"Well—all right, dear," Henry Trindel managed to say cheerfully.

"Is it?" came swiftly from Gilda. "Thank you very much indeed, Henry dear; you're an old sweetheart. Bye-bye!"

The farewell click reached Henry Trindel's ear. His own receiver went shakily to its place and he sat back; and, having dabbed his white forehead with a folded handkerchief, he even produced a small, sickly smile. It was, as he had said, all right. Of course she had spent a little more than he had meant to spend and, at the moment, he did not quite see where the necessary cut on something else was to come—but it was quite all right. Had he but thought, he might have known that no mere thirty-dollar or forty-dollar bit of jewelry could hold much interest for Gilda; and the fact that she had done—no matter how thoroughly—the very thing he had contemplated doing for her showed that their lately discordant beings were coming into tune again. Henry Trindel, hurrying to the home of his suffering bank account, withdrew the price of his atonement, lunched on a sandwich and, his wide smile of the morning apparently abandoned with the crumpled paper napkin, plunged back to work.

Entered, a little past two, the boy in the brilliant green uniform. He was a nice-looking boy, with chubby cheeks, a gold P on each side of his coat collar, and a note for Henry Trindel concealed in his cap. The note he laid on the desk; and, having waited a nicely judged instant for evidences of appreciation that did not materialize, he stepped out of Henry Trindel's life again. In his nervous way the cashier slit the envelope and frowned at the simple Paulon—Fifth Avenue, at the head. He knew no Paulon—yet. He read:

Sir: It is requested by Madame Trindel that we advise you of her purchase to the amount of five hundred and ninety-two dollars, by her order to be delivered this evening, C. O. D. For your convenience we would solicit the favor of madame's account. Respectfully,

PAULON.

In microscopic type one corner of the sheet displayed Robes to Henry's dazed eye; another mentioned Manteaux. These, his reeling mind assumed, were French terms for clothes; but the text itself was plain English and before it he sat stunned. Had Gilda gone mad? The note trembled and he looked about wildly; the poor child might be wandering round New York, alone and suddenly demented; and—no, Gilda had not gone mad! Gilda's husband, wilting after the first terrible minute, turned icy cold; for he felt that he understood.

Far from being over, the worst of his punishment was just at hand; he was to pay cold cash for his transgression; he was to be forced into the hottest hell of his imagination—the state where people borrowed money for an emergency short of death! It passed all credibility, to be sure—ten minutes back he would have staked his very life that Gilda was absolutely incapable of such a trick; but it happened to be the bitter truth, and Henry Trindel bowed his head. To the best of his belief his heart had broken.

Now when a single blow has brought this catastrophe to one, subsequent blows cannot matter very much. Henry Trindel did not start when his telephone jingled an hour later. He grunted an answer; he did not even smile when a deep bass voice said:

"This is Fifine—millinery!"

"Huh!" croaked Henry Trindel.

"Manager speaking," the bass continued. "Mrs. Trindel asked us to call you up and say that she is having two of our new importations sent out to-night."

"I hear," said Henry.

"Two hundred dollars," the voice added succinctly, and concluded with a pointed "C. O. D."

The cashier merely replaced the receiver and, his teeth grinding, closed his eyes. Bulletin number three brought the total of cash he was expected to carry homeward close

(Continued on Page 34)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 14, 1915

Peaceful Trade Prospects

A YEAR of war has brought us no increase in peaceful trade. Latest official figures show a decrease in our sales to every grand division of the world excepting Europe, and the European increase is all in foodstuffs. Sales of manufactures are about even with the year before, and crude materials to be used in manufactures show a large decrease, attributable to cotton.

No doubt the second year of war will bring a change in this respect. The great orders for war munitions that have been placed here in the last six months will produce exports then, and we may expect a large expansion in shipment of manufactures—that is, manufactures of the means of destruction.

There is a great profit in this business. Concerns extensively engaged in it are counting confidently upon earning dividends of thirty, sixty, even a hundred per cent in the year. The common stock of one concern was selling at ten dollars a share last year. It recently sold round two hundred dollars a share, on a pretty well-founded expectation of huge war profits. There is the little matter of time fuses for shrapnel shells. It seemed fairly impossible to get an adequate supply of those delectable articles. Then somebody discovered that typewriter factories had machinery which at comparatively small expense could be used in making shrapnel fuses. The result is a combination of typewriter factories to make several million dollars' worth of fuses.

In comparison with these glittering prizes the profits of peaceful trade look pale and meager. Naturally everybody who can make anything that is useful for killing people is trying to get into the big game. This diversion of enterprise, capital and labor from productive to destructive ends doesn't promise especially well for the second year's development of peaceful trade.

Disfranchising City Folk

DISFRANCHISING white men by a clause in the constitution sounds odd. It has been seriously proposed in Illinois, however, and is now under consideration in New York's constitutional convention. Over half the population of New York and about two-fifths of the population of Illinois live in the chief city of the state. The proposition in both cases is to put such limitations in the constitution that the city man's vote, no matter how numerous he becomes, can never outweigh the country man's vote.

Of course, giving the country man's vote greater weight than the city man's can be justified only on the ground that city voters constitute an inferior class, less intelligent and virtuous than country voters—so that though the former may safely be left at the mercy of the latter it would never do to put the latter at the mercy of the former. Students of state politics in New York and Illinois will be at a loss to know where this idea originated, except in the imagination of a country politician.

Framers of the Federal Constitution, it may be recalled, had much trouble with a similar problem, and finally solved it by providing, in Article I, that for the purpose of apportioning representation in Congress negro slaves should be counted as equal to three-fifths the same number of free whites. No doubt the constitution makers at Albany would follow that simple precedent but for a fear that the city would soon outgrow the handicap. Having that fear, they seem minded to fall back upon a rather bungling scheme of rotten boroughs.

A constitutional provision that country members of the legislature should not vote on city affairs at all would be much more to the purpose of good government.

Regulated to Death

IN 1868 the value of American exports carried in American vessels was one hundred and seventy-five million dollars. In 1914 it was one hundred and sixty-nine million dollars. Meanwhile, total American exports rose from less than half a billion to more than two billions. From the former date to the latter the proportion of exports carried in American ships declined pretty steadily year after year.

Now that is mainly an effect of government regulation. Say what else you please about it, there is the outstanding fact that in one way or another Congress did most of it. Since 1868 we have built up a railroad system that is equal to that of all Europe combined and carries freight at the lowest ton-mile rate in the world. We have developed far and away the greatest steel industry in the world. Other items of American achievement will occur to everyone. In the matter of shipping we were once in the world's van. That we should now be at the tail of the procession, if American skill and enterprise had been given a perfectly free hand to compete on the sea with other countries, is unthinkable.

We have tried a number of experiments in the way of government regulation of business. For example, there is our experiment of leaving private owners to raise the capital for railroad expansion, while the Government fixes the rates to which capital must look for its remuneration. On the whole it has worked tolerably well, but less well latterly than in former years. There is our experiment of trying to stop the coördination of business into bigger units, which has produced only annoyance so far. But in our experiments with shipping we were open to foreign competition all along the line, and unless all forecasts of the effect of our latest adventure in that field—the Seaman's Act—are false the result is going to be pretty complete failure. It shows that a business may be regulated to death.

The Tariff Bogy

IN THIS last fiscal year our purchases of foreign goods were smaller by two hundred million dollars than in the year before, and at the end of the period commodity prices in the United States, as reflected by Bradstreet's index number, were the highest ever known. But in spite of that the country, our protectionist friends tell us, is being mysteriously ruined by the pauper labor of Europe.

The aforesaid labor is getting killed and maimed to an extent that appalls the world. The factories in which it was employed are increasingly disorganized by war. The capital behind it is being shot away at the rate of tens of millions of dollars a day. But those things were mere broken reeds to lean upon, unless we are further fortified against European competition by a very high tariff.

You might sink Europe in the sea to-morrow, and your true high protectionist would still go about pale and trembling unless he had in his pocket the rabbit's foot of high duties to fend off the specter of pauper labor. A Europe with both arms in a sling and not a leg to stand on would still frighten him into gooseflesh unless he had the tariff horseshoe over his door.

So the tariff will no doubt be one of the issues of the next presidential election, and if the Republicans win we shall have another revision of it. The loudest champions of high protection do not want an intelligent tariff: they want a political one, with the usual logrolling. This is painful to contemplate, but as neither Democrats nor Republicans seem at all minded to take the tariff out of politics there is probably no help for it.

A Study in City Finances

TAKE all cities of the United States having over thirty thousand inhabitants and reduce their revenue receipts to a single dollar. Seventy-seven cents of that dollar comes from taxes and special assessments—roughly sixty-nine cents from the former and eight cents from the latter; eighteen cents represents receipts from public-service enterprises, and five cents comes from fines, donations and other miscellaneous sources. But of the eighteen cents that represents receipts from public-service enterprises, far the greater part is revenue of water works—owned by the city in most cases, so that expenses of operating and maintaining the water system must be paid out of it. In fact, less than two cents of the cities' composite dollar comes from public-service enterprises other than water works. The total that comes from public-service enterprises other than water works is less than sixteen million dollars, and six and a half millions of it is received by the city of New York -largely from municipal docks, ferries, and so on. So we may say that revenue of American cities from public-service enterprises other than municipally owned water works—and excepting certain municipally owned enterprises in New York City that are not profitable—is quite negligible.

Pretty nearly one-third of the total population of the country lives in cities having thirty thousand or more inhabitants, and the running of those cities costs a billion dollars a year. Undoubtedly the cities as a whole could develop a good many sources of additional revenue. Chicago, we believe, is the only large city that gets any considerable revenue from public-service corporations.

Making the Martial Mare Go

THAT any government could raise three billion dollars within about a fortnight would have seemed highly improbable a year and a half ago. At that time Great Britain's total debt, an accumulation of more than two centuries, was not much over three billion dollars.

England performed this extraordinary feat in finance recently, putting all former war financing into the shade. But it is very doubtful that this enormous loan will pay her war bills to Christmas. The bills run fifteen million dollars a day, at which rate the proceeds of the loan would last nearly seven months. But the loan of a billion and three-quarters raised last November left a deficit, and over a billion dollars of short-time treasury notes were issued before the new loan was floated. Presumably these must be redeemed out of the proceeds of the new loan, and before the end of the year the money will be gone. Meanwhile, daily the cost of the war tends to rise.

Such figures as these override all precedents and baffle prophecy. But that 1916, if the war continues, will see all the belligerents resorting to forced loans through the issue of irredeemable legal-tender notes seems very probable.

The Best There Is

ABSOLUTELY speaking, no such thing as good government has ever been known. About all imaginable forms have been tried and every one has shown notable failings. Government itself is at most only half a good thing. Its most important functions are a product of human failings. Probably a community of saints would have no use for any government.

Government is undergoing a tremendous efficiency test just now. Considered as an organization for conducting the public business of a great community, the government of the United States is undoubtedly inferior to that of Germany. But government is more than merely a concern for carrying on public business. It is a compact, a bond that involves our wills and at least potentially touches all our relations. Personally we would much rather tolerate the weaknesses of our form of government than have a man in the United States in whose presence it was not permissible to stand with a hat on, and concerning whom one could not, if one were so minded, lawfully express the opinion that he was an ass. Probably a free government can never be so efficient as a bossed one. That seems to be one of the inherent defects of democracy. The demagogue is another defect. In short, democratic government is far from absolutely good, yet it is the best there is.

The Simple Art of Gulling

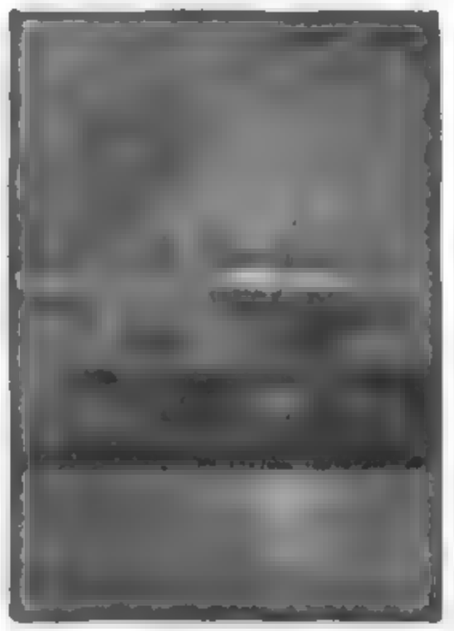
ONE of the handicaps of literature arises from a popular delusion that gulling people requires ingenuity and address. Probably literature itself is responsible for this. Homer started the trouble by making Ulysses a man of brains. Shakspere, Fielding, Gogol, Thackeray, and numberless others, helped it on by endowing their rascals with at least sufficient intelligence to invent a plausible plot. At length a misled public taste demands that its fictive rogues be clever, and will put up with no other sort. A story about a man who went down the street selling wall-paper samples for government bonds wouldn't go. Readers would consider it improbable. Yet in fact only about one case of swindling out of ten that gets into police records or the courts involves higher strategic ability than is required to take candy from a small child.

Some people will believe anything. By some curious law which psychologists have never explained, the more improbable the yarn the firmer their faith. It is doubtful if anything weirder or more naïvely transparent than Joseph Smith's story about his gold plates ever came out of a human head, but many people suffered persecution and some suffered death for their belief in it. Dowie was more plausible and less successful.

The credulity that swallows even the baldest gold-brick yarn is no doubt a testimonial to human honesty. By the strictest test all men may be liars, but comparatively speaking nearly all men are so nearly truthful that to more child-like minds any spoken word has the verity of stamped gold.

War Stocks and War Orders

By ROGER W. BABSON



CERTAINLY investors are funny people! They run backward and forward like a flock of sheep, but they actually show less intelligence. Sheep will stick to a recognized leader, but investors will not even do that. Investors are more like a flock of sheep that has lost its leader. For instance, a friend of mine told me the other day of two stocks he had purchased: Bethlehem Steel, because he believed the war would be a long-drawn-out affair; and United States Steel, because he believed the war would soon be over. Now if his reason for purchasing these two stocks was to distribute his risk and be on the safe side whichever way the war went, there might be some logic in his action. He did not, however, buy with the idea of being right in one case, whatever turn affairs might take; but he honestly thought he should make money on both stocks at the same time.

I believe in spreading one's investments over a large number of securities and in distributing the risk as much as possible; but I do not believe in being bullish and bearish at the same time. Speculators who are long of certain stocks and short of others are playing a dangerous game at best. Moreover, I feel they are playing a very senseless game.

The real truth of the matter is that you and others bought these war-order stocks a few weeks ago, not because of possible war orders, but because you got the fever to buy them and you could not help yourself. You did not even know that these companies would receive war orders, but simply depended on newspaper gossip. If I wanted to sell you a piece of land or merchandise you would insist on the most convincing evidence for any statement I might make. You will, however, invest the same amount of money in a scrap of paper, on some irresponsible gossip, without making the least effort to determine its authenticity. The truth of the matter is, when you buy or sell stocks you temporarily become one of a mob and act without rule or reason. This is especially evident during the present war-stock craze.

No Time to Buy War Babies

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that most investors have gone crazy over this war-order fad, it may perhaps pay to examine the situation a little more closely.

For instance, there are two distinct kinds of war orders. One group of war orders we are securing in this country because our European friends are unable to supply the necessities of life at the moment.

Our farmers are now getting high prices for wheat; our woolen manufacturers are getting more orders than they can fill; the tanners of leather and persons engaged in many other industries are greatly prospering because of European conditions. Just as soon, however, as the war is over and conditions in Europe become normal, these American manufacturers will feel a reaction. Of course the acceptance of such orders is legitimate. New England mills are as fully just tied in making blankets for English soldiers as are our sisters in knitting mufflers for their comrades. I do; however, want to make the point that one business is just about as permanent as the other, and one is just about as temporary as the other, even though these are legitimate war orders for blankets, shoes, harness, and the like.

There is, however, another group of war orders that is of even more risky nature. I refer to orders for shrapnel, guns, and various other forms of light armament. There is no doubt that Pennsylvania, New York and the New England States are honeycombed with these war orders. Even the most religious and peaceful individuals have turned the situation to their advantage.

The reader must not get the idea from this article that there has not been a large distribution of war orders in this country. I distinctly state that there has been. The point I wish to drive home is that this business is very unstable, and that to buy stocks on the strength of it is playing with the most dangerous kind of fire. To have bought them immediately when war was declared may have been all right; but to buy them now, after they have risen greatly in price, and when the insiders themselves are planning to get out from under, is simply foolhardy.

These stocks have been nicknamed in Wall Street the "war babies." Some have doubled, some have trebled, and a few have quadrupled in price, within a few months. Bethlehem Steel is the biggest war baby of them all. Within a year it has had a most remarkable rise from thirty to over two hundred dollars a share. Only last January it was as low as forty-six dollars, and its remarkable gyrations are well known to the general public. The company has probably received immense orders from the belligerent countries, and the speculating public has made all sorts of wild guesses as to how the profits are to be distributed. Some have even guessed that a stock dividend of three hundred per cent would be declared. Even the employees are in the dark, as many of them sold out at fifty.

Following Bethlehem Steel the zinc and copper stocks started to have their fling; and, following them, the stocks of the industrial and automobile companies have had a great upward swing. It is the metal stocks that war has chiefly affected—copper and zinc most particularly—the stocks of those companies which could furnish materials for the making of ammunition or which could themselves actually supply the death-dealing missiles. War has lifted the price of Lake copper from eleven and a half cents to over twenty cents within six months, and copper stocks have followed the upward march, though slowly at first.

Zinc stocks started to have their fling about the same time; and since last December American Zinc, Lead and Smelting Company's stock has risen from fifteen to over fifty; and Butte and Superior has shown a gain of more than fifty dollars a share in about the same period. Though the United States has an abundant supply of zinc ore, it has not sufficient smelting facilities to supply even our domestic demand. The great zinc smelters of Belgium and Germany, to which we have looked for a portion of our supply in times of peace and prosperity, are now either shut down or inaccessible. Therefore, when Europe began frantically to buy war supplies the price of spelter—which is the commercial name for zinc after it has been smelted from the ore—rose perpendicularly from four and three-quarters cents to over ten cents within four months, and since then has gone to thirty cents—and may go higher. It is especially remarkable that, for the first time in history, zinc costs more than copper.

Some metal stocks may still have a boom period ahead of them. For instance, lead and aluminum prices are rising. The price of aluminum has risen from eighteen cents last November to over thirty cents recently, most of this advance occurring since May first. Lead was selling at three and a half cents in November and recently touched seven and a half cents.

The European orders for ammunition, guns, artillery pieces, freight cars, automobile trucks, and so on, have also helped the industrial companies. Some have changed or added to their manufacturing facilities to take care of war orders. The business of such concerns may continue on a firm basis, even when war stops, if the domestic demand increases fast enough—as it promises to do—to take up the slack caused by the discontinuance of war demands; but we must not bank too much on such a happy ending.

The automobile stocks, also, have been hitting the trail of high prices, partly on account of war orders but also on account of domestic demand. The automobile industry, as a whole, is in a very sound condition in spite of the war; in fact, though motor stocks may not go any higher, after the war ends the best ones are likely to continue at high levels even then, because the domestic demand for cars has increased since the war started, and both the foreign and domestic call for trucks has greatly increased. Not only are a great number of horses being killed, but the world is being taught, in the most effectual way, what the motor car can do in real service.

Customers Dying as the War Goes On

I STRONGLY urge those who are inexperienced in the field of security investments to avoid investing in war stocks. They are exceedingly dangerous, especially those that have already had a very great increase in price. Now, as always, the lambs are likely to buy at top prices.

To be sure, there are some exceptions to the statement that war stocks are dangerous; but, unless the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are prepared to analyze the situation carefully, they should keep away from all war babies at present prices. For the uninitiated or the outsider, the best time to buy many war stocks has passed. Those who were farsighted enough to anticipate the demands warring Europe would make on our industries were able to buy in at such low prices that, no matter what happens, they can hardly lose. They can either sell out at the present high prices or draw the large dividends that are likely to be declared as long as the war lasts.

I believe, however, that many war orders are not so firm and fast as most people think. Certain companies have insisted on a large cash deposit with every order, and these concerns are in a strong position, but some others are taking long chances of cancellations by foreign governments.

Another danger may be in taking the bonds of foreign governments in payment for the goods shipped. In case these bonds are paid at maturity, well and good; but if they are not paid, or if they should depreciate too greatly in value, American concerns that take bonds in payment for war orders may suffer great losses. Bonds of any sort, except convertibles, should decline in price as the war continues and money rates increase; while foreign bonds are, of course, not so sound as our own.

Before buying any war babies I should look very carefully into the nature of the contracts made when these war orders are taken and what sort of payments are made for the goods shipped. Even though no foreign government should repudiate its bonds after the war is over, there are various other ways in which the bonds may become of less value. It has been past experience that currency has been inflated after every important war, resulting in a depreciation of bonds.

For instance, a concern which takes a hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds in payment for war supplies, thinking it has a twenty-thousand-dollar profit, may find,

"That's My Supper"

Toasted Grain Bubbles Puffed Wheat or Rice in Milk

Do you realize how the use of Puffed Grains has spread? And largely through children's talk.

The evening milk dish in a million homes now has Puffed Wheat in it. And all day long Puffed Wheat and Rice are used both as foods and confections.

Whole Grains in Vogue

Puffed Wheat and Rice brought whole grains into vogue. The inner and outer parts are made equally digestible. Here, for the first time, every food cell is broken. And the rich outer coats are available.

For remember that every food cell is blasted when the grain is puffed. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Never before was a process known to so fit grains for food.

Each Grain a Tit-Bit

Then each Puffed Grain is a tit-bit. It is airy, flaky, thin and crisp, with a taste like toasted nuts. It floats in milk. It crushes at a touch.

Girls use them in candy making, boys eat them like peanuts, cooks use them to garnish ice cream. When you serve such confections with cream and sugar think what goodies they become.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

CORN PUFFS

These dainties, invented by Prof. Anderson, mean much to you in many ways. They mean scientific foods. They mean whole grains so treated that every atom feeds. They mean fascinating morsels. They mean ease of digestion. The more you serve these grains in this way the better for all concerned.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

on trying to sell these foreign government bonds in the year 1920, that it can get only eighty thousand dollars for them in American money of the present value.

Besides the dangers immediately bearing on certain war stocks, investors should always remember that every shrapnel made here is being used to kill a possible customer and consumer of our goods—that is, of our wheat, shoes, pork, and so on. What some of our industries gain, other industries will lose; and there is much question as to whether our country will not lose much more than it gains by the European war.

It is not, however, merely the destruction of men that is going to affect us afterward but also the destruction of property. The shortsighted man thinks that the more property is destroyed, the more demand there will be for our goods. This may be true concerning the first demand, immediately after the war. Before there can be effective demand, however, there must be money; and we can well imagine that the war may be continued so long that the people will not have money to buy the bridges, locomotives and other things that have been destroyed.

Moreover, it should not be forgotten that every dollar spent on reconstruction work in Europe will mean one dollar less to be invested in new railroads, buildings or industrial enterprises in the United States, as such things have thus far been largely financed by European money. Though after the war there may be a distinct demand for American steel to repair bridges in Europe, there may be much less demand from American railroads to substitute steel for wood in structures in our own country. In other words, a dollar cannot be used twice. If it is used by the Europeans to replace their broken windows it cannot be loaned to us to build new houses.

SOMETHING NEW

(Continued from Page 18)

"It's a clear case. There isn't a flaw in it. The only question is, can I, on the evidence, go to young Freddie and choke the scarab out of him? On the whole, I think I had better take this note to Jones, as I promised Judson, and see whether I can't work something through him. Yes; that's the best plan. I'll be starting at once."

Perhaps the greatest hardship in being an invalid is the fact that people come and see you and keep your spirits up. The Honorable Freddie Threepwood suffered extremely from this. His was not a gregarious nature and it fatigued his limited brain powers to have to find conversation for his numerous visitors. All he wanted was to be left alone to read the adventures of Gridley Quayle, and when tired of doing that to lie on his back and look at the ceiling and think of nothing.

It is your dynamic person, your energetic world's worker, who chafes at being laid up with a sprained ankle. The Honorable Freddie enjoyed it. From boyhood up he had loved lying in bed; and now that Fate had allowed him to do this without incurring rebuke he objected to having his reveries broken up by officious relations.

He spent his rare intervals of solitude in trying to decide in his mind which of his cousins, uncles and aunts was, all things considered, the greatest nuisance. Sometimes he would give the palm to Colonel Horace Mant, who struck the soldierly note—"I recollect in a hill campaign in the winter of the year '93 giving my ankle the deuce of a twist." Anon the more spiritual attitude of the Bishop of Godalming seemed to annoy him more keenly.

Sometimes he would head the list with the name of his Cousin Percy—Lord Stockheath—who refused to talk of anything except his recent breach-of-promise case and the effect the verdict had had on his old governor. Freddie was in no mood just now to be sympathetic with others on their breach-of-promise cases.

As he lay in bed reading on Monday morning the only flaw in his enjoyment of this unaccustomed solitude was the thought that presently the door was bound to open and that some kind inquirer would insinuate himself into the room.

His apprehensions proved well founded. Scarcely had he got well into the details of an ingenious plot on the part of a secret society to eliminate Gridley Quayle by bribing his cook—a bad lot—to sprinkle chopped-up horsehair in his chicken fricassee, before the doorknob turned and Ashe Marson came in.

Freddie was not the only person who had found the influx of visitors into the sick room a source of irritation. The fact that the invalid seemed unable to get a moment to himself had annoyed Ashe considerably. For some little time he had hung about the passage in which Freddie's room was situated, full of enterprise but unable to make a forward move owing to the throng of sympathizers. What he had to say to the sufferer could not be said in the presence of a third party.

Freddie's sensation, on perceiving him, was one of relief. He had been half afraid it was the bishop. He recognized Ashe as the valet chappie who had helped him to bed on the occasion of his accident. It might be that he had come in a respectful way to make inquiries, but he was not likely to stop long. He nodded and went on reading. And then, glancing up, he perceived Ashe standing beside the bed, fixing him with a piercing stare.

The Honorable Freddie hated piercing stares. One of the reasons why he objected to being left alone with his future father-in-law, Mr. J. Preston Peters, was that Nature had given the millionaire a penetrating pair of eyes, and the stress of business life in New York had developed in him a habit of boring holes in people with them. A young man had to have a stronger nerve than the Honorable Freddie had to enjoy a tête-à-tête with Mr. Peters.

Though he accepted Aline's father as a necessary evil and recognized that his position entitled him to look at people as sharply as he liked, whatever their feelings, he would be hanged if he was going to extend this privilege to Mr. Peters' valet. This man standing beside him was giving him a look that seemed to his sensitive imagination to have been fired red-hot from a gun; and this annoyed and exasperated Freddie.

"What do you want?" he said querulously. "What are you staring at me like that for?"

Ashe sat down, leaned his elbows on the bed, and applied the look again from a lower elevation.

"Ah!" he said.

Whatever may have been Ashe's defects, so far as the handling of the inductive-reasoning side of Gridley Quayle's character was concerned, there was one scene in each of his stories in which he never failed. That was the scene in the last chapter, where Quayle, confronting his quarry, unmasked him. Quayle might have floundered in the earlier part of the story, but in his big scene he was exactly right. He was curt, crisp and mercilessly compelling.

Ashe, rehearsing this interview in the passage before his entry, had decided that he could hardly do better than model himself on the detective. So he began to be curt, crisp and mercilessly compelling to Freddie; and after the first few sentences he had that youth gasping for air.

"I will tell you," he said. "If you can spare me a few moments of your valuable time I will put the facts before you. Yes; press that bell if you wish—and I will put them before witnesses. Lord Emsworth will no doubt be pleased to learn that his son, whom he trusted, is—a thief!"

Freddie's hand fell limply. The bell remained untouched. His mouth opened to its fullest extent. In the midst of his panic he had a curious feeling that he had heard or read that last sentence somewhere before. Then he remembered. Those very words occurred in Gridley Quayle, Investigator—The Adventure of the Blue Ruby.

"What—what do you mean?" he stammered.

"I will tell you what I mean. On Saturday night a valuable scarab was stolen from Lord Emsworth's private museum. The case was put into my hands ——"

"Great Scott! Are you a detective?"

"Ah!" said Ashe.

Life, as many a worthy writer has pointed out, is full of ironies. It seemed to Freddie that here was a supreme example of this fact. All these years he had wanted to meet a detective; and now that his wish had been gratified the detective was detecting him!

"The case," continued Ashe severely, "was placed in my hands. I investigated it. I discovered that you were in urgent and immediate need of money."

"How on earth did you do that?"

"Ah!" said Ashe. "I further discovered that you were in communication with an individual named Jones."

"Good Lord! How?"

Ashe smiled quietly.

"Yesterday I had a talk with this man Jones, who is staying in Market Blandings. Why is he staying in Market Blandings? Because he had a reason for keeping in touch with you; because you were about to transfer to his care something you could get possession of, but which only he could dispose of—the scarab."

The Honorable Freddie was beyond speech. He made no comment on this statement. Ashe continued:

"I interviewed this man Jones. I said to him: 'I am in the Honorable Frederick Threepwood's confidence. I know everything. Have you any instructions for me?' He replied: 'What do you know?' I answered: 'I know that the Honorable Frederick Threepwood has something he wishes to hand to you, but which he has been unable to hand to you owing to having had an accident and being confined to his room.' He then told me to tell you to let him have the scarab by messenger."

Freddie pulled himself together with an effort. He was in sore straits, but he saw one last chance. His researches in detective fiction had given him the knowledge that detectives occasionally relax their austerity when dealing with a deserving case. Even Gridley Quayle could sometimes be softened by a hard-luck story. Freddie could recall half a dozen times when a detected criminal had been spared by him because he had done it all from the best motives. He determined to throw himself on Ashe's mercy.

"I say, you know," he said ingratiatingly, "I think it's bally marvelous the way you've deduced everything, and so on."

"Well?"

"But I believe you would chuck it if you heard my side of the case."

"I know your side of the case. You think you are being blackmailed by a Miss Valentine for some letters you once wrote her. You are not. Miss Valentine has destroyed the letters. She told the man Jones so when he went to see her in London. He kept your five hundred pounds and is trying to get another thousand out of you under false pretenses."

"What! You can't be right!"

"I am always right."

"You must be mistaken."

"I am never mistaken."

"But how do you know?"

"I have my sources of information."

"She isn't going to sue me for breach of promise?"

"She never had any intention of doing so."

The Honorable Freddie sank back on the pillows.

"Good egg!" he said with fervor. He beamed happily. "This," he observed, "is a bit of all right."

"Never mind that," said Ashe. "Give me the scarab. Where is it?"

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Restore it to its rightful owner."

"Are you going to give me away to the governor?"

"I am not."

"It strikes me," said Freddie gratefully, "that you are a dashed good sort. You seem to me to have the making of an absolute topper! It's under the mattress. I had it on me when I fell downstairs and I had to shove it in there."

Ashe drew it out. He stood looking at it, absorbed. He could hardly believe his quest was at an end and that a small fortune lay in the palm of his hand. Freddie was eying him admiringly.

"You know," he said, "I've always wanted to meet a detective. What beats me is how you chappies find out things."

"We have our methods."

"I believe you. You're a blooming marvel! What first put you on my track?"

"That," said Ashe, "would take too long to explain. Of course I had to do some tense inductive reasoning; but I cannot trace every link in the chain for you. It would be tedious."

"Not to me."

"Some other time."

"I say, I wonder whether you've ever read any of these things—these Gridley Quayle stories? I know them by heart."

With the scarab safely in his pocket Ashe could contemplate without active repulsion the brightly colored volume the other extended toward him. Already he was beginning to feel a sort of sentiment for the depressing Quayle, as something that had once formed part of his life.

"Do you read these things?"

"I should say I do. I write them."

There are certain supreme moments that cannot be adequately described. Freddie's appreciation of the fact that such a moment had occurred in his life expressed itself in a startled cry and a convulsive movement of all his limbs. He shot up from the pillows and gaped at Ashe.

"You write them? You don't mean, write them!"

"Yes."

"Great Scott!"

He would have gone on, doubtless, to say more; but at this moment voices made themselves heard outside the door. There was a movement of feet. Then the door opened and a small procession entered.

It was headed by the Earl of Emsworth. Following him came Mr. Peters. And in the wake of the millionaire were Colonel Horace Mant and the Efficient Baxter. They filed into the room and stood by the bedside. Ashe seized the opportunity to slip out.

Freddie glanced at the deputation without interest. His mind was occupied with other matters. He supposed they had come to inquire after his ankle and he was mildly thankful that they had come in a body instead of one by one. The deputation grouped itself about the bed and shuffled its feet. There was an atmosphere of awkwardness.

"Er—Frederick!" said Lord Emsworth. "Freddie, my boy!"

Mr. Peters fiddled dumbly with the coverlet. Colonel Mant cleared his throat. The Efficient Baxter scowled.

"Er—Freddie, my dear boy, I fear we have a painful—er—duty to perform."

The words struck straight home at the Honorable Freddie's guilty conscience. Had they, too, tracked him down? And was he now accused of having stolen that infernal scarab? A wave of relief swept over him as he realized that he had got rid of the thing. A decent chappie like that detective would not give him away. All he had to do was to keep his head and stick to stout denial. That was the game—stout denial.

"I don't know what you mean," he said defensively.

"Of course you don't—dash it!" said Colonel Mant. "We're coming to that. And I should like to begin by saying that, though in a sense it was my fault, I fail to see how I could have acted ——"

"Horace!"

"Oh, very well! I was only trying to explain."

Lord Emsworth adjusted his pince-nez and sought inspiration from the wall paper.

"Freddie, my boy," he began, "we have a somewhat unpleasant—a somewhat—er—disturbing —— We are compelled to break it to you. We are all most pained and astounded; and ——"

The Efficient Baxter spoke. It was plain he was in a bad temper.

"Miss Peters," he snapped, "has eloped with your friend Emerson."

Lord Emsworth breathed a sigh of relief.

"Exactly, Baxter. Precisely! You have put the thing in a nutshell. Really, my dear fellow, you are invaluable."

All eyes searched Freddie's face for signs of uncontrollable emotion. The deputation waited anxiously for his first grief-stricken cry.

"Eh? What?" said Freddie.

"It is quite true, Freddie, my dear boy. She went to London with him on the ten-fifty."

"And if I had not been forcibly restrained," said Baxter acidly, casting a vindictive look at Colonel Mant, "I could have prevented it."

Colonel Mant cleared his throat again and put a hand to his mustache.

"I'm afraid that is true, Freddie. It was a most unfortunate misunderstanding. I'll tell you how it happened: I chanced to be at the station bookstall when the train came in. Mr. Baxter was also in the station. The train pulled up and this young fellow Emerson got in—said good-by to us, don't you know, and got in. Just as the train was about to start, Miss Peters—exclaiming, 'George, dear, I'm going with you'—dash it! or some such speech—proceeded to sprint to the door of young Emerson's compartment. On which ——"

"On which," interrupted Baxter, "I made a spring to try and catch her. Apart from any other consideration, the train was already moving and Miss Peters ran considerable risk of injury. I had hardly

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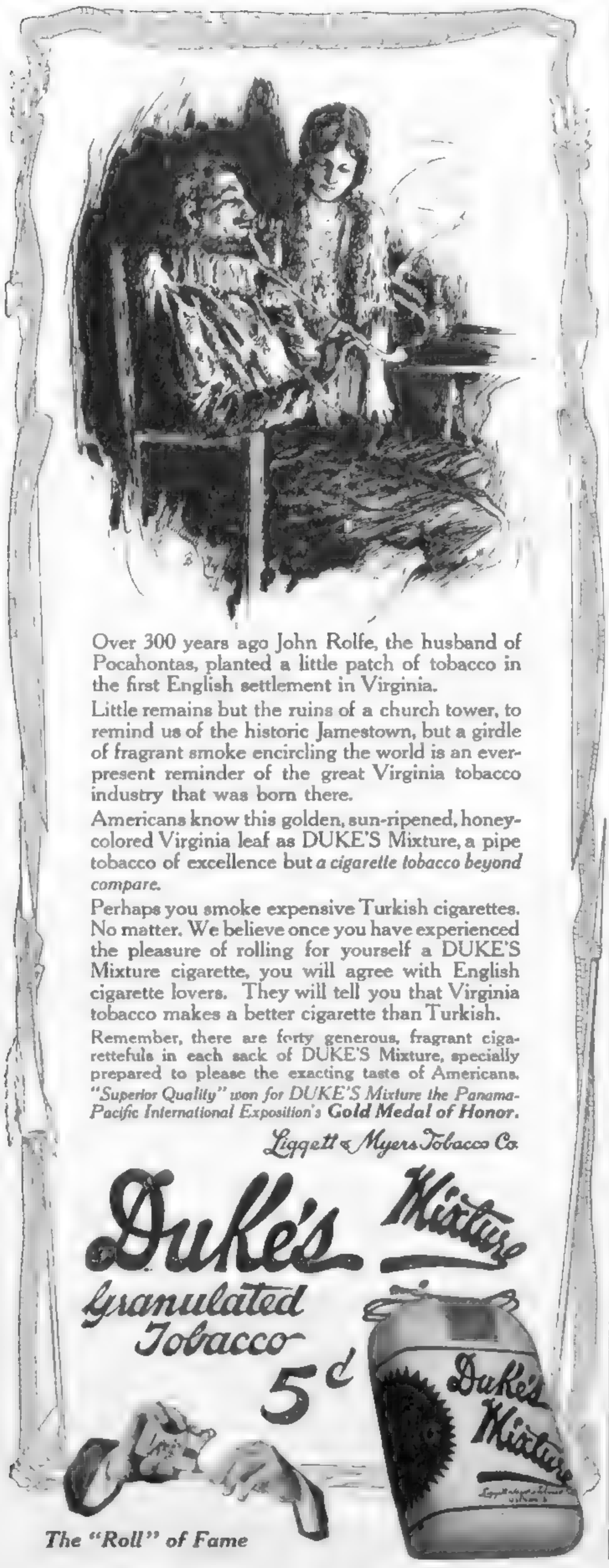

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moved when I felt a violent jerk at my ankle and fell to the ground. After I had recovered from the shock, which was not immediately, I found ——"

"The fact is, Freddie, my boy," the colonel went on, "I acted under a misapprehension. Nobody can be sorrier for the mistake than I; but recent events in this house had left me with the impression that Mr. Baxter here was not quite responsible for his actions—overwork or something, I imagined. I have seen it happen so often in India, don't you know, where fellows run amuck and kick up the deuce's own delight. I am bound to admit that I have been watching Mr. Baxter rather closely lately in the expectation that something of this very kind might happen.

"Of course I now realize my mistake; and I have apologized—apologized humbly—dash it! But at the moment I was firmly under the impression that our friend here had an attack of some kind and was about to inflict injuries on Miss Peters. If I've seen it happen once in India I've seen it happen a dozen times.

"I recollect, in the hot weather of the year '92—or was it '93—I think '93—one of my native bearers —— However, I sprang forward and caught the crook of my walking stick on Mr. Baxter's ankle and brought him down. And by the time explanations were made it was too late. The train had gone, with Miss Peters in it."

"And a telegram has just arrived," said Lord Emsworth, "to say that they are being married this afternoon at a registrar's. The whole occurrence is most disturbing."

"Bear it like a man, my boy!" urged Colonel Mant.

To all appearances Freddie was bearing it magnificently. Not a single exclamation, either of wrath or pain, had escaped his lips. One would have said the shock had stunned him or that he had not heard, for his face expressed no emotion whatever.

The fact was, the story had made very little impression of any sort on the Honorable Freddie. His relief at Ashe's news about Joan Valentine; the stunning joy of having met in the flesh the author of the adventures of Gridley Quayle; the general feeling that all was now right with the world—these things deprived him of the ability to be greatly distressed.

And there was a distinct feeling of relief—actual relief—that now it would not be necessary for him to get married. He had liked Aline; but whenever he had really thought of it the prospect of getting married rather appalled him. A chappie looked such an ass getting married!

It appeared, however, that some verbal comment on the state of affairs was required of him. He searched in his mind for something adequate.

"You mean to say Aline has bolted with Emerson?"

The deputation nodded pained nods. Freddie searched in his mind again. The deputation held its breath.

"Well, I'm blowed!" said Freddie. "Fancy that!"

Mr. Peters walked heavily into his room. Ashe Marson was waiting for him there. He eyed Ashe dully.

"Pack!" he said.

"Pack?"

"Pack! We're getting out of here by the afternoon train."

"Has anything happened?"

"My daughter has eloped with Emerson."

"What!"

"Don't stand there saying what! Pack."

Ashe put his hand in his pocket.

"Where shall I put this?" he asked.

For a moment Mr. Peters looked without comprehension at what Ashe was holding out; then his whole demeanor altered. His eyes lit up. He uttered a howl of pure rapture:

"You got it!"

"I got it."

"Where was it? Who took it? How did you choke it out of them? How did you find it? Who had it?"

"I don't know whether I ought to say. I don't want to start anything. You won't tell anyone?"

"Tell anyone! What do you take me for? Do you think I am going about advertising this? If I can sneak out without that fellow Baxter's jumping on my back I shall be satisfied. You can take it from me that there won't be any sensational exposures if I can help it. Who had it?"

"Young Threepwood."

"Threepwood? Why did he want it?"

"He needed money and he was going to raise it on this."

Mr. Peters exploded.

"And I have been kicking because Aline can't marry him and has gone off with a regular fellow like young Emerson! He's a good boy—young Emerson. I knew his folks. He'll make a name for himself one of these days. He's got get-up in him. And I have been wanting to shoot him because he has taken Aline away from that goggle-eyed chump up in bed there!

"Why, if she had married Threepwood I should have had grandchildren who would have sneaked my watch while I was dancing them on my knee! There is a taint of some sort in the whole family. Father sneaks my Cheops and sonny sneaks it from father. What a gang! And the best blood in England! If that's England's idea of good blood give me Hoboken! This settles it. I was a chump ever to come to a country like this. Property isn't safe here. I'm going back to America on the next boat.

"Where's my check book? I'm going to write you out that check right away. You've earned it. Listen, young man: I don't know what your ideas are, but if you aren't chained to this country I'll make it worth your while to stay on with me. They say no one's indispensable, but you come mighty near it. If I had you at my elbow for a few years I'd get right back into shape. I'm feeling better now than I have felt in years—and you've only just started in on me.

"How about it? You can call yourself what you like—secretary or trainer, or whatever suits you best. What you will be is the fellow who makes me take exercise and stop smoking cigars, and generally looks after me. How do you feel about it?"

It was a proposition that appealed both to Ashe's commercial and to his missionary instincts. His only regret had been that, the scarab recovered, he and Mr. Peters would now, he supposed, part company. He had not liked the idea of sending the millionaire back to the world a half-cured man. Already he had begun to look on him in the light of a piece of creative work to which he had just set his hand.

But the thought of Joan gave him pause. If this meant separation from Joan it was not to be considered.

"Let me think it over," he said.

"Well, think quick!" said Mr. Peters.

It has been said by those who have been through fires, earthquakes and shipwrecks that in such times of stress the social barriers are temporarily broken down, and the spectacle may be seen of persons of the highest social standing speaking quite freely to persons who are not in society at all; and of quite nice people addressing others to whom they have never been introduced. The news of Aline Peters' elopement with George Emerson, carried beyond the green-baize door by Slingsby, the chauffeur, produced very much the same state of affairs in the servants' quarters at Blandings Castle.

It was not only that Slingsby was permitted to penetrate into the housekeeper's room and tell his story to his social superiors there, though that was an absolutely unprecedented occurrence; what was really extraordinary was that mere menials discussed the affair with the personal ladies and gentlemen of the castle guests, and were allowed to do so uncrushed. James, the footman—that pushing individual—actually shoved his way into the Room, and was heard by witnesses to remark to no less a person than Mr. Beach that it was a bit thick.

And it is on record that his fellow footman, Alfred, meeting the groom of the chambers in the passage outside, positively prodded him in the lower ribs, winked, and said: "What a day we're having!" One has to go back to the worst excesses of the French Revolution to parallel these outrages. It was held by Mr. Beach and Mrs. Twemlow afterward that the social fabric of the castle never fully recovered from this upheaval. It may be they took an extreme view of the matter, but it cannot be denied that it wrought changes. The rise of Slingsby is a case in point. Until this affair took place the chauffeur's standing had never been satisfactorily settled. Mr. Beach and Mrs. Twemlow led the party which considered that he was merely a species of coachman; but there was a smaller group which, dazzled by Slingsby's personality, openly declared it was not right that he should take his meals in the servants' hall with such admitted plebeians

as the odd man and the steward's-room footman.

The Aline-George elopement settled the point once and for all. Slingsby had carried George's bag to the train. Slingsby had been standing a few yards from the spot where Aline began her dash for the carriage door. Slingsby was able to exhibit the actual half sovereign with which George had tipped him only five minutes before the great event. To send such a public man back to the servants' hall was impossible. By unspoken consent the chauffeur dined that night in the steward's room, from which he was never dislodged.

Mr. Judson alone stood apart from the throng that clustered about the chauffeur. He was suffering the bitterness of the supplanted. A brief while before and he had been the central figure, with his story of the letter he had found in the Honorable Freddie's coat pocket. Now the importance of his story had been engulfed in that of this later and greater sensation, and Mr. Judson was learning, for the first time, on what unstable foundations popularity stands.

Joan was nowhere to be seen. In none of the spots where she might have been expected to be at such a time was she to be found. Ashe had almost given up the search when, going to the back door and looking out as a last chance, he perceived her walking slowly on the gravel drive.

She greeted Ashe with a smile, but something was plainly troubling her. She did not speak for a moment and they walked side by side.

"What is it?" said Ashe at length. "What is the matter?"

She looked at him gravely.

"Gloom," she said. "Despondency, Mr. Marson. A sort of flat feeling. Don't you hate things' happening?"

"I don't quite understand."

"Well, this affair of Aline, for instance. It's so big. It makes one feel as though the whole world had altered. I should like nothing to happen ever, and life just to jog peacefully along. That's not the gospel I preached to you in Arundel Street, is it! I thought I was an advanced apostle of action; but I seem to have changed. I'm afraid I shall never be able to make clear what I do mean. I only know I feel as though I have suddenly grown old. These things are such milestones. Already I am beginning to look on the time before Aline behaved so sensationally as terribly remote. To-morrow it will be worse, and the day after that worse still. I can see that you don't in the least understand what I mean."

"Yes; I do—or I think I do. What it comes to, in a few words, is that somebody you were fond of has gone out of your life. Is that it?"

Joan nodded.

"Yes—at least, that is partly it. I didn't really know Aline particularly well, beyond having been at school with her, but you're right. It's not so much what has happened as what it represents that matters. This elopement has marked the end of a phase of my life. I think I have it now. My life has been such a series of jerks. I dash along—then something happens which stops that bit of my life with a jerk; and then I have to start over again—a new bit. I think I'm getting tired of jerks. I want something stodgy and continuous.

"I'm like one of the old bus horses that could go on forever if people got off without making them stop. It's the having to get the bus moving again that wears one out. This little section of my life since we came here is over, and it is finished for good. I've got to start the bus going again on a new road and with a new set of passengers. I wonder whether the old horses used to be sorry when they dropped one set of passengers and took on a lot of strangers?"

A sudden dryness invaded Ashe's throat. He tried to speak, but found no words. Joan went on:

"Do you ever get moods when life seems absolutely meaningless? It's like a badly-constructed story, with all sorts of characters moving in and out who have nothing to do with the plot. And when somebody comes along that you think really has something to do with the plot, he suddenly drops out. After a while you begin to wonder what the story is about, and you feel that it's about nothing—just a jumble."

"There is one thing," said Ashe, "that knits it together."

"What is that?"

"The love interest."

Their eyes met and suddenly there descended on Ashe confidence. He felt cool and alert, sure of himself, as in the old days he had felt when he ran races and, the nerve-racking hours of waiting past, he listened for the starter's gun. Subconsciously he was aware he had always been a little afraid of Joan, and that now he was no longer afraid.

"Joan, will you marry me?"

Her eyes wandered. He waited.

"I wonder!" she said softly. "You think that is the solution?"

"Yes."

"How can you tell?" she broke out. "We scarcely know each other. I shan't always be in this mood. I may get restless again. I may find it is the jerks that I really like."

"You won't!"

"You're very confident."

"I am absolutely confident."

"'She travels the fastest who travels alone,'" misquoted Joan.

"What is the good," said Ashe, "of traveling fast if you're going round in a circle? I know how you feel. I've felt the same myself. You are an individualist. You think there is something tremendous just round the corner and that you can get it if you try hard enough. There isn't—or if there is it isn't worth getting. Life is nothing but a mutual-aid association. I am going to help old Peters—you are going to help me—I am going to help you."

"Help me to do what?"

"Make life coherent instead of a jumble."

"Mr. Marson ——"

"Don't call me Mr. Marson."

"Ashe, you don't know what you are doing. You don't know me. I've been knocking about the world for five years and I'm hard—hard right through. I should make you wretched."

"You are not in the least hard—and you know it. Listen to me, Joan. Where's your sense of fairness? You crash into my life, turn it upside down, dig me out of my quiet groove, revolutionize my whole existence; and now you propose to drop me and pay no further attention to me. Is it fair?"

"But I don't. We shall always be the best of friends."

"We shall—but we will get married first."

"You are determined?"

"I am!"

Joan laughed happily.

"How perfectly splendid! I was terrified lest I might have made you change your mind. I had to say all I did to preserve my self-respect after proposing to you. Yes; I did. How strange it is that men never seem to understand a woman, however plainly she talks! You don't think I was really worrying because I had lost Aline, do you? I thought I was going to lose you; and it made me miserable. You couldn't expect me to say it in so many words; but I thought you guessed. I practically said it. Ashe! What are you doing?"

Ashe paused for a moment to reply.

"I am kissing you," he said.

"But you mustn't! There's a scullery maid or somebody looking through the kitchen window. She will see us."

Ashe drew her to him.

"Scullery maids have few pleasures," he said. "Let her see us."

XII

THE Earl of Emsworth sat by the sick bed and regarded the Honorable Freddie almost tenderly.

"I fear, Freddie, my dear boy, this has been a great shock to you."

"Eh? What? Yes—rather! Deuce of a shock, gov'nor."

"I have been thinking it over, my boy, and perhaps I have been a little hard on you. When your ankle is better I have decided to renew your allowance; and you may return to London, as you do not seem happy in the country. Though how any reasonable being can prefer ——"

The Honorable Freddie started, popeyed, to a sitting posture.

"My word! Not really?"

His father nodded.

"Yes. But, Freddie, my boy," he added, not without pathos, "I do wish that this time you would endeavor, for my sake, not to make a fool of yourself."

He eyed his offspring wistfully.

"I'll have a jolly good stab at it, gov'nor!" said the Honorable Freddie.

(THE END)

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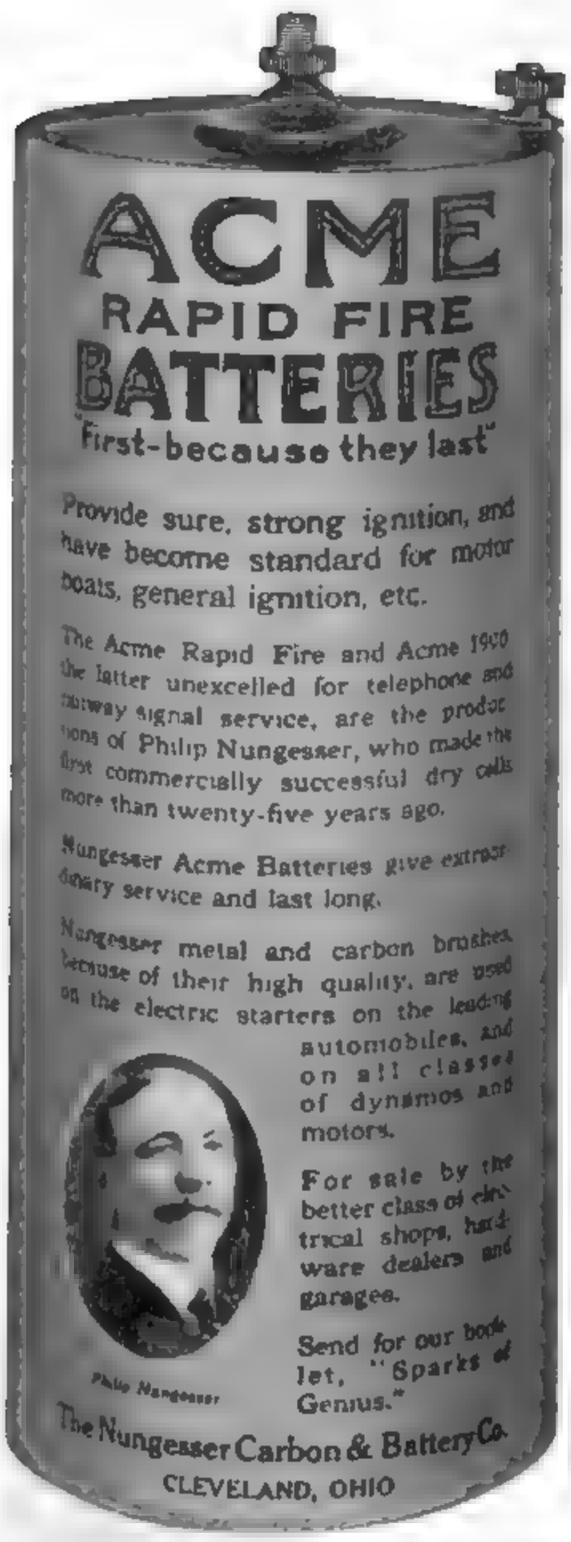
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CAMERA STUNTS

(Continued from Page 15)

catch them en route—or the falling of an aëroplane or an aviator from a great height.

We will take the automobile beating an express train to a crossing as an example. Two pictures are taken. One shows the train's approach and passage over the crossing, the other depicts the automobile going over the crossing before the train arrives. The strip of film showing the approaching automobile is cut up and all the available views of the automobile obtained therefrom. The automobile is then pasted on the strip of film showing the approaching train—each pasted piece a little nearer to the crossing; then on the crossing, partly over it, and finally clear of the crossing as the pilot of the engine sweeps by. This pasted film is then retouched and prints are made therefrom. The finished article looks like a real race for life and the escape, by an infinitesimal fraction of a second, of the automobile driver.

A falling aëroplane can be shown in the same manner. The dynamiting and wrecking of buildings, also, are made realistic through this medium. Skill and large quantities of patience are the prime requisites for this kind of camera trickery. When you witness the dynamiting of a building on the screen and then see a huge girder or a human body hurtling through the air as an aftermath, you have an instance of "cutting and patching."

Frequenters of moving-picture houses may have seen a tiny elf issue from a bottle as it rests on a table in front of a man, run up the man's arm and whisper into his ear, and then, returning to the bottle, disappear therein. This is the illusion in perspective, or the destroying of the correct perspective and the substitution of another wherein the subjects are made to appear in grotesque relative proportions. The elf who appears so diminutive may be just as large an individual physically as the man whose arm he appears to run up. It is one of the camera operator's most cleverly executed illusions.

The Bottle Imp

Two stages, one close to the camera and the other two or three hundred feet distant and in alignment with the first stage, are the necessities for this variety of photographic legerdemain. Perfect focusing of the camera is also a prime requisite. The first stage, close to the camera, contains a chair, a table and an ordinary ink bottle. The distant stage, when set, will have an immense ink bottle—a replica of the smaller one on the front stage—and an inclined runway.

When the camera is ready the actor seats himself at the table on the front stage. He picks up and inspects the small ink bottle on the table in front of him, thereby establishing in the minds of the audience the fact that the bottle is of ordinary size. The camera is then halted and the small ink bottle removed. On the back stage the large ink bottle is placed in position and a man dressed as an elf climbs into it. The bottom of the huge receptacle is flush with the top of the table shown on the close-up stage—that is, the man-size ink bottle, reduced to miniature proportions by three hundred feet of distance, seems to be only a small one on the table of the close-up stage. On the distant stage the inclined runway leads upward from alongside the big ink bottle. It is in perfect alignment with the arm and shoulder of the man sitting on the close-up stage.

With everything in readiness the camera is started; the man-elf climbs out of the huge ink bottle, runs up the runway, halts at a marked spot and then bends over as though whispering to somebody, and after the necessary action is completed he returns down the runway and disappears again into the ink bottle. The camera is again halted and the big ink bottle removed from the back stage, and the smaller one is again put on the table of the front stage. The camera is started; the man at the table registers surprise, picks up the small ink bottle and inspects it, and goes through other actions which indicate that he is mystified by the appearance of the elf. A few deft touches to the film negative when it is developed, and all traces of substitution or trickery are destroyed.

The sixth variety of illusion—that of discarding sections of film or of stopping the camera—was one of the methods of illusion first discovered. It can be made to serve various desired ends and is almost as much used at the present time as the double exposure. In the infancy of filmdom, when finances were low and every dollar was squeezed by the producer until Miss Columbia screamed for Federal intervention, it was a godsend. By stopping the camera at judicious periods mammoth armies could be created from a nucleus of half a dozen hard-worked extra people. In a battle scene a dozen "extras" hired for the day could be worked up into a thousand or more. It was accomplished by the simple expedient of having them charge past the camera, halting the film as the last file of soldiers was about to disappear offstage, marching the "army" round back of the camera, and having the soldiers charge through again as the operator again commenced cranking.

The stunt could be repeated indefinitely. By sending them through in a different formation each time and by the switching of caps, coats and impedimenta, each charge was made to appear a little different. Where rival armies were needed, first one side and then the other was filmed, the principals therein simply changing costumes between camera stops.

Raising the Devil

One of the present-day moguls of film production asserts that the lack of hirsute adornment on top of his head is due to participation in one of those early-day battles. As a member of an army of extras he was supposed to be shot during a charge and to fall in front of the camera. According to his story of vanished cranial herbage he was compelled to lie in the hot sun for more than an hour, without a hat, while the director created an army of respectable proportions—Old Sol meantime burning his hair so effectually that it vanished shortly afterward and never returned.

Saving the wages of extra performers is not the only usage to which camera stopping can be put. Its uses are myriad. A volcano is to be shown in eruption—and there are no volcanoes handy. A suitable hill is found; a hole is dug; a stick of dynamite is planted therein and, with a few smoke pots handy, all is ready for showing a life-size volcano. The dynamite is set off, and the camera records the upheaval of earth and the volume of smoke that rises. The camera is stopped as the smoke ceases issuing from the hole. Another charge of dynamite is rushed into the hole and a few smoke pots included for good measure. The smoke pots smoke and meantime the fuse attached to the dynamite is working toward a climax. The camera again gets into action and the film records the smoke and the explosion that ultimately follows.

If sufficient footage has not been secured the process is repeated. The camera clicks only when the smoke is pouring from the top of the hill and while the explosions send up piles of earth. Two or three explosions and plantings of smoke pots will give all the volcanic action desired. The sections of film are carefully joined together after development, with the result that an illusion of a continuous and exceedingly active volcano is created.

In depicting black art, camera stoppage also is a necessary requisite. A necklace is suddenly to appear about a woman's neck, or the devil is to bob up alongside the villain. The subject is first shown alone. The camera is then stopped and the necklace fastened about the woman's neck, or Beelzebub takes his stand alongside the iniquitously inclined one. The camera is started, with the result that in the finished picture either makes its appearance most mysteriously. They can be made to disappear in the same manner.

It is said that the results which can be secured from camera stopping were discovered by an accident somewhat fraught with comedy. In the Argonaut days of photoplay production moving-picture cameras not only had a small film capacity but it was necessary when the film ran out to take the camera back to the studio's dark room for reloading. If the film ran short during the middle of a scene the actors were compelled to hold their positions until the camera man could hasten to the studio and back—a proceeding that sometimes took an hour or more.

(Concluded on Page 32)

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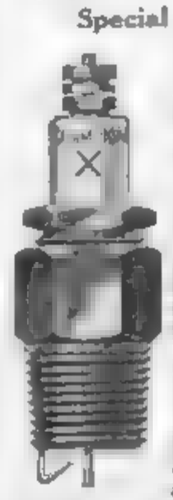

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A few of the many points of battery quality are explained at the right. Be sure your battery measures up to these standards.

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"Your Storage Battery, What It Is and How To Get the Most Out Of It," has helped thousands of car owners to reduce the cost of battery maintenance and avoid battery troubles.

"Truth Telling Tests" explains the big, vital points of battery quality and shows you how to make sure of them.

Ask for Bulletin A-6 and both books will be sent.

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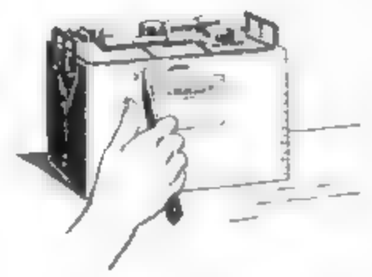


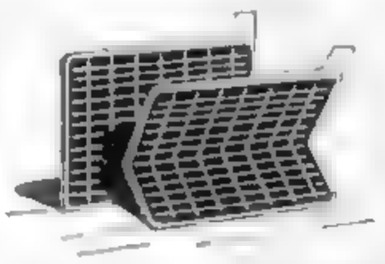
Hard or Soft?

Willard battery boxes are made of oak so hard it dulls the edge of ordinary tools. They are grooved together and fastened by a hard maple dowel at the corners. Even the screws are lead coated to make them rust proof. Soft wood and interior workmanship would look as well, but would not give a good deal more in the end.

Tested by Lightning

The hard rubber jars in Willard Batteries are tested by an electric current of 24,000 volts. No weak spot or imperfection can escape it.

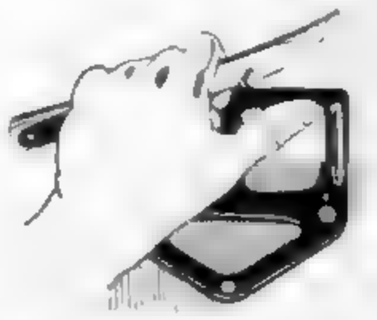
They are also tested to a tensile strength of 1,600 pounds to the square inch. We could buy jars of half the strength that would look just as well; we could omit expensive tests. But leaky, broken jars would be the result.



Not "Easy to Bend"

These lead "grids" are the frames of the plates that store the energy. They are hardened by antimony (the "tempering metal"). It costs more than hard rubber to hard plates are short-lived and (for batteries in which they are used most) dear at any price.

The grid is filled with a paste of lead oxides. And nothing plays a bigger part in battery quality than the purity of these oxides. Cheap oxides are hard to detect, but are mighty apt to be found where cheap battery boxes and cheap jars are used.



What's Under the Paint?

Cut the handles of a Willard Battery and you'll find a thick coating of pure lead under the paint. Under the lead is copper, and under the copper, steel. That's a sample of the extreme care used to make all metal parts of Willard Batteries proof against corrosion. Such care is not used in making cheap batteries.

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The attractiveness of a ready smile, showing the flash of well-kept teeth—the atmosphere of dainty cleanness that goes with a wholesome mouth—the general good health and good spirits associated with regular care of the teeth—all these are *positive* reasons for using

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"FREE SEAS and more equal security and opportunities for all peoples and nations." If you will help a campaign with this object, write at once to the Society to Eliminate the Economic Causes of War
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View of arch cut with knife

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give immediate relief to tired, aching feet. Write for Booklet and FREE 10-day Trial Offer. State size of shoe.
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Capable commercial artists who have obtained practical training from members of our faculty have earned $100 in two days, often more.

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(Concluded from Page 30)

One day the film gave out while a hanging was in progress—in fact, just as the rope was about to be tautened. While the camera operator hastened to the studio to reload, the actors stood in the broiling sun on a mountainside. To protect himself from sunstroke, the man to be hanged put on his hat. When the camera was again ready he forgot to remove it—and he was hanged with his hat on.

When the picture was finished it showed the central character in the scene bare headed as the rope was placed about his neck, and then, just as he was about to be swung into the air, with a hat on his head. It had such a mysterious aspect when projected on the screen that the inventive camera man—now a millionaire producer—made some experiments. Weird instances of photographic black art followed shortly thereafter, and then other results that could be secured by camera stoppage.

In a film spectacle produced some years ago a Biblical character was shown wrestling with a lion, tearing its jaws apart, and finally casting it from him, a very dead lion. It was an instance of stop work, and also a case wherein a motion-picture-producing concern followed the prescribed packing-house slogan of wasting nothing but the squeal.

The actor who portrayed the rôle of the Biblical strong man was one of the highest-salaried motion-picture stars in the world; and lions, no matter how toothless and feeble, are hardly trustworthy opponents in a wrestling match. The company producing the spectacle could not see its way clear to risk its star performer on the altar of chance—a live lion might resent the familiarities called for by the scenario plot of the picture. Therefore, it was decided that the only safe lion for such a scene was a dead lion.

Fighting a Lion With Bare Hands

As a prelude to showing the Biblical strong man breaking the jaws of the king of beasts—a thoroughly dead king—it was necessary to impress on the audience the fact that it was a real, sure-enough, live-and-kicking lion with which he grappled. Motion-picture audiences, being keen critics and quick to discover any semblance of fraud, in this case were to be the subjects of suggestive hypnosis. The fact that the hero grappled with a poor, dead lion might be detected unless fortifying measures were taken, so it was done this way.

The lion was first shown as he stalked through an improvised jungle—somewhat decrepit-looking, but at the same time a live lion. The hero was then shown as he walked along a jungle path. The next view showed the lion apparently startled, as though by somebody approaching—in reality by a pistol fired in close proximity. In quick succession flashes showed the hero, also startled—then the lion ready to spring—the hero on guard—the lion springing—the hero braced and catching the lion as it hurtled on him—then the tearing of the jaws under his mighty arms, and the action-fraught struggle.

Between the time when the lion was shown springing and when it came hurtling through the air into the hero's arms a bullet had ended its life. The actual slaying was utilized in another moving-picture thriller. The dead lion came catapulting into the hero's arms propelled by the combined strength of half a dozen husky extras who stood just out of camera bounds. The sections of film showing the lion springing—on a chicken fastened to a stake—and the hero receiving it as it sprang, were cleverly matched, with the result that the finished picture completely fooled the audiences before which it was afterward shown.

We have said that the actual killing of the lion was used in another picture. Prevention of waste did not cease there. The dead body was also shown in a third picture, depicting the fruits of a chase indulged in by alleged royalty. The pelt is still used as a wall and floor decoration in interior scenes.

The motion-picture devotee has probably wondered how pen drawings of moving characters are produced on the screen. This also is an instance of camera stoppage—the slowest and most painstaking kind. For instance, a bird is trying to pull an angleworm from a hole in the ground. The bird hops up, grabs the worm, pulls, suddenly lets go, and the worm snaps back toward the hole. The process is repeated numerous times. Every hop of the bird and every tug at the worm requires half a dozen separate drawings. They are photographed in sequence of movement, the camera being stopped between each drawing while a new one is being inserted. A one-reel comedy of this kind takes months to make.

Another instance of patient and time-consuming stop work is where many letters of the alphabet appear in a jumbled mass on a curtain, then suddenly become animated, dance about, and finally take their proper places in a sentence. Between clicks of the camera human hands move the letters about and every different position is photographed. When run through the projecting machine the letters move with celerity and appear to be guided by some mysterious force.

Though the photographic art, as applied to motion pictures, has been developed to a finesse that, to a large extent, has obviated the necessity of chance-taking by humans in the production of thrillers, the gentry of the silent drama are still called on to risk life and limb occasionally for some desired effect. Inventive camera men, however, can usually produce something in the line of a clever counterfeit that will completely fool future audiences. To them really belongs the credit for the development of motion pictures to their present vogue of popularity.

It is said that every director of motion pictures is more or less dependent on the camera man for the successful outcome of his endeavors—whereas, in truth, he is absolutely dependent on him; and it is within the power of the camera manipulator to make or break the producing director under whose orders he labors. The director wants certain effects in a picture. He gives orders and the camera man produces the desired effects.

The transcribing on film of an awe-inspiring night battle scene—the bursting of shells in mid-air and the lights and shadows of bomb-made illuminations—is the result of hours of study and months of experiment in causes and effects on film surface by the camera manipulators. And, we repeat, given a little time and a modicum of makeshift materials, there are few things or effects they cannot duplicate on the screen.

One He Knew

UNDOUBTEDLY it was a Republican, and a rabid Republican at that, who put this story into circulation. He said a lover of the works and the memory of Samuel L. Clemens went to the town of Hannibal, Missouri, where Mr. Clemens spent his boyhood, and hunted up the oldest inhabitant.

"Do you remember Mark Twain—Samuel L. Clemens—who once lived in this town?" asked the visitor.

The aged Hannibalite shook his head.

"Never heared tell of him," he said.

"Well, didn't you know the original of Tom Sawyer?"

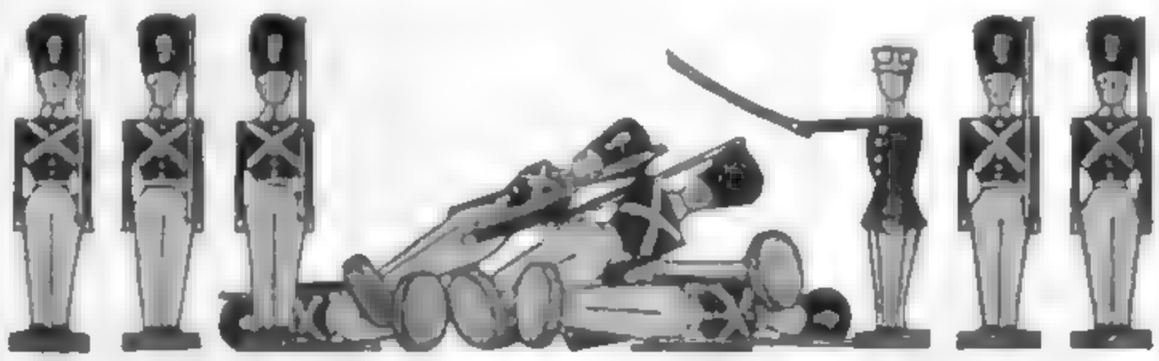
"Nope, never heared tell of that fellow, neither."

"Maybe you knew Huck Finn?"

"Nope."

"Well, how about Puddin'head Wilson ever hear of him?"

"Hell, yes; I voted for him in 1912!"



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GOODYEAR AKRON

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Makers of Goodyear Automobile Tires (2385)

C. O. D. TO-NIGHT

(Continued from Page 21)

to one thousand dollars. And there would be other bulletins, as staggering as these, piling up the gruesomely ridiculous aspect; and—the buzzer from Brackett's office whined nastily under his desk four times in quick succession. Henry Trindel, his solemn countenance strangely set, moved across the general office to his superior and found that large, hard person tramping the floor with hands rammed deep in his pockets.

"Storer starts on his coast-to-coast trip to-morrow!" he thundered at Henry Trindel. The cashier nodded. "So he's taking his wife for a long automobile ride to-day!" shouted Mr. Brackett, and every tooth showed. "Storer isn't working to-day! And Truscott, the next man to him in our alleged sales department, was up all night with a toothache and may be out a week! Say! For a concern of this size, the selling end of this business is enough to make an angel stand up on the tips of his wings and curse!"

His eyes poured fire at Henry Trindel for a moment and seemed to find that person asbestos.

"Well, anyway, you'll have to go round there to Curleys', Henry," the firm said more mildly. "I positively will not go myself, and something tells me that somebody ought to put in an appearance and do some talking. You go and hand it to 'em straight, Henry. Talk quality and talk prompt deliveries, with no excuses. Talk reliability too; and if you have to knock Donovan a little, go ahead." He laid a heavy hand on Henry's shoulder. "Only—see whether there isn't some way of nailing that million dollars' worth of business for us. You can do that?"

The cashier nodded and moved away again, this time for the hat that his numbed fingers located in the swimming gloom before his eyes.

Beside his mighty flat-top desk the elder Curley gazed thoughtfully at the younger Curley and said:

"Of course Donovan will stick us on quality if he can, and Brackett won't—we know that in advance. If there was a big enough difference in their figures I'd say take a chance on Donovan anyway—these prices of Brackett's are regular highway-robbery stuff. What do you think?"

"I'm darned if I know what to advise," muttered the younger Curley.

The elder Curley tapped with his pencil on the dozen typewritten pages in his hand and sighed.

"I'd like to look into that Harveyized Brackett brain for ten seconds and find out how far we can hammer him down," he stated. "Y'know, I hate to tie up with Donovan and start that eternal watching for poor stuff; but ——" He ceased as his office boy appeared and handed him a card. "'Henry Trindel—Bland & Brackett, Incorporated,'" he read with a start. "Well—send him in." And when the boy had gone again he asked: "Who the devil is Henry Trindel, Joe—new salesman?"

"New nothing!" the younger Curley said quite tensely. "That's the little rat who's closer to Brackett himself than anyone else in the world."

"Well, is Brackett so blamed anxious for the business that ——" the senior partner began with sudden joy.

"Watch Trindel and find out," counseled the junior partner as the door opened.

Thus was Henry Trindel assured a mildly dramatic entrance. He improved it by shuffling inward with his hat pulled down, nodding briefly to the partners and seating himself across the desk from the elder Curley, his general air being that of a peculiarly pessimistic undertaker.

"About our bid," he said briefly.

"Just—er—dropped in for an answer, Mr. Trindel?" the elder Curley smiled, with some curiosity.

"Yes."

"Well—the—Donovan—people ——" the elder Curley said slowly.

Henry Trindel sighed heavily. Brackett had sent him here with a mission, to be sure, as was the privilege of one who paid his splendid salary; but Henry was mightily impatient of earth's littler affairs this afternoon. Hence he directed at the elder Curley a stare so dark that the other subsided, and said then wearily:

"If you want first-class goods delivered promptly by a house of known reliability, take our bid. If you want trash delivered by an unreliable house at their own convenience, take Donovan's."

"Is that—er—all you have to say, Mr. Trindel?" the elder Curley inquired.

"That's all," grunted Henry Trindel—because, so far as he could recall, it was all that Brackett had suggested saying.

Over his head the Curleys gazed at each other, round-eyed. Seconds, and the younger partner smiled faintly and nodded. The elder, after a long, contemplative scowl at Henry Trindel, shrugged his shoulders and scribbled over the face of his typewritten sheets. He folded them again and handed them to Henry.

"There," he said impressively, "is our answer."

"All right!" mumbled Henry Trindel, rising and stuffing the papers into his pocket. "Good afternoon!"

As he shuffled out again the younger Curley's smile grew quite tart.

"You always have to admire real independence in business anyway," he reflected. "I suppose that's about the way Julius Cæsar or Napoleon'd have gone out trying to sell goods."

Onrushing evening, nearer every minute now, cast its own terrible advance picture on Henry Trindel's tired brain. They would be waiting for him, doubtless, when he reached home—messengers from the jewelry store and the Paulon firm and the hat lady with the frolicsome name. They would be sitting on the long bench opposite the fireplace in the entrance hall, their hats on their laps, their accursed wares at their feet. They would rise, holding out their hands for nine hundred and forty-two dollars; and then—here Henry Trindel paused in the general office to thrust the Curley papers into the hands of an office boy and push him toward Brackett's office. Afterward, breathing heavily in his own sanctum, he pondered the Curley matter for a full minute.

Very likely Brackett expected him to come in and report the full details of the not unexpected disaster in person; if so he could push his buzzer button. It was no interview that Henry Trindel meant to court; but, on the other hand—and this was amazing—he felt no fear at all of Brackett's rage. No—even though Brackett shout fury over his lost contract until the metal ceiling split apart; even though Brackett's great fist pound his desk to splinters as he cursed Fate and the Curleys—Henry Trindel cared not one infinitesimal rap. The reason for this unusual state of mind was that Henry Trindel no longer cared for anything in the world.

He had been quite wrong about the silliness of that feeling of impending bad luck—it was the most horribly reliable premonition ever visited on man; and, now that it was turning into fact, several courses lay before him, all steeped in misery: He might try borrowing enough to cover the C. O. D. nightmare; after all, he knew many prosperous people about town and he might collect a thousand dollars before the time for one of the later trains. He could not do it! Or he might return to Clythebourne as usual and, passing the messengers with a stony stare, take Gilda aside, hammer on the library table quite as Brackett hammered at his worst, and lay down the law as she had never heard it laid down before. Henry slid deeper into his chair and shook his head with decision, telling himself that he simply did not care to face a scene of that kind. Again, he might fail to return to Clythebourne.

His assistant was elsewhere in the establishment; he permitted himself one loud moan. Whatever wicked thing had overtaken Gilda this day, it would come to just that sooner or later. He could find a furnished room and send her a wire, stating that he had left and that Clythebourne stood on the verge of another scandal. He shrank before the prospect and then temporarily forgot it entirely as the door burst open. He had not been summoned to the Brackett interview; the interview had come to Henry Trindel. In the center of his office, when he had kicked the door shut after him, stood the firm.

"Why, you you tight-mouthed, pussy-footed little scoundrel!" cried the firm.

Henry Trindel braced himself against his chairback and shut his teeth.

"Henry, if I ever thought you lacked real punch I take it all back now and beg

your pardon humbly!" Brackett vociferated, gripping his cashier's limp hand and wringing it with the abandon of a happy boy. "You're the biggest thing that ever got into this house—and the least appreciated, too, by gad! I don't believe Storer himself could have put it over!"

"Huh?" asked Henry Trindel.

"And they never kicked on a single item—not on a solitary item! They accepted every detail just as we bid on it—well, you saw Curley write that on the estimate, of course!" exulted Henry's slightly mistaken employer.

"We've got 'em, Henry! We've got 'em nailed down for a million dollars' worth of business and most of it's good for a clean fifteen per cent profit. By crickey, Henry, I never thought you had it in you!"

He sobered somewhat and patted Henry Trindel's shoulder affectionately. "You're as near a business genius as I've seen in a long time—any man is who can put that through under present conditions. I'm proud to have you here and I won't forget it believe me, Henry! And that's just talk!" Brackett rumbled joyfully, striding to the big safe. "How much cash is Storer taking with him to-morrow?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars, because ——"

"I have it," stated Brackett. "What's this twelve hundred dollars in fives and tens, Henry?"

"The half-week payroll for the extra hands they had to put on at the factory," Henry Trindel responded. "Johnson's memorandum ——"

"Is there any more stray wealth in this safe?"

"No."

"Take this, then—and bless you, Henry!" cried the firm quite irresponsibly, and thrust the mass of perfectly good money into his cashier's cold fingers. "It isn't the half per cent bonus Storer'd have drawn; but you pay yourself a check for the balance and sign a voucher for the whole amount." He stood away and considered his cashier with a vast, almost incredulous smile. "What gets me," went on Mr. Brackett, "is, I never suspected before that you were really fitted for this sort of big stunt, Henry."

One great point in favor of pure happiness is that it brings quick recuperation from sorrows gone; five minutes of solitude and Henry Trindel's own smile seemed graven into the bone. He had bothered Brackett with none of those superfluous details that constituted the truth about the Curley call.

Henry Trindel had quite abandoned the notion of leaving home forever; instead, he went to the extreme length of putting his small, soberly shod feet on the armrest of his desk as he visualized the return to Clythebourne.

Just what demon of wild purchasing had possessed Gilda to-day would have to be explained later and guarded against in future, of course; but, for once at least, reflected Henry Trindel—and in reflecting he patted the bulging hemisphere that was his trousers pocket—Gilda should learn that on occasion her husband might be not quite out of the tiara class after all.

As on every other Wednesday evening, the Merriweathers were to dine with the Trindels. From afar the professional cook sent faint, teasing odors. On the long bench opposite the fireplace only Merriweather smoked and read the stock market. In the library Gilda turned from the telephone to her closest friend. The gravity of Gilda's countenance came from sheer remorse.

"Well, I caught Paulon, too, before he closed. That settles him and the Fifine woman," she said with much relief. "When the wretched old pendant comes I'll tip the boy and send him back with it."

Mrs. Merriweather laid aside her magazine and shook her head.

"You were silly to countermand those things."

"Why?"

"It might be true," said Myra.

Real tears appeared in Gilda's blue eyes.

"It isn't true at all!" she cried almost vehemently. "I know every penny Henry has in the world, and I ought to be helping him save some of them. It was beastly of me; it was perfectly insane to try a thing like that. I knew it while I was doing it, but I didn't really know how heartless it was until I got home. You started me!"

"Did I?" Mrs. Merriweather smiled quite cheerfully.

"You did! If you hadn't suggested it such a thing never would have come into my mind; and now poor old Henry's been worrying himself to death all day—and it's my fault."

Mrs. Merriweather wrinkled the corners of her intelligent nose.

"Even so," said she, "it's better to finish anything you start. Why didn't Henry telephone and telegraph, and then storm in himself, if ——"

From the entrance hall came the click of the door and Merriweather's hearty:

"Hello, Trindel!"

"Hello, Merriweather!" Henry Trindel responded, with astonishing blitheness. "How's tricks?"

Gilda, failing to catch the lighter note, was hurrying to him; and, reaching him, her arms slipped round his neck and she kissed Henry Trindel with all the force of her genuine repentance.

"Henry—you poor old boy!" she said swiftly and softly. "I didn't ——"

With a vest-pocket edition of Brackett's overwhelming laugh Henry Trindel freed himself.

"Just one—er—moment," smiled he.

Smiling, he looked about him—at pretty Gilda, with lips apart; at Myra; at Merriweather, grinning beside him. He had anticipated just this stage setting; coming up on the train, indeed, he had rehearsed his own part in the scene. And, though in some ways it might seem cheap and spectacular, it was to Henry Trindel's mind a part thrillingly effective—even downright splendid.

Slowly, then, his hand moved to his trousers pocket. Appearing again, it held a neat, tight roll of bank notes, the outer one conspicuous for its C. C, too, was the mystic letter engraved on the second and the third, and on all the rest, including the eleventh, as Henry Trindel stripped away the first ten with an impatient little twitch.

"For your—er—knickknacks, my darling!" he said, playfully indifferent, and then dismissed the whole affair with his languid: "Came up on the four-thirty-eight to-day—eh, Merriweather?"

Obviously quite startled that she should more than nod and toss the yellow sheaf to the stone mantel, he waved away smilingly the phrase or two of which Gilda was capable. Fondly he glanced after her as, with tread suggestive of somnambulism, she moved into the library again. At her side was Myra, whose dark eyes glittered excitement.

"I was right!" breathed Myra. "I told you you were silly to countermand those things!"

For the time bereft of speech, Mrs. Henry Trindel merely stared at her and past her. She saw not Myra, but rosy, nebulous shapes—shadow forms of servile butlers and second men, and the wraith of a gardener imported from England; stern, clean-cut features of a misty chauffeur and his footman, imagelike on the front of a vaporous car not less than twice as large as the blue one.

Floating visions she saw of shining, roaring speed boats leaping through spray to a long white yacht, and visions of an Italian garden, with columns, and a fountain that played in the sunshine, and a throng of charming, modish people who rejoiced in Gilda's domination.

Star-eyed, Gilda gazed into the future; while on the long bench Henry Trindel lounged and pretended to be quite unaware of Merriweather's fixed stare as that gentleman stood by the fireplace.

"What have you done, Trindel—robbed a bank?" Merriweather asked with deep interest, flicking his ash to the hearth.

"Eh? Oh, no! I just picked up a dollar or two on the side, you know," yawned Henry Trindel, rather wishing for an ash of his own to flick.

For this is one secret of man's brief contentment—that he may not lift the veil and look on to-morrow.

On the Cow—One
Off the Cow—Three

BUT—while practically 90% of all cowhides are split there can be only *one* top sheet of grain leather. The under layers are merely splits—coated to look like the real article and sold as genuine leather, but they give neither its wear nor service.

Protect yourself! When you purchase upholstery insist upon genuine hand or machine buffed leather. If you can't get it, don't take split leather. Demand—

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Motor Quality Fabrikoid, for automobile, carriage and buggy upholstery, after two years' satisfactory service on a quarter million of automobiles, is being sold on another quarter million of this year's cars of various leading makes. Insist that *your* car be upholstered either in hand or machine buffed leather or Motor Quality Fabrikoid. *Remember that practically all split leather is sold as "genuine leather."*

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Write for free samples and booklet, or for 50c we will send postpaid a usable piece of Craftsman Quality, Moorish Finish, size 18x25 inches, and the booklet.

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Doubled Output for 1916

Last year the Detroit Electric led any enclosed car—either gasoline or electric—in volume of sales. Clearly it won this preference among motor car buyers solely because of its value—for many enclosed cars ranked lower in price.

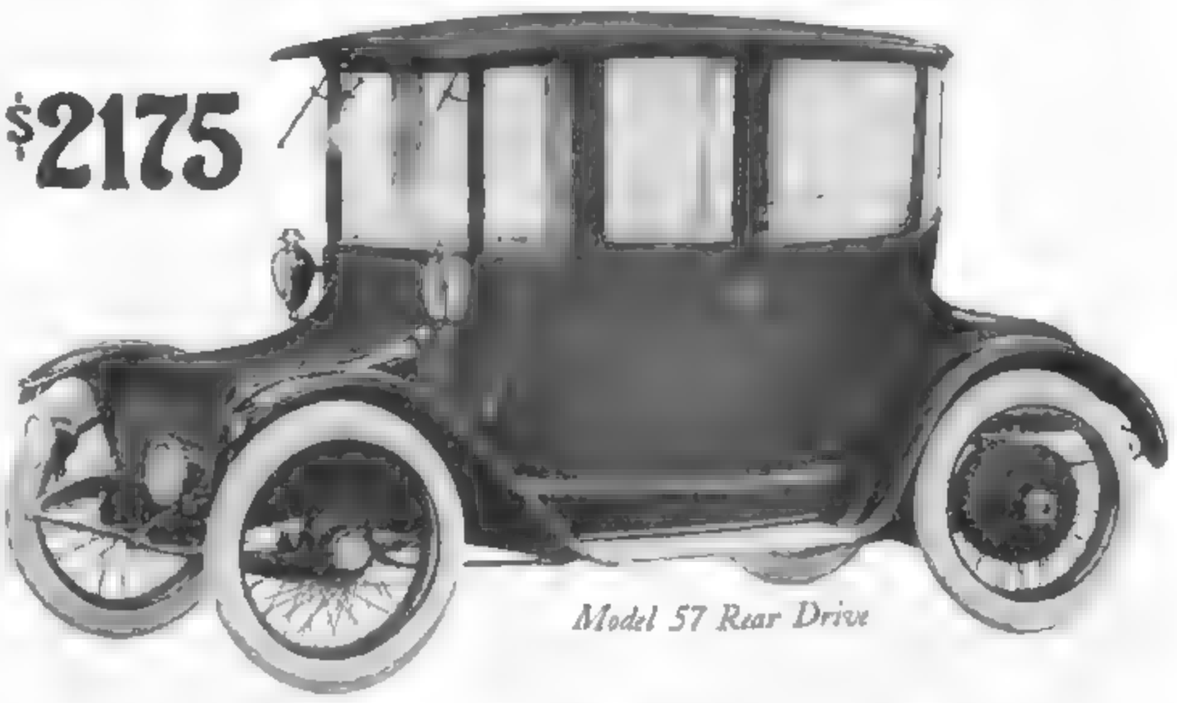
August 12 we reduce the price $600 to $725 per car

Remember—*these are the same cars plus a score or more of 1916 refinements.* This price reduction is possible only because of doubled output. Twice the buyers who bought Detroit Electrics last year must be supplied this season.

You get these savings

Our doubled production leads to many economies in all overhead expenses, in purchasing, in advertising, in sales cost, in engineering. Great savings in production costs are effected through the use of the most advanced machinery, such as great automatic, multiple spindle screw machines and turret lathes; gang drills; and monster presses for forming aluminum body panels. All the savings effected by our larger operations we hand on to you—and take our benefit from doubled volume.

$2175



Model 57 Rear Drive

Here are the 1916 prices

The Model 61 Four-Passenger Brougham
(Formerly $2,600)— ***Now $1,975***

The Model 60 Five-Passenger Duplex Drive Brougham
(Formerly $3,000)— ***Now $2,275***

The Model 59 Five-Passenger Rear Drive Brougham
(Formerly $2,950)— ***Now $2,225***

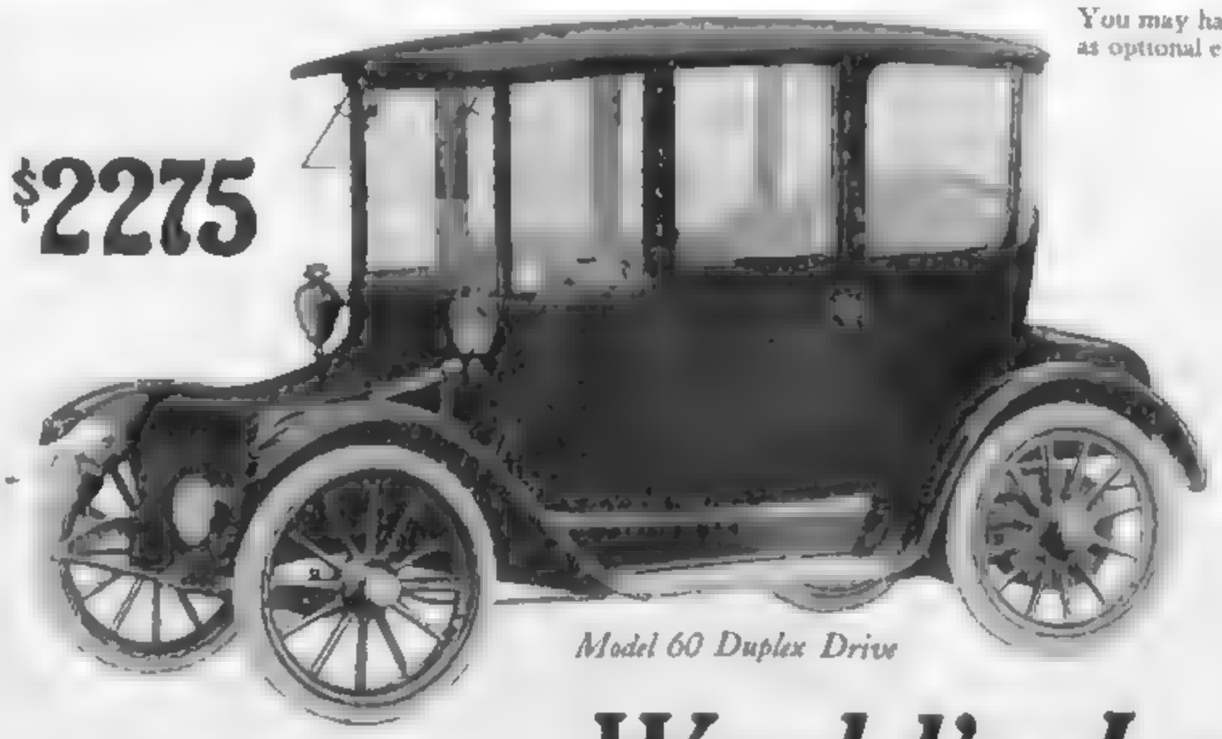
The Model 58 Five-Passenger Front Drive Brougham
(Formerly $2,950)— ***Now $2,250***

The Model 57 Four-Passenger Rear Drive Brougham
(Formerly $2,850)— ***Now $2,175***

The Model 56 Three-Passenger Cabriolet
(Formerly $2,650)— ***Now $2,075***

You may have either the worm bevel gear or the worm gear; wire or wood wheels, as optional equipment.

$2275

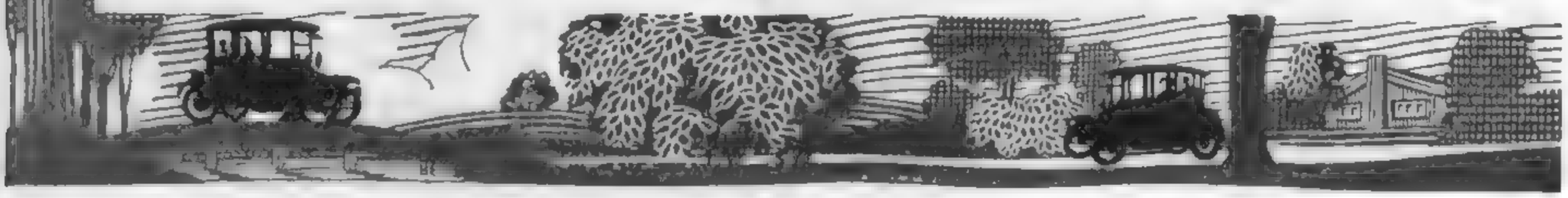


Model 60 Duplex Drive

For its economy choose the Detroit Electric

Motorists today question maintenance cost. They have come to rebel at upkeep excess. The 1916 Detroit Electric offers the relief you seek from operative over-tax. Current for battery charging is furnished at low rates (averaging $5.00 to $7.00 per month) and is growing lower constantly. Repair, replacement, and adjustment charges—costs which swell the monthly bills of many motorists—seldom concern the Detroit Electric owner.

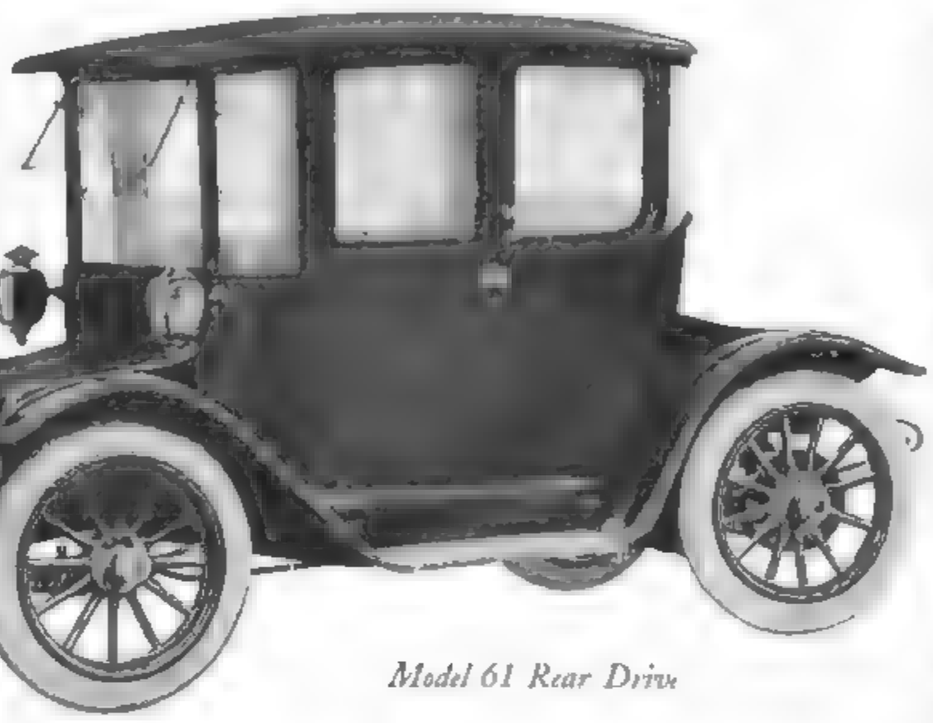
World's Largest Builders



Electric

Greatly Reduces Prices

$1975



Model 61 Rear Drive

Superiorities of 1916 Detroit Electrics

Even while lowering the price, we bettered the car. In the 1916 Detroit Electric, you will find—we believe—the top place car of its type. We urge you to match it—if you can—in elegance, quality, utility, or value in the entire closed car field—gasoline and electric.

Consider these features—a motor producing a continuous, vibrationless power-flow—a motor so mechanically efficient that but rarely does it need attention. A higher capacity battery of our own design (guaranteed) that provides greater mileage on one battery charge than you ordinarily use in a day's motoring. An improvement in the steering mechanism which practically eliminates all vibration in the steering lever.

Finest aluminum forms the body panels, battery hoods, fenders and window frames. The roof in one piece—pressed from a solid sheet of aluminum—will neither leak nor crack. Houk wire wheels, Perfection door window lifts, sashless side windows, Hanlon patented rain vision front window and Goodrich Silvertown cord pneumatic or Motz Cushion tires as optional equipment.

This is the car for all the family all the year

The obvious advantages of the *enclosed car* are winning more motor car buyers each year, especially those desiring a car for continuous service the year 'round. In the Detroit Electric you find roomy comfort for all passengers. You find a simplicity of operation, a positiveness of control, perfect spring suspension and weight distribution—that emphatically recommend it for the entire family's use. On hot days, with windows down, you enjoy open car coolness. On cold, stormy days, with windows raised, you have closed car comfort.

Every town with electricity is a Detroit Electric town

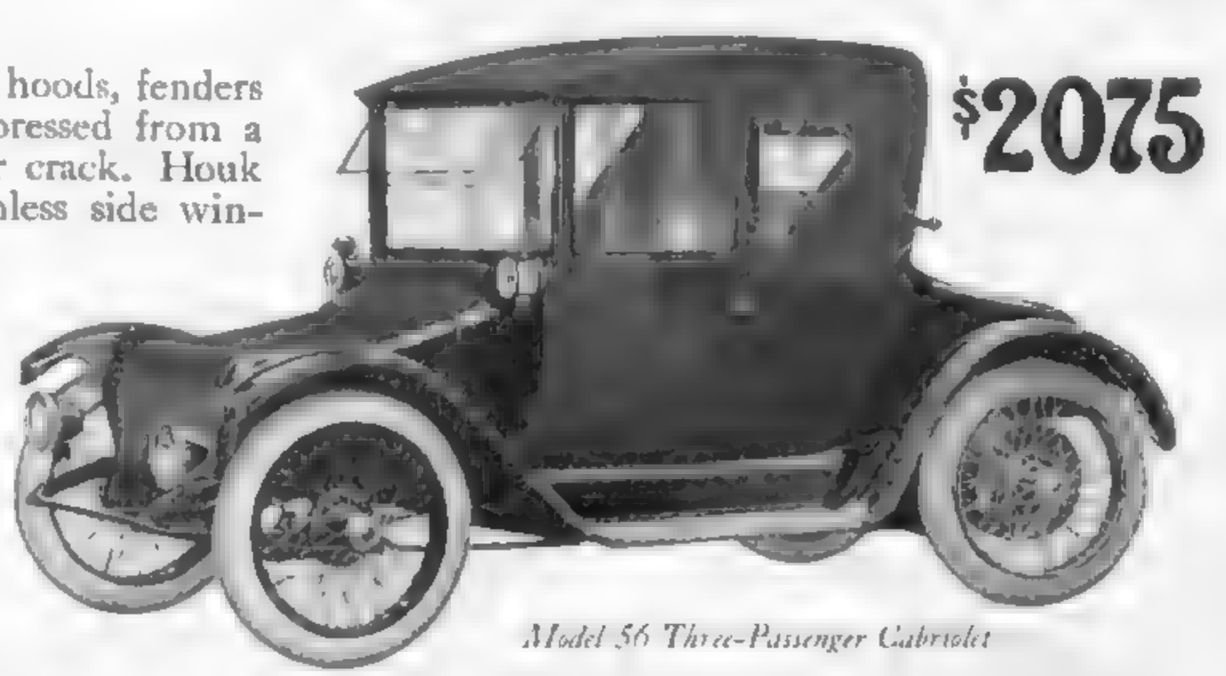
If you live in a town which has electricity you can enjoy the advantages of the Detroit Electric. Paved streets are not a necessity for this car with its great power and remarkably easy riding qualities. Detroit Electric owners have demonstrated that it is just as good for interurban motoring as it is for driving about town.

You will find the Detroit Electric dealer among the leading responsible automobile dealers in your territory. Call on him at once—and learn why the 1916 Detroit Electric is the preferable car for you.

The Anderson Electric Car Co.

Makers of Detroit Electric Cars

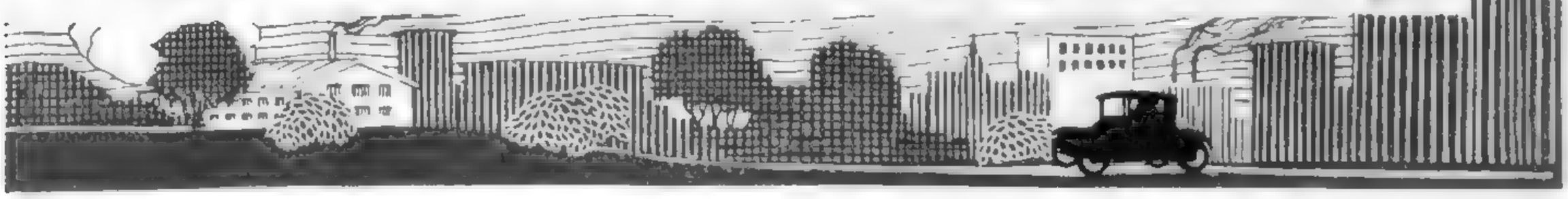
Detroit ***Michigan***



$2075

Model 56 Three-Passenger Cabriolet

of Enclosed Pleasure Cars



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Thousands of these cars have now traveled thousands of miles.

As a result, every dealer has accumulated a mass of interesting and impressive information.

For example, they are constantly receiving reports from owners, of unusual economies in

gasoline consumption
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These owners' experiences are so much out of the ordinary, and indicate such a marked saving, that we are sure it will be well worth your while to inquire into them.

The wheelbase is 110 inches
The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
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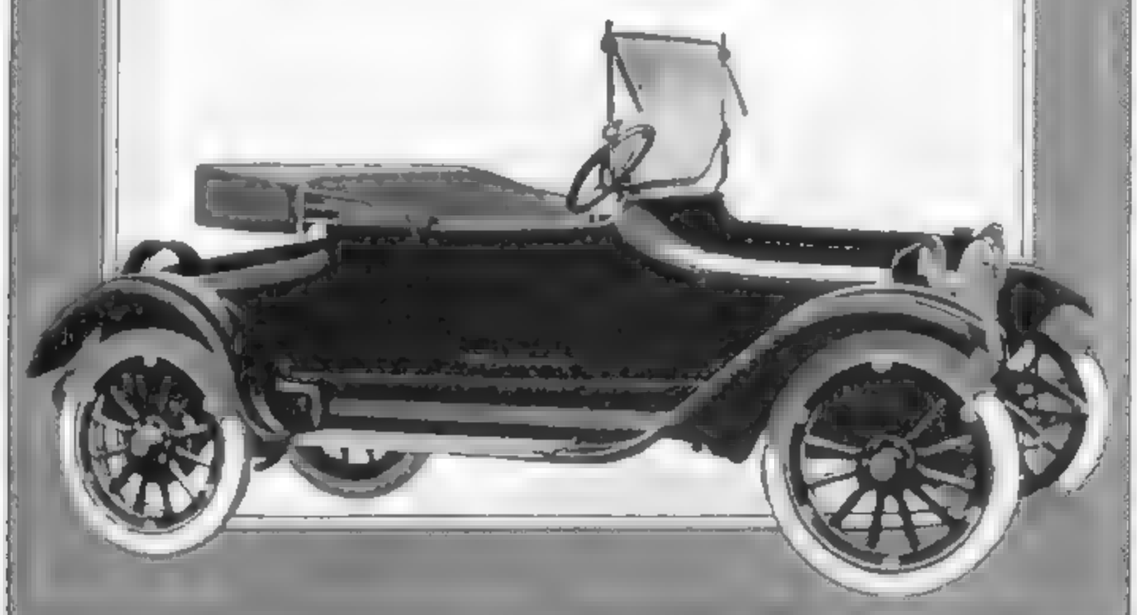

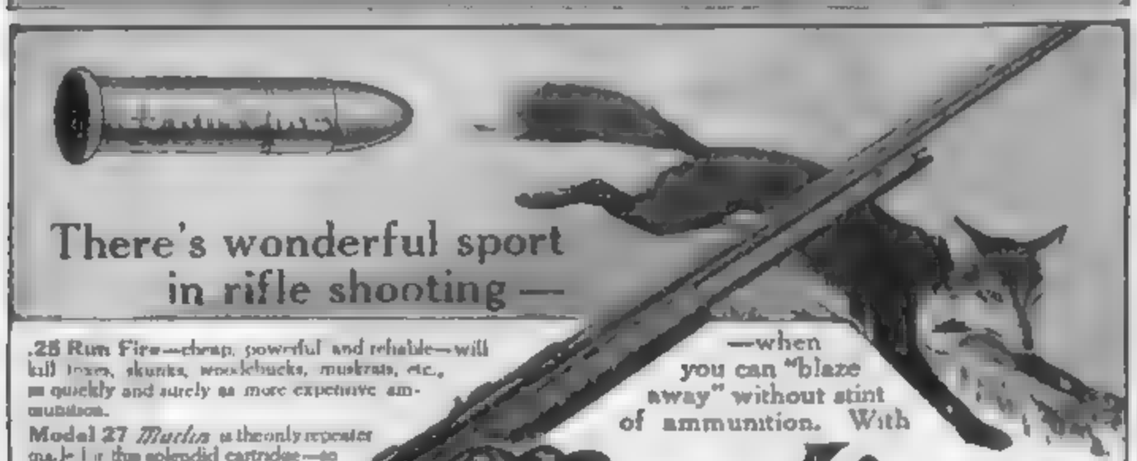

There's wonderful sport in rifle shooting —

—when you can "blaze away" without stint of ammunition. With

Marlin Rim Fire Repeating Rifles

you don't have to worry about cost of cartridges. They are remarkably accurate but cheap because rim fire. Don't use expensive ammunition where a cheap cartridge is just as good!

.25 Rim Fire—cheap, powerful and reliable—will kill foxes, skunks, woodchucks, muskrats, etc., as quickly and surely as more expensive ammunition.

Model 27 *Marlin* is the only repeater made for this splendid cartridge—so powerful it is used successfully for deer, so cheap you can shoot it freely at slight expense. Take-down, splendid sights, 8 shots, with 24 inch Round barrel, $13.15. Octagon, $15.00

Model 27

22 Rim Fire *Marlin* repeaters have a solid-top frame, side ejection and all other up-to-date features. They shoot all .22 short long and long rifle cartridges—splendid for squirrels, rabbits, hawks, crows and other small game and target shooting up to 200 yards. Models '92 and '97 have lever action—25 shots—the best made .22 rifles in the world. $12.15 to $16.00. Models 29 and 20 have pump-action, take-down, 15 and 25 shots, $9.25 and $11.50.

Send 3 stamps postage for new catalog, showing complete line of Marlin repeaters, rifles and shotguns.

.32 Rim Fire Model '92 lever-action; 17 shots; much more powerful than the .22's. With round barrel, $12.15; octagon, $13.15.

The Marlin Firearms Co 19 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE GRAY DAWN

(Continued from Page 6)

"It may be, sir, that you favor the piano-box type, of the sort made by Smith or Van Ness?" he inquired politely.

"It is a point on which my opinion is still suspended," replied Keith with great gravity.

The little man moved nearer and his shyness fell from him.

"Oh, but really there is no choice, none whatever!" he cried. "I'm sure, sir, I can convince you in five minutes. I assure you we have gone into the subject thoroughly—this Hunaman cost us over five thousand dollars; and you may be certain we went very thoroughly into the matter before making the investment ——"

He went on talking in his self-effacing, deprecatory but very earnest fashion. The other men in the group, Keith felt, were watching with covert amusement. Occasionally he thought to catch half-concealed grins at his predicament. In less than the five minutes the claims of the piano-box were utterly demolished. Followed a dissertation on methods of fighting fire, and then a history of the Monumental Company, its members, its officers and its proud record. "And our bell, did you know that, is the bell used by the Vigilantes?" He broke off suddenly in confusion, his embarrassment descending on him again. A moment later he sidled away.

"But I found him very interesting!" protested Keith in answer to implied apologies.

"Bert is invaluable here, but he's a lunatic on fire apparatus. We couldn't get along without him, but it's sometimes mighty difficult to get on *with* him," said someone.

Keith was making a good impression, without consciously trying to do so. His high spirits of youth and enthusiasm were in his favor; and as yet he had no interests to come into conflict with those of anyone present. More drinks were ordered and fresh cigars lighted. From Sherwood they now learned that Keith had but just landed and intended to settle as a permanent resident. As one man they uprose.

"And you wastin' of yo' time indoors!" mourned the dark Southerner, "and so much to see!"

Enthusiastically they surrounded him and led him forth. Only a very old, very small, very decadent village is devoid of what is modernly called the booster spirit. In those early days of slow transportation and isolated communities local patriotism was much stronger than it is now. And something about the air's wine on the Pacific slope has always and probably will always make of every man an earnest proselyte for whatever patch of soil he calls home. But add to these general considerations the indubitable facts of harbor, hill, health, opportunity, activity, and a genuine history, if of only three years, and one can no longer marvel that every man, each in his own way, saw visions.

In the course of the next few hours Keith got confused and mixed impressions of many things. The fortress-like warehouses, the plank roads, the new Jenny Lind Theater, the steam paddies eating steadily into the sand hills at the edge of town, the Dramatic Museum, houses perched on the crumbling edges of hills, houses sunk far below the level of new streets with tin cans and ducks floating round them, new office buildings, places where new office buildings were going to be or merely ought to be, land that in five years was going to be worth fabulous sums, unlikely looking spots where historic things had stood or had happened—all these were pointed out to him. He was called upon to exercise the eye of faith; to reconstruct; to eliminate the unfinished, the mean, the sordid; to overlook the inadequate; to build the city as it was sure to be, and to concern himself with that and that only. He admired Mount Tamalpais over the way. He was taken up a high hill—a laborious journey—to gaze on the spot where he would have been able to see Mount Diablo if only Mount Diablo were visible. And every few blocks he was halted and made to shake hands with someone who was always immediately characterized to him impressively, under the breath—"Colonel Baker, sir, one of the most divinely endowed men with the gift of eloquence, sir"; "Mr. Rowlee, sir, editor of one of our leading journals"; "Judge Caldwell, sir, at present one of the ornaments of our Bench"; "Mr. Ben Sansome, sir, a leadin' young man in our young but vigorous social life"; and so on.

These introductions safely and ceremoniously accomplished, each newcomer insisted on leading the way to the nearest bar.

"I insist, sir. It is just the hour foh my afternoon toddy."

After some murmuring of expostulation the invitation was invariably accepted.

There was always a barroom immediately adjacent. Keith was struck by the number and splendor of these places. Although San Francisco was only three years removed from the tent stage, and although the freightage from the centers of civilization was appalling, there was no lack of luxury. Mahogany bars with brass rails, huge mirrors with gilt frames, pyramids of delicate crystal, rich hangings, oil paintings of doubtful merit but indisputable interest, heavy chandeliers of prism glasses, most elaborate free lunches and white-clad barkeepers. Such matters were common to all. In addition, certain of the more pretentious boasted special attractions. Thus, one place supported its ceiling on crystal pillars; another—and this was crowded had dashing young women to serve the drinks, though the mixing was done by men; a third offered one of the new large musical boxes capable of playing several very noisy tunes; a fourth had imported a marvelous piece of mechanism, a piece of machinery run by clockwork, exhibiting the sea in motion, a ship tossing on its bosom, on shore a watermill in action, a train of cars passing over a bridge, a deer chase with hounds, huntsmen and game, all in pursuit or flight, and the like. The barkeepers were marvels of dexterity and of special knowledge. At command they would deftly and skillfully mix a great variety of drinks—cocktails, sangarees, juleps, bounces, swizzles, and many others. In mixing these drinks it was their special pride to pass them at arm's length from one tall glass to another, the fluid describing a long curve through the air, but spilling never a drop.

In these places Keith pledged in turn each of his new acquaintances, and was pledged by them. Never, he thought, had he met so jolly, so interesting, so experienced a lot of men. They had not only lived history, they had made it. They were so full of high spirits and the spirit of play. His heart warmed to them mightily; and over and over he told himself that he had made no mistake in his long voyage to new fields of endeavor. On the other hand, he too made a good impression. Naturally the numerous drinks had something to do with this mutual esteem; but also it was a fact that his boyish, laughing, half-reckless spirit had much in common with the spirit of the times. Quite accidentally he discovered that the tall, dark, Southern youth was Calhoun Bennett. This, then, seemed to him a remarkable coincidence.

"Why, I have a letter of introduction to you!" he said.

Again and again he recurred to this point, insisting on telling everybody how extraordinary the situation was.

"Here I've been talking to him for three hours," he exclaimed, "and never knew who he was. And all the time I had a letter of introduction to him!"

This and a warm, irresponsible glow of comradeship were the sole indications of the drinks he had had. Keith possessed a strong head. Some of the others were not so fortunate. Little Rowlee was frankly verging on drunkenness.

The afternoon wind was beginning to die, and the wisps of high fog that had been flying before it since two o'clock now paused and foregathered to veil the sky. Dusk was falling.

"Look here," suggested Rowlee suddenly, "let's go to Allen's Branch and have a good dinner, and then drift round to Belle's place and see if there's any excitement to be had thereabouts."

"Belle, our local Aspasia, sah," breathed a very elaborate, pompous, elderly Southerner, who had been introduced as Major Montgomery Miles.

But this suggestion brought to Keith a sudden realization of the lateness of the hour, the duration of his absence, and the fact that not only had he not yet settled his wife in rooms of her own, but had left her on the hands of strangers. For the first time he noticed that Sherwood was not of the party.

"When did Sherwood leave?" he cried.

"Oh, a right sma't time ago," said Bennett.

Keith started to his feet.

"I should like to join you," said he, "but it is impossible now."

A chorus of expostulation went up at this.

"But I haven't settled down yet!" persisted Keith. "I don't know even whether my baggage is at the hotel."

They waved aside his objections; but finding him obdurate, perhaps a little panicky over the situation, they gave over urging the point.

"But you must join us later in the evening!" said they.

The idea grew.

"I tell you what," said Rowlee with half-drunken gravity: "he's got to come back. We can't afford to lose him this early. And he can't afford to lose us. The best life of this glorious commonwealth is as yet a sealed book to him. It is our sacred duty, gentlemen, to break those seals. What does he know of our temples of Terpsichore, our altars to the gods of chance, our bowers of the Cyprians?"

He would have gone on at length, but Keith, laughing, protesting, trying to disengage himself from the detaining hands, broke in with a promise to return. But little Rowlee was not satisfied.

"I think we should take no chances," he stated. "How would it be to appoint a committee to 'company him and see that he gets back?"

Keith's head was clear enough to realize with dismay that this brilliant idea was about to take. But Ben Sansome, seizing the situation, locked his arm firmly in Keith's.

"I'll see personally that he gets back," said he.

V

"THAT was mighty good of you; you saved my life!" said Keith to him gratefully as they walked up the street.

"You couldn't have that tribe of wild Indians descending on your wife," said Sansome. He had kept pace with the others, but showed it not at all. Sansome was a slender, languid, bored, quiet sort of person, exceedingly well dressed in the height of fashion, speaking with a slight, well-bred drawl, given to looking rather superciliously from beneath his fine eyelashes, almost too good-looking. He liked, or pretended he liked, to view life from the discriminating spectator's standpoint, and remained unstirred by stirring events. He prided himself on the delicacy of his social tact. In the natural course of evolution he would probably never marry, and would become in time an "old beau," haunting ballrooms with reminiscences of old-time belles.

Keith, meeting the open air, began to feel his exhilaration.

"What I need is my head under a pump for about ten seconds," he told Sansome frankly. "Lord, it was just about time I got away!"

Arrived at the hotel, Sansome said good-by; but Keith would have none of it.

"No, no," he cried; "you must come in, now you've come so far! I want you to meet my wife; she'll be delighted!"

And Sansome, whose celebrated social tact had been slightly obscured by his potations, finally consented. Truth to tell, it would have been a little difficult for him to get away. Poising his light stick and gloves in his left hand, giving his mustache a last twirl, and settling his heavy cravat in place, he followed Keith down the little hall to the Sherwoods' apartments.

At the knock Keith was at once invited to enter. The men threw open the door. Sansome stared with all his might.

Nan Keith had made the usual miraculous recovery from seasickness, once she felt the solid ground beneath her. The beautiful, baby-textured skin had come alive with soft color; her dark, wide, liquid eyes had brightened. She had assumed a soft, silken, wrapperlike garment with a wide sash, borrowed from Mrs. Sherwood; and at the moment was seated in an enveloping armchair beneath a wide-shaded lamp. The firm, soft lines of her figure were suggested beneath the silk. Sansome stopped short, staring, his eyes kindling with interest. Here was something not only new but different—a distinct addition. Sansome, like most dilettantes, was something of a phrase-maker, and prided himself on the apt word. He found it here—to his own satisfaction, at least.

"Her beauty is positively creamy!" he murmured to himself.

At sight of her Keith crossed directly to her, full of a sudden, engaging, tender solicitude.

"How are you feeling now, honey?" he inquired. "Quite recovered? All right now?"

But Nan was inclined to be a little vexed and reproachful. She had been left alone with strangers altogether too long. Keith excused himself volubly and convincingly: She had been asleep; she was much better off not being disturbed – that this was true was proved by results. She was blooming, positively blooming—as fresh as a rose leaf. Of course it was rather an imposition on the Sherwoods, but the baggage hadn't come up yet and they were kind people, our sort, the sort for whom the word "obligation" did not exist. He, personally, had not intended being gone so long, but by the rarest of chances he had run across some of the men to whom he had introductions, and they had been most kind in making him acquainted. Nothing was more important to a young lawyer than to "establish connections"; it did not do to overlook a chance. He urged all this, and more, with all his usual, vital, enthusiastic force. In spite of herself she was overborne to a reproachful forgiveness.

In the meantime Mrs. Sherwood had gone over to where Ben Sansome was still standing by the door. Sansome did not like Mrs. Sherwood. He considered that she had no social tact at all. This was mainly, though he did not analyze it, because she was quite apt to speak the direct and literal truth to him; because she had a disquieting self-confidence and competence in place of appropriate, graceful, feminine dependence; but specially because she had never and would never play up to his game.

"Are you making a formal afternoon call, Ben?" she asked, in her cool, mocking voice. "Aren't you really a little *de trop?*"

"I did not come of my own volition at this time, I assure you," he replied a little stiffly. The thought that he was suspected of a blunder in social custom stung him, as, in a rather lazy, amused way, she knew it would.

At this reply she glanced keenly toward Keith, then nodded slowly.

"I see," she conceded.

Sansome moved to go; but at this Keith's attention was attracted. He sprang forward, seized Sansome's arm, insisted on introducing him to Nan, was overeffusive, overcordial, buoyant. Both Sansome and Mrs. Sherwood were experienced enough to yield entirely to his mood. They understood perfectly that at the least opposition Keith was in just the condition to reveal himself, perhaps to break over the frail barrier that separates exhilaration from loss of self-control. They saw also that Nan had no suspicion of the state of affairs. Indeed, following the reaction from her long voyage and her illness, she responded and played up to Keith's high spirits. Neither wanted her to grasp the situation if it could be avoided—Mrs. Sherwood from genuine good feeling, Sansome because of the social awkwardness and bad taste. Besides, he felt that his presence at such a scene would be a very bad beginning for himself.

"No, you're not going," Keith was insisting; "you don't realize what a celebration this is! Here we've pulled up all our roots, haven't we, Nan? and come thousands of miles to a new country, a wonderful country; and the very first day of our landing you want us to act as though nothing had happened!"

Nan nodded a vigorous assent to his implied reference to her.

"And what we're going to do is to celebrate," insisted Keith. "You're all going to dine with us. No, I insist! You're the only friends we have out here, and you aren't going to desert us the very first day we need you."

"I wish you would!" cried Nan, sitting forward eagerly.

They tried to expostulate, to get out of it, but without avail. It seemed easier to promise. Keith rushed out to look for his baggage, to arrange for rooms, leaving the three together to await his return.

VI

BOTH Mrs. Sherwood and Sansome applied themselves to relieving whatever embarrassment Nan might feel over this unusual situation. Sansome was possessed of great charm and social experience. He could play the game of light conversation to perfection. By way of bridging the pause in events, he set himself to describing the society in which the Keiths would

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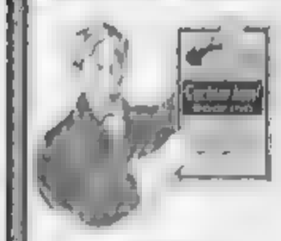

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shortly find themselves launched. His remarks were practically a monologue, interspersed by irrepressible gurgles of laughter from Nan. Mrs. Sherwood sat quietly by. She did not laugh, but it was evident she was amused. In this congenial atmosphere Sansome outdid himself.

"They are all afraid of each other," he told her, "because they don't know anything about each other. Each ex-washerwoman thinks the other ex-washerwoman must have been at least a duchess at home. It's screamingly funny. If they can get hold of six porcelain statuettes, a half dozen antimacassars, some gilt chairs and a glass bell of wax flowers they imagine they're elegantly furnished. And their functions! I give you my word I'd as soon attend a reasonably pleasant funeral! Some of them try to entertain by playing intellectual games—you know, riming or spelling games. Seriously!" He went on to describe some of the women, mentioning no names, however. "You'll recognize them when you meet them," he assured her. "There's one we'll call the Social Agitator; she isn't happy unless she is running things. I believe she spent two weeks once in London, or else she buys her boots there anyway. When discussions get lively she squelches them by saying: 'Of course, my dear, that may be absolutely *au fait* in New York, but in London ——' It corks them every time! And 'pon my honor, three-quarters of the time she's quite wrong! Then there's the Lady Thug. Square jaw, square shoulder, sort of bulging out at the top, you know. In décolleté one cannot help thinking: 'One more struggle and she'll be free!'"

"Oh, fie, Mr. Sansome!" laughed Nan, half shocked.

Sansome rattled on. The ultimate effect was to convey an impression of San Francisco society, such as existed at all, as stodgy, stupid, pretentious, unattractive. Nan was immensely amused, but inclined to take it all with a grain of salt.

"Mrs. Sherwood doesn't bear you out," she told him, "and she's the only one I've seen yet. I think we're going to have a pretty good time."

But at this point Keith returned. He was quite sobered from his temporary exhilaration, but still most cordial and enthusiastic over his little party. Sansome noted with quiet amusement that his light, curly hair was damp. Evidently he had taken his own prescription as to the pump.

"Well," he announced, "I have a room, such as it is. Can't say much for it. The baggage is all here; nothing missing, for a wonder. I've spoken to the manager about dinner for five." He turned to Nan with brightening interest: "Guess what I saw on the bill of fare! Grizzly-bear steak! Think of that! I ordered some."

Sansome groaned comically.

"What's the matter?" inquired Keith.

"Did you ever try it before—tough, stringy, unfit for human consumption?"

But Keith was fascinated by the name of the thing.

"There's plenty else," he urged defensively, "and I always try everything once."

It was agreed that they should all meet again after an hour, and Sansome renewed his promises to be on hand.

The room Keith had engaged was on the second story, and quite a different sort of affair from that of the Sherwoods'. Indeed it was little more than a pine box, containing only the bare necessities. One window looked out on an unkempt back yard, now mercifully hidden by darkness.

"This is pretty tough," said Keith, "but it is the very best I could do. And the price is horrible. We'll have to hunt up a living place about the first thing we do."

"Oh, it's all right," said Nan indifferently. The lassitude of seasickness had left her and the excitement of new surroundings was beginning. She felt gently stirred by the give and take of the light conversation in the Sherwoods' room; and, although she did not quite realize it, she was responding to the stimulation of having made a good impression. Her subconscious self was perfectly aware that in the silken negligée, under the pink-shaded lamp, her clear, soft skin, the pure lines of her radiant, childlike beauty, the shadows of her tumbled hair, had been very appealing and effective.

She moved about a trifle restlessly, looking at things without seeing them. "I'm glad to see the brown trunk. Open it, will you, dear? Heavens, what a mirror!" She surveyed herself in the flawed glass, moving from side to side, fascinated at the strange distortions.

"I call it positive extortion, charging what they do for a room like this," grumbled Keith, busy at the trunk. "The Sherwoods must pay a mint of money for theirs. I wonder what he does!"

Her attention attracted by this subject, she arrested her posing before the mirror.

"They certainly are quick to take the stranger in," she commented lightly.

Something in her tone arrested Keith's attention, and he stopped fussing at his keys. Nan had meant little by the remark. It had expressed the vague, instinctive recoil of the woman brought up in rather conventional circumstances and in a conservative community from too sudden intimacy, nothing more. She did not herself understand this.

"Don't you like the Sherwoods?" he instantly demanded, with the masculine insistence on dissecting every butterfly.

"Why, she's charming!" said Nan, opening her eyes in surprise. "Of course I like her immensely!"

"I should think so," grumbled Keith. "They certainly have been mighty good to us."

But Nan had dropped her negligée about her feet, and was convulsed at the figure made of her slim young body by the distorted mirror.

"Come here, Milt," she gasped.

She clung to him, gurgling with laughter, pointing one shaking finger at the monstrosity in the glass.

"Look—look what you married!"

They dressed gayly. His optimism and enthusiasm boiled over again. It was a shame, his leaving her all that afternoon, he reiterated; but she had no idea what giant strides he had made. He told her of the city, and he enumerated some of the acquaintances he had made—Calhoun Bennett, Bert Taylor, Major Montgomery Miles, Michael Rowlee, Judge Caldwell, and others. They had been most cordial to him, most kind; they had taken him in without delay.

"It's the spirit of the West, Nan," he cried; "hospitable, unsuspicious, free, eager to welcome! Oh, this is going to be the place for me; opportunity waits at every corner. They are not tied down by conventions, by the way somebody else has done things ——"

He went on rapidly to detail to her some of the things he had been told—the contemplated public improvements, the leveling of the sand hills, the building of a city out of nothing.

"Why, Nan, do you realize that only four years ago this very Plaza had only six small buildings round it? that there were only three two-story structures in town? that the population was only about five hundred—there are thirty-five thousand now? that ——" He rattled on, detailing his recently acquired statistics. Oh, potent influence of the Western spirit! Already, eight hours after his landing on California's shores, Milton Keith was a booster.

With an expansion of relief that only a woman could fully appreciate Nan unpacked and put on a frock that had nothing whatever to do with the sea voyage and that she had not seen for some time. In ordinary, accustomed circumstances she would never have thought of donning so elaborate a toilette for a hotel dining room; but she was yielding to reaction. In her way she was celebrating, just as was Keith. Her hair she did low, after the fashion of the time, and bound it to her brow by a bandeau of pearls. The gown itself was pale-green and filmy. It lent her a flower-like semblance that was very fresh and lovely.

"By Jove, Nan, you certainly have recovered from the sea!" cried Keith, and insisted on kissing her.

"Look how you've mussed me all up!" chided Nan, but without irritation.

They found the other three waiting for them, and without delay entered the dining room. This room, as indeed all the lower story, was in marked contrast of luxury to the bare pine bedrooms upstairs. Long red-velvet curtains, held back by tasseled silken cords, draped the long windows; fluted columns at regular intervals upheld the ceiling; the floor was polished and slippery; the tables shone with white and silver. An obese and tremendous darky in swallowtail waved a white-gloved hand at them, turned ponderously, and preceded them down the aisle with the pomp of a drum major. His dignity was colossal, awe-inspiring, remote. Their progress became a procession, a triumphal procession such as few of Cæsar's generals had ever known. Arrived at the

predestined table, he stood to one side while menials drew out the chairs. Then he marched tremendously back to the main door, his chin high, his expression glacial, his backbone rigid. This head-waiter was the feature of the Bella Union Hotel, just as the glass columns were the feature of the Empire, or the clockwork mechanism was of the El Dorado.

The dinner itself went well. Everybody seemed to be friendly and at ease; but by one of those strange and sudden social transitions it was rather subdued. This was for various reasons. Nan Keith, after her brief reaction, found herself again suffering from the lassitudes and fatigues of a long voyage; she needed a night's rest, and knew it. Keith himself was a trifle sleepy, as an after effect of the earlier drinking. Sherwood was naturally reserved and coolly observant; Mrs. Sherwood was apparently somehow on guard; and Sansome, as always, took his tone from those about him. The wild spirits of the hour before had taken their flight. It was, however, a pleasant dinner, without constraint, as among old friends. After the meal they went to the public parlor, a splendid but rather dismal place. Sherwood almost immediately excused himself. After a short and somewhat awkward interval Nan decided she would go to bed for her needed rest.

"You won't think me rude, I know," said she.

Keith, whose buoyant temper had been sadly divided between a genuine wish to do the proper and dutiful thing by his wife and a great desire to see more of this fascinating city, rose with so evident an alacrity under restraint that Mrs. Sherwood scarcely concealed a smile. She said her adieus at the same time and left the room, troubling herself only to the extent of that ancient platitude about "letters to write."

VII

"I THINK we'll find most of the proper crowd down at the Empire," observed Sansome as the two picked their way across the Plaza. "That is one of the few old-fashioned, respectable gambling places left to us. The town is not what it used to be in a sporting way. It was certainly wide open in the good old days!"

The streets at night were ill-lighted, except where a blaze of illumination poured from the bigger saloons. The interims were dark and the side streets and alleys Stygian. "None too safe, either," Sansome understated the case. Many people were abroad, but Keith noticed that there seemed to be no idlers; everyone appeared to be going somewhere in particular. After a short stroll they entered the Empire, which, Sansome explained, was the most stylish and frequented gambling place in town—a sort of evening club for the well-to-do and powerful. Keith looked over a very large room or hall, at the lower end of which an alcove made a sort of raised stage with footlights. Here sat a dozen "nigger minstrels" with banjos, strumming and bawling away at top pressure. An elaborate rosewood bar ran down the whole length at one side—an impressive, polished bar, perhaps sixty feet long, with a white-clad, immaculate barkeeper for every ten feet of it. Big mirrors of French plate reflected the whole room, and on the shelf in front of them glittered crystal glasses of all shapes and sizes arranged in pyramids and cubes. The whole of the main floor was carpeted heavily. Down the center were stationed two rows of gambling tables, where various games could be played—faro, keno, roulette, stud poker, dice. Beyond these gambling tables, on the other side of the room from the bar, were small tables, easy-chairs of ample proportions, lounges, and a fireplace.

Everything was most ornate. The ceilings and walls were white and much gilt. Heavy chandeliers with the usual glass prisms and globes revolved slowly or swayed from side to side. Huge oil paintings with shaded top and foot lights occupied all vacant spaces on the walls. They were valued at from ten to thirty thousand dollars apiece, and that fact was advertised. Leda and the Swan, the Birth of Venus, the Rape of the Sabines, Cupid and Psyche, were some of the classic themes treated as having taken place in a warm climate. Susanna and the Elders and Salome Dancing gave the Biblical flavor. The Bath of the Harem finished the collection. No canvas was of less size than seven by ten feet.

The floor was filled with people. A haze of blue smoke hung in the air. There was no loud noise except from the minstrel stage at the end. A low hum of talk, occasionally accented, buzzed continuously. Many of the people wandering about, leaning against the bar, or integers of the compact groups round the gambling tables, were dressed in the height of fashion. But on the other hand, certainly half were in the roughest sort of clothes—floppy old slouch hats, worn flannel shirts, top-boots to which dried mud was clinging.

Fascinated, Keith would have liked to linger, but Sansome threaded his way toward the farther corner. As Keith passed near one of the close groups around a gambling table it parted momentarily, and he looked into the eyes of the man in charge, cold, passionless and aloof, eyes neither friendly nor unfriendly. And he saw the pale skin, the weary, bored, immobile features, the meticulous, neat dress, the long, deft fingers, and caught the aloof, deadly, exotic personality of the professional gambler on duty.

The whole place was unlike anything he had ever seen before. Whether it was primarily a bar, a gambling resort or a sort of a public club with trimmings, he could not have determined. Many of those present, perhaps a majority, were neither gambling nor drinking. They seemed not to be adding to the profits of the place in any way, but either wandered about or sat in the easy-chairs, smoking, reading papers or attending to the occasional outbreaks of the minstrels. It was most interesting.

They joined a group in the far corner. A white-clad negro instantly brought them chairs and hovered discreetly near. Among those sitting about Keith recognized several he had met in the afternoon and to several more he was introduced. Of these the one who most instantly impressed him was called Morrell. This was evidently a young Englishman, a being of a type raised quite abundantly in England, but more rarely seen in native Americans—the lean-faced, rather flat-cheeked, high-cheekboned, aquiline-nosed, florid-complexioned, silent, clean-built sort that would seem to represent the high-bred, finely drawn product of a long social evolution. These traits, when seen in the person of a native-born American, generally do represent this fineness; but the English, having been longer at it—the production of their race—can often produce the outward semblance without necessarily the inner reality. Many of us even now do not quite realize that fact; certainly, in 1852 most of us did not. Morrell was dressed in riding breeches, carried a short bamboo crop, smiled engagingly to exhibit even, strong white teeth, and had little to say.

"A beverage seems called for," remarked Judge Caldwell, a gross, explosive, tobacco-chewing man with a merry, reckless eye. The order given, the conversation swung back to the topic that had occupied it before Keith and Sansome had arrived.

It seemed that an individual there present, Markle by name, a tall, histrionic, dark man with a tossing mane, conceived himself to have been insulted by someone whose name Keith did not catch, and had that very afternoon issued warning that he would "shoot on sight." Some of the older men were advising him to go slow.

"But, gentlemen," cried Markle heatedly, "none of you would stand such conduct from anybody! What are we coming to? I'll get that —— as sure as God made little apples."

"That's all right, I don't blame you," argued Calhoun Bennett. "Do not misunderstand me, suh; I agree with you, lock, stock an' barrel. My point is that you must be circumspect. Challenge him; that's the way."

"He isn't worth my challenge, sir, nor the challenge of any decent man. You know that, sir."

"Well, street shootin's have got to be a little, a little ——"

He fell silent, and Keith looked up in surprise to see why. A man was slowly passing the table. He was a thick, tall, strong man, moving with a freedom that bespoke smoothly working muscles. His complexion was florid; and this in conjunction with a sweeping blue-black mustache gave him exactly the appearance of a gambler or bartender. Only as he passed the table and responded gravely to the formal salutes, Keith caught a flash of his eye. It was gray, hard as steel, forceful, but so far from being cold it seemed to glow and change with an inner fire. The bartender impression was swept into limbo forever.

(Continued on Page 44)

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The Jack Knife Safety Cap.

I'm so easy to fill I wish it took longer.

You can dump me around like a traveler's trunk and the ink can't get out, yet when called upon I respond like a trained soldier—you will never catch me napping.

I like to drink Parker Fountain Pen Ink because it's pure and works so well It costs only 25c in a patent bottle.

PARKER LUCKY CURVE SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN

I am a real self-filler with a filling device ingeniously concealed under my cap—and since the Jack Knife Safety Cap has been added to my regular equipment, I can lie flat, right side up or stand on my head and the ink is locked in. The Safety Cap keeps it back.

I am the best kind of a traveling companion, a cheerful worker, without humps, bumps or slits—a safeguard against accidental spills.

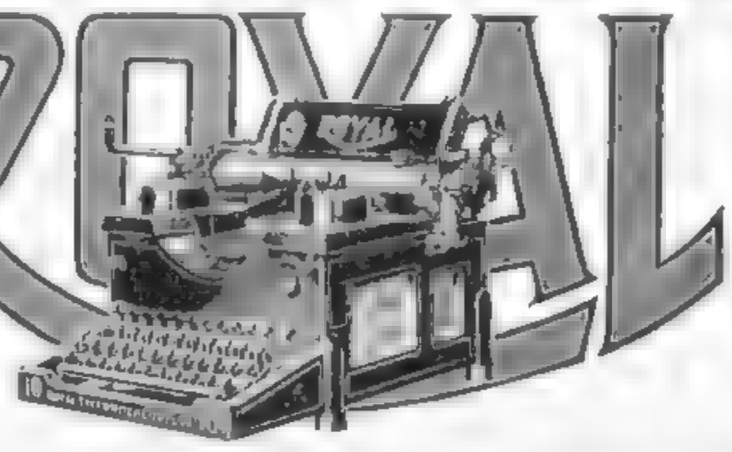
You can find me on deck at any one of the 15,000 Parker dealers—if not, write to the house.

There are more of us—over two hundred styles of Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pens—Standard, Self-Filling, Safety, Transparent—selling at from $2.50 up. Level Lock Clip 25c extra on standard pens. Catalog on request.

PARKER PEN COMPANY, 90 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.

New York Retail Store in the Big Woolworth Building

ROYAL



The purchasing test of big business demands the Royal

Big business chooses the Royal on a result-cost, actual-value basis. It regards an order for Royals as an *investment*, not an *expense*. The Royal ends the two great evils of the typewriter business—*excessive repairs* and "*trading-out*." With it your stenographer can do *more* work and *better* work with *less effort*. Whether you require one typewriter or a hundred, get the facts.

Write for these two Free Booklets Today

They tell how the Royal cuts the cost of typewritten letters—how it is instantly adjusted to the personal touch of the operator—how it saves time and money. We will send you these two booklets at once. A postal card will bring them.

Telephone or write any Royal branch or agency for a demonstration

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.

502 Royal Typewriter Building, 364 Broadway, New York City

Branches and Agencies the World Over

Chalmers Six-40

$1350

40 Horsepower 7-Passenger Touring Car, Weight 3075 lbs.

Valve-in-Head Motor with Overhead Camshaft

THE battle of the giants is on. It is a battle royal for the supremacy of the medium priced motor car field.

It is the battle of that type of motor which smashed all speed and endurance records at Indianapolis and Chicago—against other style motors.

It is the battle of the principles of construction that went 90 miles an hour for 500 miles at Indianapolis, and 100 miles an hour for 500 miles at Chicago—against other principles of motor construction.

It is the battle of the manufacturer against the middleman, of the producer against the assembler, of buying for cash against buying on time, of new efficiency in methods of manufacture and administration against inexperienced methods.

It is the battle of Quality and lower profits against higher profits and lack of quality.

It is the battle of new service ideals and co-operation against old methods of expensive upkeep and neglect of the owner.

Into this contest the Chalmers Motor Company enters the greatest car it has ever built, the Chalmers Six with valve-in-head overhead camshaft motor.

It is the lowest price at which Chalmers Quality has ever been sold—$1350 for a big 7-passenger touring car!

It is a new car at a lower price sent to battle with cars at cut prices.

With new service to owners, bigger plans, bigger output, new buildings, increased factory facilities and quadrupled production the Chalmers Motor Company moves forward to the great battle with supreme confidence.

"Let your next Car be a Chalmers"

Chalmers Motor Company
DETROIT, U.S.A.

First Quality Car at $1350

New Motor New Car New Price New Service to Owners

Increased Factory Facilities — Quadrupled Production for 1916

TWO years ago we saw three things: First was that the tendency of the public demand in both Europe and America was to a compact high-speed motor that was more efficient, would get away quicker, run more smoothly, have greater flexibility, show greater economy and last longer under hard service.

Second was that a public temporarily diverted to cars that looked well and rode nicely for a while, would swing back to demand quality manufacture and the ability to "stay put."

Third was that only those manufacturers who built their own cars in large volume and bought their own materials for spot cash at the advantage of the market could survive.

Motor Designed in Europe

So we sent our engineers to Europe to design a new motor and began to lay our plans for a production of 20,000 cars this season.

Twenty thousand cars! Nearly four times as many as the Chalmers factory ever turned out before! We are now building two big new factory additions to handle the work. We added machines that cost $72,000.00 apiece to do work in our factory in order to give this remarkable quality car to you at $1350.

Here is the result.

No one dreamed that such a car could be built for $1350. It is not excelled by cars that sold for $4000 three years ago. It isn't a made-over model, reduced in size, or certain things eliminated to fit the price—it is a brand-new car, designed specially as a Quality car at a low price.

The Quality Car at Small Profit

We are marketing this QUALITY car on the lowest profit per car possible in the motor car business.

The great valve-in-head motor, with overhead camshaft, costs us $80.00 more to build in our own shops than the ordinary type of motor can be bought for on the outside.

When Chalmers engineers went to Europe to study design two years ago, they found European designers at work on high-speed motors of the valve-in-head type with overhead camshaft.

European makers had already tried out this type in their racers. They were perfecting it for a road car.

We hoped to be the first in America to adopt this style of motor. But when the war stopped European makers—fate decreed that we should lead the world in the use of the valve-in-head overhead camshaft motor for a stock car.

Speedway Racers All of This Type

We were not surprised at the showing at Indianapolis and Chicago, where this type of motor won all honors. We knew a year ago that these results would be achieved. We knew that to attain a speed of 90 to 100 miles an hour that the motor would have to be a valve-in-head, overhead camshaft type.

Think of it! 90 miles an hour for 500 miles at Indianapolis, and eight of the first ten to finish were valve-in-head motors with overhead camshafts!

And then the Chicago races at 100 miles an hour for 500 miles—the first three, and seven out of the first eleven, were of this type!

Some one said a short time ago that people buy motor cars largely on three P's—Paint, Price and Performance. You can measure this Chalmers wonderful car, at $1350, by any one of these three standards.

It is right in Paint, which indicates finish and wearing qualities.

It is right in Performance, because no car at any price performs better than this car does.

And it is right in Price. What manufacturer in the history of the industry ever approached such quality at such a price before?

Take a Ride in This Car

"Take a ride in this car," and see for yourself if you do not get in this Chalmers type of six-cylinder motor all the smoothness, all of the flexibility, all of the pick-up, and all of the "pep" that are claimed for any other motor built, no matter how many cylinders it may have.

Therefore, we say that all of our strength, all of our organization, all of our money, all of our reputation, are back of these six words: "TAKE A RIDE IN THIS CAR."

Demonstrators are now in the hands of our dealers.

"TAKE A RIDE IN THIS CAR."

New Service to Owners

Buying a motor car without a definite guarantee of service is unwise and costly.

Every Chalmers dealer gives to every buyer of a Chalmers car a *definite service* free of all charge.

This service consists of a Universal Interchangeable Service Coupon Book, each coupon being exchangeable for a definite amount of work at any Chalmers dealer's anywhere at any time.

Quality First

The Chalmers Club

Every Chalmers owner is invited to join the Chalmers Club.

Each member receives regularly without charge "The Chalmers Clubman," a magazine devoted to the interests of Chalmers owners. Also a membership card signed by Mr. Chalmers commending the owner to the courtesies of all Chalmers representatives everywhere.

"Let your next Car be a Chalmers"

Chalmers Motor Company
DETROIT, U. S. A.

Coolness is Born of Self-Confidence

Some eventful night, terror may momentarily strike your senses numb. Then it will be that the feel of a Colt Automatic under your pillow will steady your nerve and prepare you for peril. Or, should you be away, the Colt in your home will stamp out the heart-flutter and steel the courage of your wife at the approach of danger. Many a man has regretted too late the error of being caught unprepared. So you buy a

COLT Automatic Pistol

against that day. Acquaint your wife, mother, sisters with its automatic safety device. Show them how the Colt is automatically *locked when cocked;* how it can be fired only when you *grip the grip* and pull the trigger simultaneously. The Colt is unfailing, safe and shoots instantly with automatic precision. Besides, its price to you is not greater than the ordinary pistol.

The Colt was adopted by the Army and Navy because of its "Marked superiority to any other known pistol."

Write for free Colt booklet, "How to Shoot," and catalog No. 85.

"The Colt Fires the First Shot First."

"You Can't Forget to Make a Colt Safe"

THE COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

HAVONE

OUTDOOR men—motorist, golfer, sportsman—all favor the Havone—the Cigarette Case with the "left-hand drive"!

Opens instantly in the hand that takes it from the pocket. Cigarettes are standing in a row, each in its own compartment, ready to be taken with the fingers, or the lips if necessary. Right hand need not be used.

No tumbling about in the case; no broken or crushed cigarettes.

The Havone is as easily filled as the ordinary cigarette case.

Havone Cigarette Cases are made in Sterling Silver-plate, in Solid Sterling, 10K Gold and 14K Gold—Prices, $3.50 up.

If your dealer hasn't stocked up on the HAVONE, send us $3.50 and we will mail you one direct—either plain finished or with monogram spot, or one of the all-over patterns. At any rate, send us your name on a postcard for one of our handsome catalogues.

HAVONE CORPORATION
Dept. L, 21-23 Maiden Lane
NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 41)

"That's one good reason why," said Calhoun Bennett, when this man had gone on.

But Markle overflowed with a torrent of vituperative profanity. His face was congested and purple with the violence of his emotions. Keith stared in astonishment at the depth of hatred stirred. He turned for explanation to the man next him, Judge Girvin, a gentleman of the old school, weighty, authoritative, a little pompous.

"That is Coleman," Judge Girvin told him—"W. T. Coleman, the leader of the Vigilance movement of last year."

"That's why," repeated Calhoun Bennett with quiet vindictiveness, "there is lawlessness, disrespect for law and order, and mob rule. Since this strangler business no man can predict what the lawless element may do!"

This speech was the signal for an outburst against the Vigilance Committee so unanimous and hearty that Keith was rather taken aback. He voiced his bewilderment:

"Why, gentlemen, I am of course only in the most distant touch with these events, but the impression East is certainly very general that the Vigilantes did rather a good piece of work in clearing the city of crime."

They turned on him with a savagery that took his breath. Keith, laughing, held up both hands.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot! I'll come down!" he cried. "I told you I didn't know anything about it!"

They checked themselves suddenly, ashamed of their heat. Calhoun Bennett voiced their feeling of apology:

"You must accept our excuses, Mr. Keith; but this is a muttah on which we feel strongly. Our indignation was naturally not directed against you, suh."

But Judge Girvin, weighty, formal, dignified, was making a pronouncement.

"Undoubtedly, young sir," he rolled forth at Keith, "undoubtedly a great many scoundrels were cleared from the city at that time. That no one would have the temerity to deny. But you, sir, as a lawyer, realize with us that even pure and equitable justice without due process of law is against the interests of society as a coherent whole. Infringement of law, even for a good purpose, invariably brings about ultimate contempt for all law. In the absence of regularly constituted tribunals, as in a primitive society, such as that prior to the Constitutional Convention of September, 1849, it may become necessary that informal plebiscites be countenanced. But in the presence of regularly constituted and appointed tribunals extralegal functions are not to be undertaken by the chance comer. If defects occur in the administration of the law the remedy is in the hand of the public. The voter ——" He went on at length, elaborating the legal view. Everybody listened with respect and approval until he had finished. But then up spoke Judge Caldwell, the round, shining, perspiring, untidy, jovial, Silenus-like jurist with the blunt fingers.

"We all agree with you theoretically, Judge," said he. "What these other fellows object to, I imagine, is that the law has such a hell of a hang-fire to it."

Judge Girvin's eyes flashed and he tossed back his white mane.

"The due forms of the law are our heritage from the ages!" he thundered back. "The so-called delays and technicalities are the checks devised by human experience against the rash judgments and rasher actions by the volatile element of society! They are the safeguards, the bulwarks, of society! It is better that a hundred guilty men escape than that one innocent man should suffer!"

The old judge was magnificent, his eyes alight, his nostrils expanded, his head reared back defiantly, all the great power of his magnetism and his authority brought to bear. Keith was thrilled. He considered that the discussion had been lifted to a high moral plane.

By rights Judge Caldwell should have been crushed, but he seemed undisturbed.

"Well," he remarked comfortably, "on that low average we must have quite a few innocent men among us after all."

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded Judge Girvin, halted in mid career and not catching the allusion.

"Surely, Judge, you don't mean to imply that you indorse Coleman and his gang?" put in Calhoun Bennett courteously but incredulously.

"Indorse them? Certainly not!" disclaimed Caldwell. "I need my job," he added with a chuckle.

Bennett tossed back his hair and a faint disgust appeared in his dark eyes, but he said nothing more. Caldwell lit a cigar with pudgy fingers.

"My advice to you," he said to Markle, "is that if you think you're going to have to kill this man in self defense"—he rolled an unabashed and comical eye at the company—"you be sure to see our old friend, Sheriff Webb, gets you to jail promptly." He heaved to his feet. "Might even send him advance word," he suggested, and waddled away toward the bar.

A dead silence succeeded his departure. None of the younger men ventured a word. Finally Judge Girvin, with a belated idea of upholding the honor of the Bench, turned to Keith:

"Judge Caldwell's humor is a little trying at times, but he is essentially sound."

The young Englishman, Morrell, uttered a high cackle.

"Quite right," he observed. "He'll fix it all right for you, Markle."

At the bad taste of what they thought an example of English stupidity everyone sat aghast. Keith managed to cover the situation by ordering another round of drinks. Morrell seemed quite pleased with himself.

"Got a rise out of the old Johnny, what?" he remarked to Keith aside.

Judge Caldwell returned. The conversation became general. Vast projects were discussed with the light touch—public works, the purchase of a theater for the town hall, the sale by auction of city or state lands, the extension of wharves, the granting of franchises, and many other affairs involving apparently millions of money. All these things were spoken of as from the inside. Keith, sipping his drinks quietly, sat apart and listened. He felt himself in the current of big affairs. Occasionally men drifting by paused a moment. Keith noticed that they greeted his companions with respect and deference. He experienced a feeling of being at the center of things. The evening passed pleasantly.

Along toward midnight John Sherwood, without a hat, stopped long enough to exchange a few joking remarks, then sauntered on.

"I know him," Keith told Calhoun Bennett. "That's John Sherwood. He's at our hotel. What does he do?"

"Oh, don't you know who he is?" replied Bennett. "He's the owner of this place."

"A gambler!" cried Keith, a trifle dashed.

"Biggest in town; but square."

Keith for a moment was a little nonplused. The sudden intimacy rose up to confront him. They were kind people and Mrs. Sherwood was apparently everything she should be; but a public gambler! Of course he had no prejudices, but Nan ——

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Shifting Quotations

SOME years ago a hard-working tobacco planter of Montgomery County, Tennessee, paid his first visit to the East. With him as traveling companion came a buyer of tobacco for one of the foreign governments. The planter had already shipped his season's crop to New York, intending to sell it after his arrival, he being dissatisfied with conditions in his home market.

It so chanced that the ferry which brought them across the Hudson to Manhattan landed alongside a pier where two big freighters were loading with tobacco for Liverpool. Catching the familiar whiff of the weed, the Tennesseean followed his nose until it led him into a great freight shed where countless hogsheads of tobacco—more than he had ever seen at any one time in his life—were awaiting transportation. He took one look and turned to his companion, the foreign buyer.

"Old man," he pleaded, "if you kin sell my tobacco here, sell it right away. It don't make no difference what price you git for it—sell it! There's more tobacco here already than ever'body in the world kin use up in a hundred years."

He spent a day on Broadway and Fifth Avenue and then in haste he sought for his friend.

"Don't you sell my tobacco at any price," he ordered. "I've done seen enough people in this here town to chaw up all the tobacco there is in less'n forty-eight hours."

HOW ABOUT RUSSIA?

(Continued from Page 11)

The principal difference between a German and a Russian is that the German has force and the Russian has imagination. The Russian has the gift of belief, an investigating mind, and the faculty of speculation; but he is lazy, he is indifferent, he is casual, he is insincere, he is temporary—*Nitchevo?*—What does it matter? The German is strong, determined, practical. It is not hard to understand why the Germans were the principal commercial factors in Russia before the war. To traders and financiers like the Germans the conquest of Russia commercially was mere child's play.

Hence, when the war came Russia and the Czar kept their engagements with France and Great Britain because that seemed the safest part to play and the most advantageous. If the Allies won Russia would be freed from this strangle hold Germany had on her. If they lost it would be no worse than it was before. Besides, there was the great prize of the Dardanelles dangling before Russia—and Constantinople. The Church plays a greater part in the state life of Russia than in that of any other country. A Russian is a religionist before he is anything else—not religious, but a religionist. It has been the dream of Russia to return the Orthodox Church to Constantinople. It has been the dream of Russia to have an open way to the sea in the south. Likely as not there were promises to Russia about Constantinople. Anyway, Russia came in—and Russia is still in.

There had been a measure of reform in the army since the war with Japan; but it was casual, as all Russian reforms are. The bureaucracy was still so powerful that it resisted too much progress or retarded it for reasons of its own. You cannot change a Russian bureaucrat overnight—or ever. The system must be eliminated before there can be any real relief. There was some reform and some preparation, however. During the Balkan War Russia came very close to war with Austria—and, of course, with Germany, as Austria's ally. I heard the speech Von Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Chancellor, made in the Reichstag when he warned Russia that Germany would not forsake her ally, Austria. However, all this had not its legitimate effect.

On to the Holy War

Two words in constant use in Russia typify the real Russian character. One is *Nitchevo?*—What does it matter? And the other is *Zahftra!*—To-morrow! They are the most casual people on earth.

The result was that Russia—like Great Britain—found herself in war, at war, but not prepared for war. Great Britain had one arm of her service—the navy—in trim. Russia has not much of a navy or much of a place to put one; but neither her navy nor her army was ready. Still, Russia accomplished miracles. Germany has seventeen railroads running toward the Russian frontier, and Russia has but five lines that lead toward Germany. Austria has eight railroads to be used for sending troops to the Russian frontier, against four that Russia can use to get her troops toward Austria. Of course Germany and Austria were busy on the western frontier, also, against France and England and Belgium; but, at that, the eastern frontier was not entirely neglected.

However, Russia, mobilizing as far to the east as the Manchurian frontier, in the villages that are close to Mongolia, from all parts of Siberia, as well as from her own Russian domain, brought in millions of men, equipped them as well as she could, and sent them out toward Berlin and through Galicia. It was a sort of triumphal procession for a time. The peasants were imbued with the idea that this was a holy war. They understood something of it because of the awakening of the previous years. They knew both Church and Czar were heartily for it, and they sang and shouted and pressed forward. They were like schoolboys out on a foray, and their generals were not much better. They fell into traps. They were maneuvered into deadly positions. They shot away their ammunition as though ammunition grew on trees or could be planted and raised like wheat; but they went on and on, and they were miles and miles toward their destination in five or six weeks.

The English and the French, filled with admiration for this epochal sweep of these millions of singing peasants into the country of the enemy, spoke of it as the "Russian steam roller" and pinned many hopes on it. I often heard, when I was in England and France in the early days of the war, such comments as this: "All we have to do is to hold them in the west until the Russians have a few more weeks. Then it will be all over!"

But after a time the Russians stopped. They met with obstacles. The Germans arrived. They contested stubbornly. It was hard fighting. And they sat down in the trenches, facing one another, and held out through the winter. One would suppose that this time of waiting would have induced the Russians to prepare for spring. So it did, to a degree; but there was a good deal of *Zahftra!* about it too—Let's do it to-morrow! And when the Germans began pressing there was nothing much for the Russians to do—in the circumstances—but go back. They went back kilometer after bloody kilometer. They lost cities they had taken. They gave up positions they had bought with immense loss of blood.

Soldiers Die While Grafters Haggle

Now why? Was it from any deterioration in the fighting force of the Russians? Was it because those singing soldiers had lost their fervor and their force? Was it because of deaths or sickness, or lack of courage or determination? Not a bit of it! The soldiers were as good as ever—better, indeed, because they were seasoned campaigners. They were as fervent and as determined. There had been many losses, but these meant nothing to Russia, with her immense reserves of fighting men. These were not the reasons.

The reason why Russia lost so much ground she had taken earlier in the war—the reason for all those heartbreaking retreats in May and June of this year—was not deterioration in men. The reason was lack of ammunition. They had not enough guns, shells, rifles and cartridges. The requirements of this immense battle front had been too great. The Germans had shells and big guns and small guns. The Russians lacked them. That was all there was to that.

"It is heartbreaking!" a Russian general said to me. "We are out there and the Germans are raining big shells and little shells and grenades and shrapnel and bullets on us; and we have not enough ammunition or enough guns to hold them off. We must retire. There is nothing else to do."

Often, in these engagements, Russian soldiers, without rifles, were held in readiness; and when a soldier with a rifle was killed or wounded that rifle was given to a man who stood waiting without one, and he was pushed into the gap. Men—they had millions of men, but they did not have millions of rifles.

And in that condition you find the reason for the insistent question: What of Russia? There they are—brave, simple, honest Russian soldiers; and in Petrograd the bureaucrats are quibbling over details in contracts, demanding percentages for themselves, holding off on pretexts of one kind or another—quibbling, uncertain, changing from day to day, altering specifications, exacting tribute, delaying—delaying—delaying! If you mention any munition of war, any medical supply, any item of transportation or equipment, you will find that the Russians have not enough. Of course it is beyond human resource that, in this short time, they should have enough, for they did not begin to prepare until after the war began.

That is not the point. The point is that, through their own inefficiency or worse, they have not nearly so much as they might have. Everybody on the face of the earth, save Germany and her allies, is trying to help the Russians. Why, the best artillery they have is Japanese artillery, manned by Japanese gunners—men who fought them to the death ten years ago—and Japanese experts in all lines are assisting them. Precious munitions and medical supplies lie in countless tons at Archangel and Vladivostok while contracts that mean victory instead of defeat are haggled and higgled over by grafting officials. The Russian bureaucracy is making its last stand, and the singing soldiers are retreating and being slaughtered by thousands because of it.

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-ko

Made in America — GINGER ALE — Best in the World

"Come on in, the Clicquot is Fine"

Sparkling Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is as refreshing on a hot day as a dash through foaming surf. Join, for this summer season, the happy throng of folks who know the joys of Clicquot, see what a pleasure it is to have a case in your cellar, and a few bottles nesting in the ice.

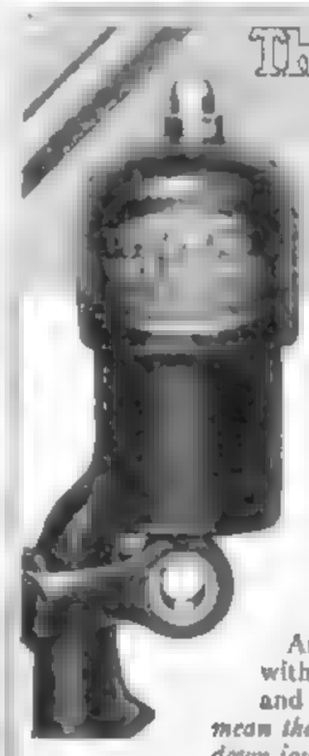
Find out what a refreshing beverage real ginger ale is. Clicquot is made of ginger, the pure juices of limes and lemons, and pure spring water. This water is slightly laxative. Each regular bottle holds two glassfuls. The one "ice cold" drink which is safe to drink when you are overheated. Mixes splendidly with most anything good.

Sold by Good Grocers and Druggists

The Clicquot Club Co.
Millis, Mass.

New York Office, 100 Hudson Street
Chicago Office, 356 North Michigan Ave.

These 3 Big Features are Combined Only in the TEMCO Shock Absorber for FORD cars



What Longer Springs Mean

We get the absolute limit of spring length with full, free spring action—see Feature 3.

To this we add the utmost strength and flexibility by the use of genuine crucible *Vanadium* steel for the *two* helical springs in each Temco Shock Absorber.

And utmost length of spring coupled with the utmost strength and flexibility, and full freedom of spring action, *mean the greatest possible control over up-and-down jouncing.*

What Radius Links Mean

Given a shock absorber with the greatest possible control over up-and-down jouncing, the next step is to control the sway from side to side.

So Temcos have Radius Links to catch and stop the side-sway.

Side-sway is the beginning of the skid. By preventing side-sway Temcos minimize skidding.

That's what Radius Links mean—*the control of side-sway, the minimizing of the tendency to skid.*

What the Telescoping Feature Means

You have often seen shock absorbers with dented or missing dust caps caused by fender-rods striking them or knocking them off.

So we make Temcos telescope and absolutely avoid the fender rod.

That lets us make Temcos tall enough to take springs of the right length to get *full control.*

It also lets us make Temcos stand absolutely vertical—always—allowing full, free spring action.

That means unrestricted efficiency.

Unlimited Guarantee

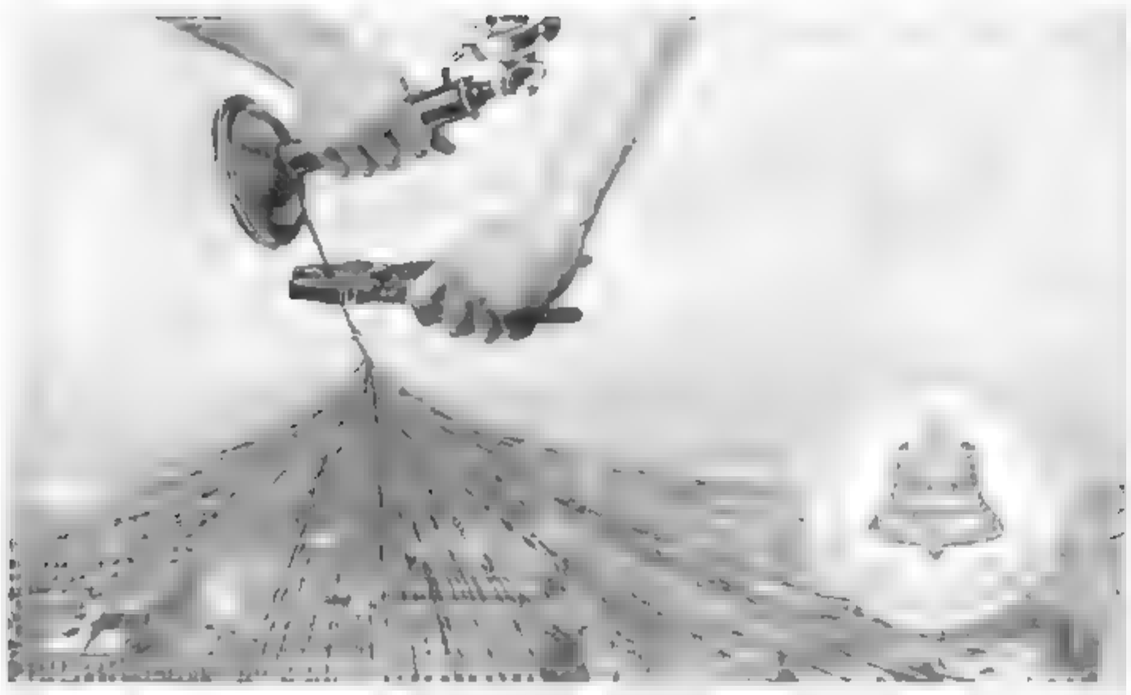
Temco Shock Absorbers must [illegible] may return them and get your money back.

$15 Complete Set

See Your Dealer

He has Temcos or can get [illegible] try them. Write today for descriptive matter.

THE TEMCO ELECTRIC MOTOR CO., 523 Sugar St., Leipsic, Ohio



If a Giant Cut the Wires

Suppose all telephones were silent, and that for forty-eight hours you could not even call a telephone exchange anywhere in the Bell System to ask what the trouble was!

Imagine the confusion which would prevail—with personal visits and messengers substituted for direct, instant communication; with sidewalks, street cars and elevators jammed; with every old-fashioned means of communication pressed into service; and all of them combined unable to carry the load.

The instant contact of merchant with customer, of physician with patient, of friend with friend, would be severed; the business man and the housewife would lose the minutes and hours the telephone saves them. The economic loss would be incalculable.

There would not be time enough to do the things we are accustomed to do, and social as well as business life would be paralyzed.

Such a condition is almost inconceivable. The Bell System has developed telephone service to the highest degree of usefulness and made it so reliable that its availability is never questioned. It has connected cities, towns and the remotest places from coast to coast, and has taught the people the advantages of nation-wide telephone facilities.

Plans are made, buildings built and businesses run with Bell Service taken for granted, and yet we have to imagine what it would mean to be entirely without telephones before the great value of this ever-present service can really be appreciated.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

SKAT
Skatters Dirt
Use It After a Dusty Ride in Auto, Motorcycle, Trolley or Train—Leaves no Dirt to Soil Towel.
Guaranteed Harmless
If not at dealer's, send his name and 10c to The Skat Co., Hartford, Conn., for large sample

Air is Cheap
Use Plenty of It
Nothing is as essential to the long life of your tires as air. Give your tires all the air they need. The way to KNOW whether or not your tires have enough air is to measure it with a
Schrader
Universal Tire Pressure Gauge
$1.00
SCHRADER UNIVERSAL TIRE PRESSURE GAUGE
At your dealer's or
A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc.
745-793 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

There is no secret about this, or I would not write it. The Germans know the fact and are utilizing the conditions to their advantage at the very moment this is written, which is in the latter part of June. Relatively the conditions as regards shells and ammunition in Russia are the same as those in England, where there came a reorganization of the government because of similar lack. In reality the situation in Russia is much more serious than in England, for Russia has a much greater need, a larger consumption, and more millions of men to supply—to say nothing of a five-hundred-mile battle front to provide with guns and ammunition.

So far as I could learn, the only two war-making materials Russia has in adequate supply are men and food; but a German shell kills a well-fed soldier who has no gun just as easily as it would kill a hungry one. Men and food are two great essentials, but you cannot fight Germans with *chorny klep*—which is black bread. The Russians need black powder and black guns and black shells for that.

Though there has been no open repetition of the scandals of the war with Japan, and the utter worthlessness of the officers has not been shown in such ratio as in that war, there has been a certain percentage of inefficiency—particularly among the older and higher commanders. As an ambassador expressed it: "The Russian officers are very competent up to a certain point."

Those who were familiar with the officers in the Japanese War and with those in this war say the difference in the morale of the corps is astounding. In the war with Japan the officers had neither interest in their work nor enthusiasm for it. In this war there is an eager enthusiasm—too much of it at times—and a close application to business. There are no slackers among the officers—especially the younger ones; but with the older ones, the men who by seniority were in important commands at the beginning of the war, there was the taint of the old system. There were men who were in the army before the dawn of the new day. The commander in chief—the Grand Duke Nikolai—as I understand it, was not in that war, but some of his subordinates were; and there were excesses of attack and excesses in the use of ammunition, useless sacrifice of men and bad strategy at times, which made necessary many removals and much shifting of commands.

The older generals in this war have been largely failures—not all, but in big proportion. Many a Russian private was killed unnecessarily and many a position was lost that might have been held; but far over and above all causes for these disasters was the lack of ammunition. They had men enough and to spare, but not enough guns and bullets; not enough cannon and shells; not enough of anything save raw material—men. And it is probable there never will be a reckoning of those who were lost—a correct reckoning.

The Last Grab at the People

It must be remembered that the Russian organization was not geared for so great an emergency as this. It was not built for so big a war. To be sure, it contemplated the moving of vast masses of men, but not by millions as they were moved. Some day—*Zahftra!*—it had been the purpose of the General Staff to obtain all the needful munitions and supplies; but peace seemed reasonably secure—and life is very short anyhow. There must be no lack of credit for the Russians for what they did do. The fault is with what they have not been doing. The infernal bureaucracy is having its last grab at the people, and it is grabbing desperately. It takes autocracy and bureaucracy a long time to find out what ails them—to diagnose their own cases; but that will be remedied. There is already a disposition in Russia not only to diagnose the cases of these relics of the old days but to apply the proper cures.

The gradual regeneration of Russia is coming. The leaven of patriotism is working. We learn of boards of trade, of financial organizations of business men and manufacturers, who in former days would not have dared to interfere, interfering rather pointedly and demanding reform, and pledging support to adequate methods for providing the army with its essentials. They are aware of the inefficiencies and the delinquencies of the bureaucracy, and they are in a way of making themselves feel. They are demanding that they be allowed to do their share, despite the contempt of official Russia for business Russia; and they want to help from patriotic motives, instead of retarding from personal and financial motives.

The Russian Army organization, *per se*, is right. It is the Russian administrative organization that is wrong. If you give the Russian Army an adequate supply of munitions there is no army in the world that will give a better account of itself; for no army has better potential raw material, and no other army I know of has the added incentive of such intense religious fervor—unless it is the Turkish Army. Armies in the field cannot make shells or guns or powder; nor can armies in the field—or their leaders—make arrangements for securing these needfuls. That must be done by the administrators; and there the lapse in Russia has come. If the Russians were forced to retreat from their advanced positions—if they lost Przemysl and Lemberg, and other places their valor had won—not all the credit for the victories can be given to the German force of arms, or all the blame be laid on the Russians in the field who lost. A good share of it rests with the chaffering, huckstering, grafting, procrastinating, incompetent officials in Petrograd; with the bureaucrats; with the survivors of the old Russian system of corruption and bribe taking and bribe soliciting.

A Genius in His Youth

And so the world repeats the questions: What of Russia? Will Russia be great enough to utilize her full strength? Or will Russia be weakened and dismayed, and perhaps defeated by the parasites in Petrograd? Any answer must be relative, for the complexity of Russia's position makes anything more than a guess an assumption.

Two things stand out clear: The first is that the morale of the army and of its leaders—except at the top—is infinitely better than it was during the Japanese War. The second and major one is that in Russia—long the autocracy of blood and terror—there is a stirring of patriotism, a sensing of nationalism, a functioning of the people as people and as citizens, and not slaves, an awakening of the spirit, a spread of intelligence, a desire for light, which will mean much, both in the war and in its aftermath.

The greatest individual act ever done for Russia—not excepting the freeing of the serfs—was the prohibition of vodka. It does not matter whether the Czar did it of his own volition or the Grand Duke Nikolai made him do it. It was done. That means a sober army; but it means more than that—it means that Russia has changed from a drunken to a sober nation. This has resulted in a passion for this war by the people, for they always have a passion for something. Once it was vodka. Now it is the war. This, also, will result in a passion for a new Russia, which will not only be a greater Russia but will contain a people who, sensing the fresh spirit of the times, will climb at least a little higher than the low level where they have soddenly existed for these many centuries.

It is the opinion of those who know Russia, and who know Russians, that the abuses will be wiped out; that the deficiencies will be supplied; that equipment and munitions of ample quantity will come—and certainly money enough is being spent to insure this—provided the bureaucrats can be held in check. If that is the case no person who has seen the Russian Army can have anything but confidence in the splendid performance of its part.

But will that be the case? There comes the question again. Has Russia, with a beginning of regeneration at the bottom, been regenerated at the top? The prohibition of vodka, the promise to the Poles and other things show that there may be a start; but is it sincere? Who can tell?

The only sure things are that Russia has been knitted together by this war; that her multitudes of people are making the war a common cause; and that a dim sort of patriotism or nationalism is observable. Whatever the outcome of the war, Russia will then be facing far greater difficulties than she is facing now, for Russia will need a man to hold the nation together; and the emergency must produce the man, for none is in sight at present.

Furthermore, for many years after the close of this war the future of Russia will rest with the man who controls the army. If an enlightened statesman could attain that control Russia could advance to tremendous achievements; for potentially Russia is a genius in his youth.

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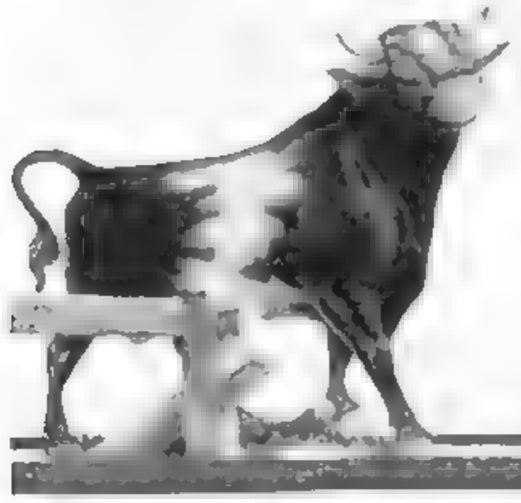

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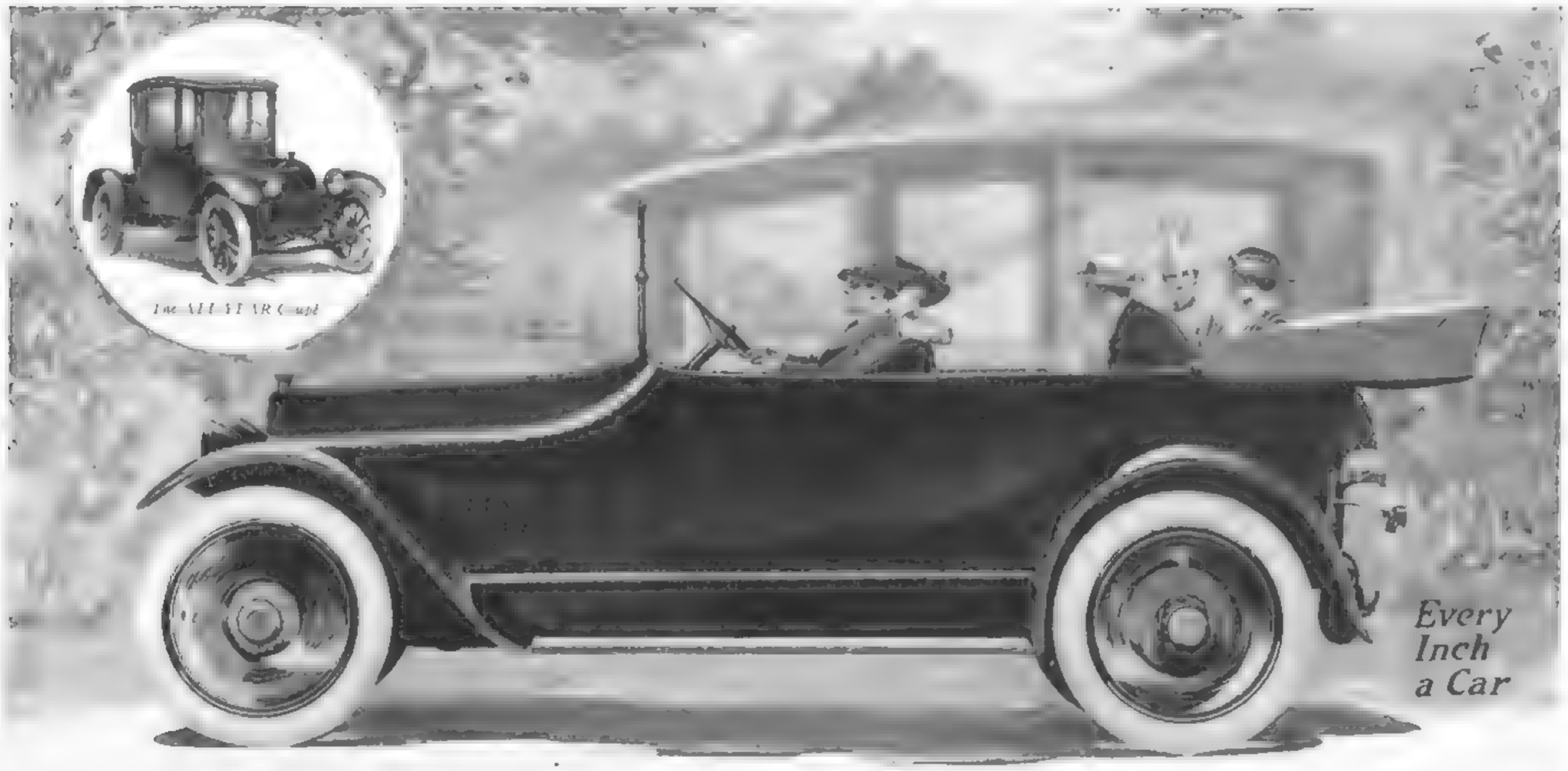

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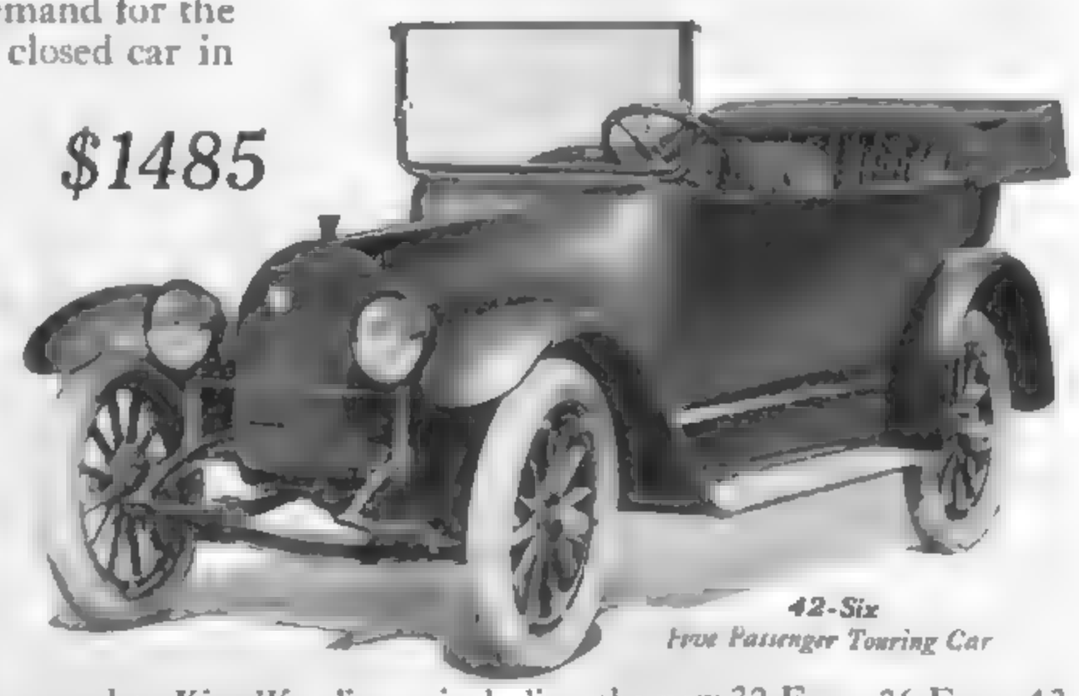

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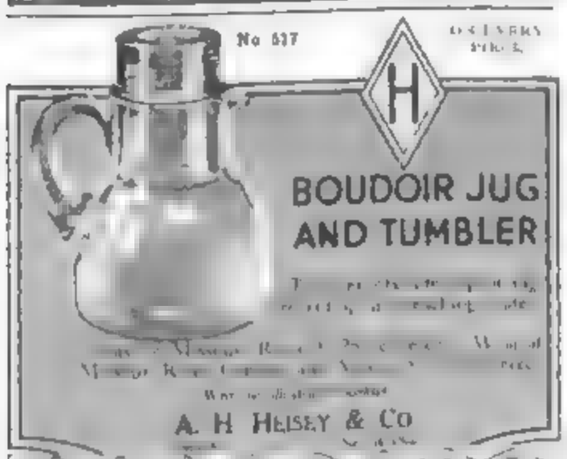

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THE ANGLE OF REFRACTION

(Continued from Page 9)

Whatever license Heinemann may have taken with Holt's lines, he never touched the construction. Now, as the structure began to take form under her hand, for the first time she came to see why the old manager had drilled with such cruel insistence in scenes of seeming triviality. A word, a gesture, a look, at the psychological moment, was the stepping-stone to carry from one impression to the next, with cumulative intensity in the minds of the audience. The whole was planned to intrigue this mass of staring faces deeper and deeper in the subtleties of Amos Holt's "consequences."

Fannie felt the growing emotion of her audience gradually react on her; and the full meaning of the play came to her like a revelation. With dexterous touch she accentuated the trifles; she forgot all the grueling fatigue of the last furious hours of rehearsal. With a sense of exaltation she felt the supreme power of her art. Not only did she control her audience as though it were a plastic thing, but the members of the company were playing to her as though she alone carried the burden of the action. Warren Ellis was superb—a perfect foil. This finished actor, in his own words, had been "kissed and cussed" by all the female stars in Heinemann's bag. As leading man he had never encroached; his effort was spent in preserving a balance to make the woman star effective.

Once or twice Fannie stole a look out and up through the darkness to the high gallery where the old man—the god of this machine sat silent and alone. When she came off, at the end of the first act, Amos Holt seized her two hands and began to pump her arms vigorously, as the only manner in which he could express his feelings. She freed herself and ran to her dressing room.

Then came the great second act and, with its finale, the deafening crash of applause from the house, which until this moment had held its feelings in check. Again and again the curtain rose on the tumult. At first the full company were bowing—then only four of them remained—at last only she and Ellis faced the mad house. Ellis turned to her, took her hand, pressed it and hurried off, leaving her alone. She bowed again and again, mopping her misty eyes with her handkerchief. Then she found herself being pushed out in front, through the curtain drawn aside—once, twice, and still again. The last time she dragged Holt with her, freed herself, and left him to make one of his crisp, clever speeches. She moved through the next act without conscious effort, and through the fourth act, to the amazing ending, herself a prey to the spell she had invoked.

Heinemann was waiting for her in the wings as she made her final exit; she threw her arms about him, her head fell on his shoulder and she burst into uncontrollable weeping.

"So—so!" muttered the old man soothingly; he gently disengaged himself, patted her clumsily, and passed on. Warren Ellis found her in her dressing room as the maid was drawing on her furs.

"You are going to stay, aren't you?" asked Ellis. "Holt has extemporized a spread on the stage—to celebrate. Holt thinks Heinemann is the greatest man in the world now, outside of himself." And he smiled sardonically. "Come, Fannie! It couldn't go on without you. You must stay."

"No—no!" she cried. "I must go—to Worden—I must hurry! Oh, Warren, you are wonderful—what could I have done without you?"

"But, Fannie," he persisted as she started away, "stay a little while anyway—at least until the morning papers come up. Not later than one-thirty, I promise you."

"No—no! I must not!" she repeated resolutely. "Heinemann, let me have your car. I must go to him."

She must go to him! As she spoke the words she felt a sudden chill cold at her heart. Until this moment she had not thought of him. Through the wonderful moments of this night of nights he had been as remote from her thoughts as she had been from his on that afternoon when she ran in on him as he pored over his all-engrossing idea.

Fannie found the limousine filled with flowers that had come up over the footlights at the close of the second act. She ordered them taken back to the table then being spread; and in the bitter cold of midnight she gave herself over to her thoughts as she sped along. But before she had gone far her nervous exhaustion overcame her, and she lay back on the cushions like a dead woman, conscious of nothing. She did not know when they reached the gate, and her servants half carried her in.

The sun was shining in the windows when she opened her eyes in the morning. With her breakfast tray came the morning papers. There it was in black and white, staring out at her in glaring headlines, in the first paper her trembling fingers opened. Mrs. Worden Searelle had scored a personal triumph in the Holt play—the Fannie Chesbro of the old days, whose Helen, in the Hunchback, still lived in the memory, had reappeared and attained heights in The Sea Anchor of which even her most devoted admirers had not known her capable. The most critical audience in the world had paid her such tribute as is seen only once in a generation along Broadway! Fannie Chesbro was no longer merely the "sweet" woman; now she was the woman glorious, the woman triumphant! She had attained moments in this new and greatest Holt drama that gave her rank with ——! And so on.

So the lines ran before her streaming eyes. And not alone for her; Warren Ellis came in for his usual share of distinguished approbation. And away down toward the end the stock adjectives—adequate, pleasing, appealing, promising—were reserved for the lesser members of that wonderful company old Heinemann had hammered together. But not a word about Heinemann. That would be eminently satisfying to the old man, who abhorred publicity for himself as he cultivated it to rank excess for his puppets.

It was a moment to live for. She dressed herself in her prettiest and was humming an air as she tapped on Searelle's door. The nurse met her with uplifted finger, to say that he was still asleep—the formality of the sick room still surrounded him, though his recovery was so far advanced. Fannie, unable to curb her spirits, started out for a brisk walk; the tang of the air, the crunch of the snow underfoot, and the bright winter sky line—all seemed to frame a picture for her exhilarated thoughts. She saw faces, myriad faces, acclaiming her.

When she returned the nurse seized her impulsively.

"Oh, Mrs. Searelle! Something wonderful has happened!" the woman cried. "He speaks again! Words have come back to him!" She laughed. "It's quite like old times—he called me out of my name shamefully just now. Such a tantrum as you never saw in your life!"

Fannie sprang forward and up the stairs with a joyous exclamation. She opened the door, slipped in noiselessly, and slyly waited for him to discover her. When he looked up from the morning paper he was reading he regarded her for what seemed an eternity of time without moving a muscle of his face. Then he smiled. She felt afraid. Then he began to laugh—the open, full-throated laugh of a man who had never known, much less feared, a numbing stricture of the vocal cords. He sprang to his feet, dashing the newspaper he held in his hand to the floor and stamping on it. She noted mechanically that there was a heap of papers, torn and crumpled. With a gesture of amazing energy he swept them all into his arms and thrust them, in a bundle, into the fire.

Fannie watched him as he jammed them into the flames.

"Mrs. Worden Searelle!" he cried, sneering as he watched them burn. "Mrs. Worden Searelle!" he repeated, with such a world of hatred and contempt in his tone that the woman involuntarily shrank back.

He strode to the door of his bedroom, entered, slammed it shut behind him. As she beat on the panels, crying "Worden! Worden!" she heard him shoot the bolt in the lock.

"Open! Open!" called Fannie, her voice raucous with fear.

She waited breathlessly. The fate of the Inchquin woman, who had flouted him on the stage, came to her mind. He had driven her from him with sneers and gibes that could not be parried.

"Go away, woman!" shouted Searelle through the door. "Go back to Heinemann, where you belong."

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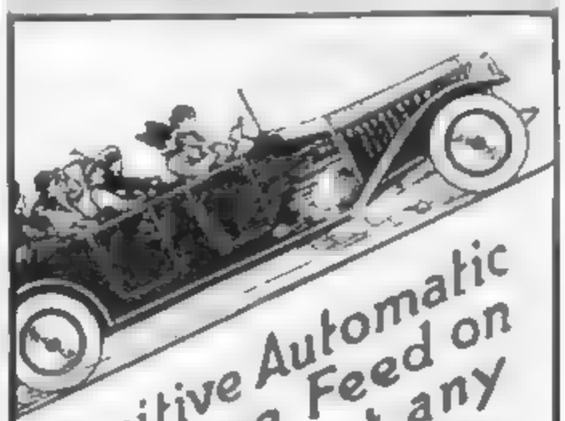

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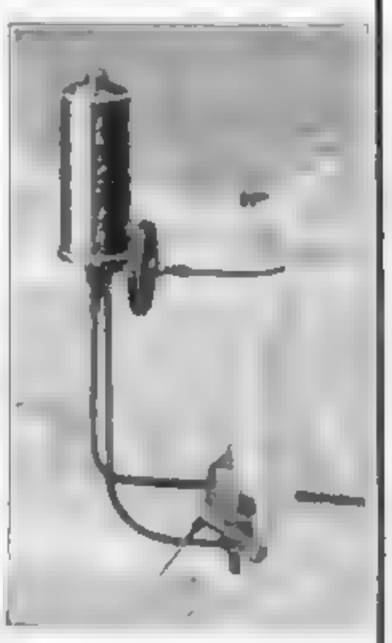

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At this moment Dr. Vossberg entered. In a word Fannie told him what had happened. The old physician rapped on the barred door, calling on Searelle to open. His taunting laugh answered them.

"Thanks, no! Take that woman away first!" came the voice through the door. "Mrs. Worden Searelle! I want none of her!"

Vossberg cocked an ear at the sound of the familiar biting accents.

"Fannie! Fannie! Don't you hear? His voice—holy of holies, it has come back to him!" whispered the old physician hoarsely.

"Yes, it is I—his rage—that I should dare" she burst out miserably—"the shock of it has restored his faculties! He abhors me because I have traded on his name—his name!"

"Open, Searelle! It is only Fannie and I," pleaded Vossberg as he bent his head to listen.

"Only you and Fannie—eh, Vossberg?" Searelle croaked. "Well, Vossberg, that is one too many. Mrs. Worden Searelle!" he reiterated with satirical emphasis. "With her spark of divine fire—ha-ha! That's good! Send her back to Heinemann! Heinemann—bah!"

There was a sound of a chair being slammed down with vicious emphasis.

"It is useless," said Fannie, looking helplessly at the doctor.

So it seemed. He had turned her out. This was the culmination of her hour of triumph.

Twice during the morning she tried to reach him; but he only jeered at her through the door and bade her go back to Heinemann. Vossberg, oblivious to her misery, walked about shaking his head, muttering:

"Wonderful! It is wonderful! He has found his speech!"

At noon, among a sheaf of congratulatory telegrams from friends and admirers, came a peremptory summons from Heinemann for a rehearsal, at five o'clock, of the finale of the third act. She shut herself up in her room. An hour later, when she emerged in her wraps to go to the train, she stopped at Searelle's door for a final effort. It was opened by the nurse, who faced her aghast.

"He is gone!" she said with trembling voice.

Fannie stared, incredulous.

"But where? Where? When did he go?" she cried at last, desperately.

He had called his man, after lunch, to get his things together, and they had caught the two-o'clock train for town. The nurse said he was singing and seemingly in high spirits as he departed.

III

ONE afternoon, after the matinée at the National, Fannie set out for a walk of a few blocks. She nodded to Heinemann, who was consuming a long cigar in the vestibule; and she had reached the curb when she heard her name called. Turning, she saw an electric cabriolet drawing up to the pavement beside her. A white-gloved hand waved at her; then the face of Margaret Inchquin appeared.

There had always been a dead line between these two women which neither had ever tried to cross. Margaret Inchquin had on many occasions given evidence of her hatred of the actress, who not only had supplanted her as leading woman for Searelle but had become the wife of the great man in the bargain. At sight of her now Fannie felt the old impulse to freeze; but Margaret was smiling at her and beckoning.

"Let me give you a lift, Fannie," begged Margaret Inchquin, arching her pretty head, conscious that passers-by were caught by her sensational charms.

Fannie's first thought was to pass on. Instead, she stopped and returned the smiling greeting. She had suffered too deeply herself to give pain wantonly to others. She had sounded the very depths of desolation during the past few weeks when, night after night, she had been offered adulation for her art—adulation that was forever mounting like a tide—knowing full well that with every bitter draught she was widening the gulf between herself and Searelle. She had not seen him since the morning when, in his rage, he had first turned his back on her.

She paused and gently declined the offer.

"But, Fannie, I have something wonderful to tell you!" insisted the ravishing creature. "Come, just for a turn—then

(Continued on Page 52)

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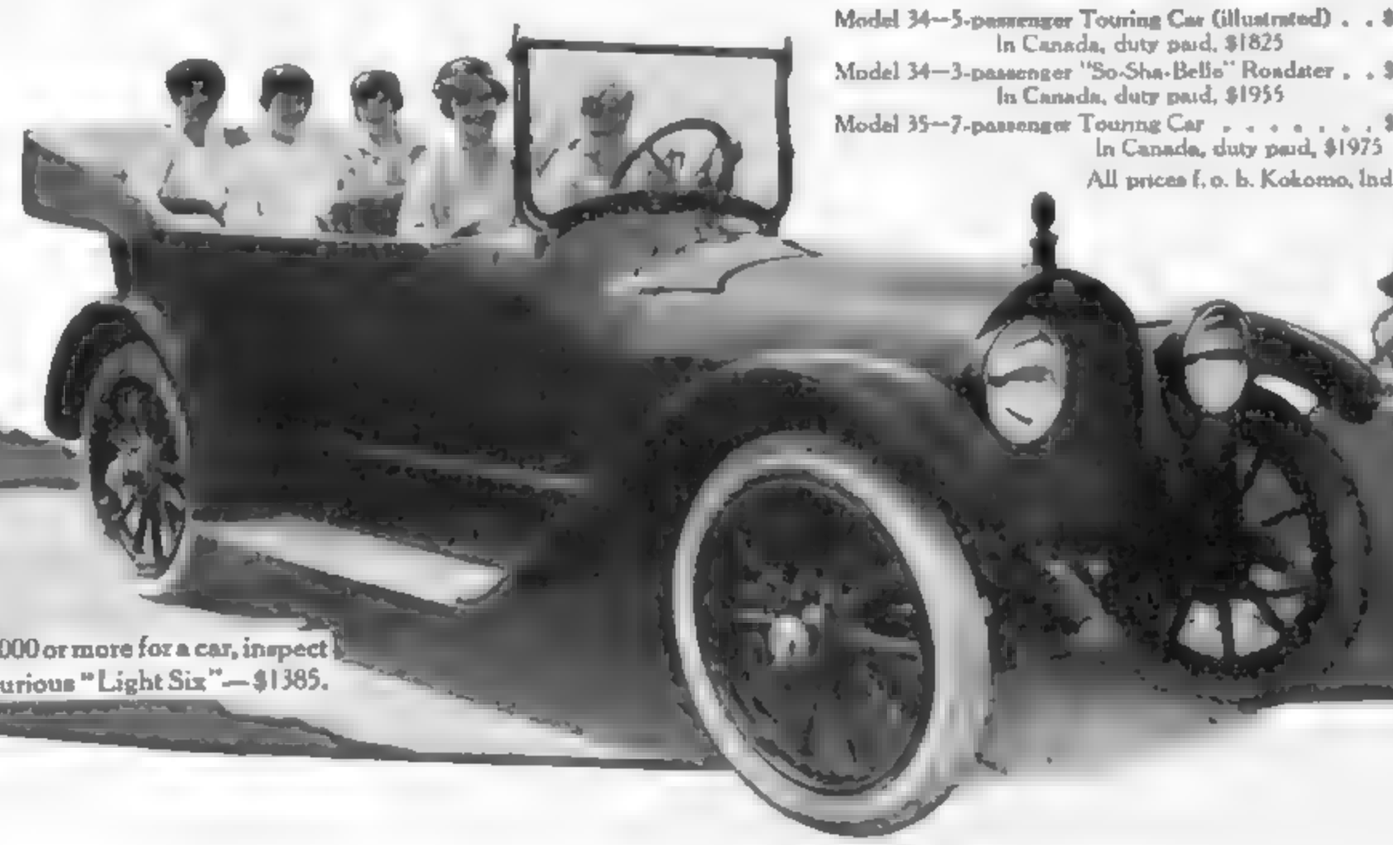

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(Continued from Page 50)

I'll set you down. I have just come from Searelle, Fannie!"

There was a note of malicious triumph in her voice. She was leaning out of the cab; her shining eyes, her white teeth and her complexion, just a shade overdone, made a wonderful picture in the subdued light of the evening.

"He sent for me, Fannie!" she went on, all aglow. "Just think of it—Searelle sent for me—of all persons in the world! He wants me to play the lead in Marco Polo!" She was eying Fannie closely, studying the effects of her words. "It all goes to show, Fannie, what a wonderful man Searelle is. He can rise above personalities—he can even forget that silly trick of mine all those years ago. Of course he would rather have you, dear! I know that. But you have gone on and up and up—they tell me you are simply stunning in Holt's play. They say it is the best thing ever seen on Broadway."

Margaret was all enthusiasm and pretty concern. As she paused, Fannie, white to the lips, rallied to the occasion.

"My friends are too good!" she replied as she forced the shadow of a smile.

"Searelle is like a boy again!" broke in the other woman. "When I came in to-day he seized my hands ecstatically. He is planning to make Marco—— Who was Marco Polo anyway? I swear I don't know him from Adam! Searelle plans to make it the greatest spectacle of all—the sharks would not finance him in it, he tells me, except at exorbitant rates—and he has got ahead of them by selling his library. Think of it, Fannie! That library of his, all rags and tatters, is going for thousands and thousands of dollars. We are going into rehearsal next week—I'll let you know when we get along. Perhaps you'd like to drop in some afternoon. Well, ta-ta, dear—if you really refuse to come with me. No? You won't, surely?"

And the Inchquin woman, posing for the curious onlookers, drew her silks and furs clear of the door and was about to shut it.

"We have been like a pair of silly schoolgirls—bickering all these years," she said gayly. "But, now that you have climbed so high and that Searelle wants me to come back, we can forget it all, can't we? You wish me every success, don't you, Fannie?"

"It's splendid if you can help him," said Fannie, braving it out to the last.

And as the door closed she started down the street, watching the little cabriolet as it darted this way and that through the traffic, like a mettlesome charger driven by some vixen who controlled it with a touch. At the corner Fannie suddenly threw her hands before her eyes as though the electric lights were blinding her. She fell forward heavily and would have struck the pavement had not a man in passing reached out and caught her. He steadied her for a moment.

"It was just a moment of dizziness," she said. "I am quite myself again—thanks to your help."

An ever-watching cabby, scenting a fare, slowed up insinuatingly; Fannie stepped in.

Heinemann had witnessed and caught something of the significance of the whole scene from his vantage point in the vestibule. As she fell he came running forward, but, with his clumsy gait, arrived too late. For a moment or two the old man pulled hard at his cigar; then he raised his cane and summoned a taxicab. He looked at his watch.

"I think ve vill drive in the Park," he said; an hour later he drew up before a pretentious apartment house in the eighties and gave his name to the hallboy.

"I vill see Miss Inch'in," he said.

Word came back that the actress was not in. Heinemann suddenly bristled up, leaned over, with his lips close to the mouthpiece of the telephone, and breathed rather than said: "Oh—she's not in, eh? Vell, tell her for me that it iss I—Heinemann—and that she iss in!"

The effect was instantaneous. In a moment he was in the elevator; Margaret Inchquin received him at the door, gushing volubly. Heinemann checked her with upraised hand. His business with her was over in a moment. When he left she was reduced to tears.

"He would murder me if he knew I told you!" she cried.

"Huh! And I vould murder you if you did not tell me," retorted the old man. "So vat iss the difference? Bah!"

Fannie was bound to the wheel. The public, which had bought out this house four weeks before, had a right to expect Mrs. Worden Searelle at her best. It would be the same to-morrow night, and the next and the next—indefinitely. The privilege was so much merchandise bought and paid for. No one could deny them the right—least of all the woman whose fame drew them here—not even though, an hour or two before, she had been struck a blow from which she was still reeling! She must be the vivacious, the glorious woman, her eyes unveiled, her tones silvery, her art untarnished.

Heinemann appeared earlier than usual. When Fannie came in he watched her go to her dressing room, curiously. Some few minutes later he tapped gently on her door and, at her summons, entered. He had something to say—but he did not say it. Instead, he sat down, fidgeted about uncomfortably, twiddled his hat in his fingers; finally he gave it up and left her. In her abstraction she scarcely noticed him.

She had been telling herself that she could not go on this evening. But when her call came she rose and walked out on the stage, took her moment of applause from the house, and found herself in the lines which now, through habit, had become second nature. She was conscious wonderingly of a strange mental and physical reaction from her recent lassitude. Her step was elastic; every sense was sharpened. When she spoke she was thrilled at the sound of her own voice. Warren Ellis had caught the infection, had absorbed something of her strange exhilaration, and the scene went with an intensity it had never possessed before.

It was a tradition that Heinemann himself never occupied his own box, though it was always tenanted. Fannie was dimly aware that there were several persons in it now. Heinemann himself was there. He had drawn his chair well forward, watching the play as though it were something new. The company was in a flutter of excitement. Why was Heinemann so intent on them all to-night? Was he not satisfied with the lashing he had administered in a score of unnecessary rehearsals? Or was he planning some fresh deviltry? He did not even leave his chair during the intermission.

Fannie was completely submerged in her part; with the blindness of desperation she had lost herself completely in her character. In this surcease of her own woes she was conscious of that strange sense of merged identity when her own personality dropped from her and she became in truth the woman she seemed. But the final curtain brought sudden awakening—she was again the fagged and weary woman as she dragged herself off the stage.

Heinemann came in when she was ready for the street.

"Come mit me, Fannie," he said thickly.

"Where are we going, Heinemann? I am so tired!" She sighed wearily.

"Up here, child—so," said the old man as he drew her up a short flight of steps. He pulled aside the curtain of his box and gently pushed her in. "Sit down," he commanded; "presently I vill come back."

The theater was empty—the yawning seats meeting her gaze. The main drop had been run up and the stage stripped for the night. The bare brick walls at the back stared at her. Only a few lights were left burning and the place was full of shadows.

Fannie heard a slight sound behind her, and, turning, she saw Worden Searelle sitting there. He was slouched down in a chair; his arms were folded across his chest; and his heavy brows were drawn together like a cornice over his eyes. She put out a hand and caught at a chair to steady herself, slowly let herself sink into it. He seemed unconscious of her presence. Her lips framed the word "Worden!" but no sound came from them.

Her first impulse, with returning strength, was to fly to his side, fall on her knees before him, implore his forgiveness. If Searelle had lifted his eyes—if by a single gesture he had acknowledged her nearness—she would have been the suppliant. But he made no move. To all appearances he heard nothing, saw nothing, cared nothing.

With a sudden rebound Fannie regained mastery of herself. Her confused thoughts crystallized.

Implore his forgiveness? Had she wronged him, then? Swiftly she brushed aside the petty hypocrisies with which she had sought to beguile herself during all those weeks of stealthy coming and going. No; it was not for him, who would benefit by it,

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that she had done this thing—it was for herself. And in yielding to the passion of her nature to stand alone, to win through her own talents, she had not been derelict by word or deed in her love and duty.

Was she less the wife, she asked herself as she watched his bowed head, now that she had stepped out of the shadow, now that she had fulfilled herself as a woman? The applause and the acclaim were the breath of her nostrils. She had won that which was her right—she would retain that which she had won—and she would win again and again. The line of her life had been engulfed in his these last ten years; but now, as when a beam of light is split into rays by the refraction of a crystal, her line had emerged, was running parallel with his—no longer lost or subservient.

"Come, Searelle; it grows late," she said.

He looked up quickly; but still he said nothing. His eyes seemed to devour her. Was this his submissive Fannie, this smiling woman, with cool gaze and sure poise? She should be at his feet!

"Well, how did you like me?" she challenged him audaciously. "Am I worthy of the name? Mrs. Worden Searelle?" She laughed as she leaned forward and looked into his eyes. "Do I bear it ——"

"With honor!" Searelle's voice was husky with emotion. Then he burst out in sudden fury: "But I, Fannie—what have I left? As I watched you to-night I seemed to have lost everything! I never knew you were so beautiful! I never realized how enthralling you could be! I am bereft—desolate! You have taken all from me!"

"Are you not still Searelle?" she asked.

He sprang to his feet, his eyes ablaze.

"Searelle?" he repeated exultingly. "Yes—yes—I am still Searelle! I will return, greater than ever!" Then, relaxing moodily: "I want my wife!"

"You have her—you have never lost her," she said gently. "She does not love you the less that she has answered the call of her destiny. I have won too much to relinquish it. I cannot give this up!" And she waved her hand toward the stage. "I must have my own life."

He was silent for a moment; then he slowly nodded his head.

"Your own life—yes, your own career, but by my side," he murmured brokenly.

She sprang to her feet, threw herself into his arms, crying joyously.

"'This is my lord! This is truly Torello!'"

"'This is truly Adalieta!'" he whispered as he folded his arms about her.

"Well, how goes it?" came the familiar accents of Heinemann, who had been eavesdropping.

"Heinemann, you old fox!" cried Searelle, slapping the broad back of the manager. "Do you know how he lured me here to-night, Fannie? He swore he would leave me in the hands of the sharks if I didn't come. If I did come he promised to save my library and finance Marco Polo."

THE TREASURE HUNTER

(Continued from Page 13)

established landmarks of common sense and sane credibility were suddenly jumbled up.

What my father answered was:

"I think it's all true."

Charlie took a big linen handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his face. Then he said simply, quite simply, like a child:

"I'm afraid!"

One could doubt everything else, Mr. Lewis said; but not this. The man was in fear, beyond question.

"I've got it all figured out," Charlie continued. "They were after Dabney for something they thought he had in the chest. They offered to take a thousand dollars for their share and let him off. That's why he was so crazy to raise the money. When they found the chest empty they thought I had the thing, or knew where Dabney had concealed it; and now they are after me!"

Old Charlie stopped again and wiped his face.

"I don't want to die, Pendleton," he added, "like Dabney—in the bed. What shall I do?"

"There is only one thing to do," replied my father. "Put the money by the elm in the meadow."

"But, Pendleton," replied the man, "where would I get a thousand dollars? as I said to Dabney."

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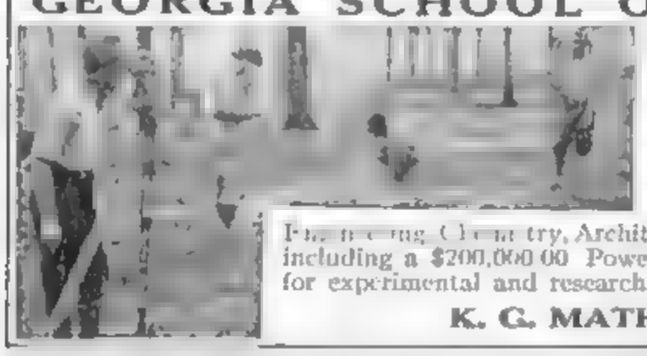

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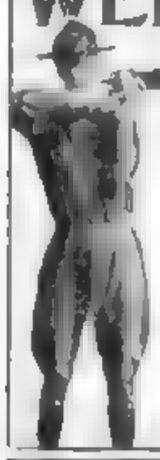

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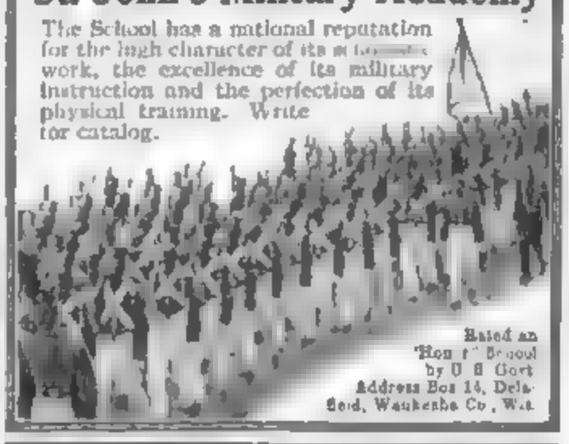

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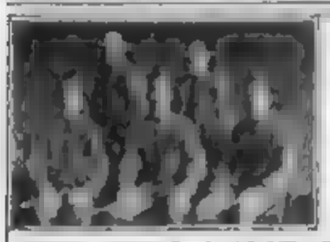

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MAJOR CHAS. N. HULVEY, Commandant.

"I will lend it to you," replied my father.

"But, Pendleton," said Charlie, "you haven't got a thousand dollars in gold in your pocket."

"No," replied my father; "but if you will give me a lien on the land I will undertake to pay the money. The estate is in ruin, but it's worth double that sum."

And Mr. Lewis said that, among the other strange, mad, ridiculous things of that memorable, extraordinary day, he wrote a deed of trust on the Madison lands to secure Charlie's note to my father for a thousand dollars.

So great virtue was there in my father's word, and such power had he to inspire the faith of men, that he rode away, leaving old Charlie at peace and confident that he had escaped from peril—whether, as Mr. Lewis wondered, it was the peril of the pirate assassins in the great swamp or the gibbet of Virginia.

Two hundred yards from the house, where the strip of bush, skirting the meadow, touched the road, my father got down from his horse and tied the bridle rein to a sapling.

"What now, Pendleton?" cried Mr. Lewis, like a man swept along in a current of crazy happenings.

"I am going in to arrange about the payment of the money," replied my father.

The lawyer swore a great oath. If my father was setting out to interview desperate assassins—as his acts indicated—alone and unarmed, it was the extreme of foolhardy peril. Did he think murderers would parley with him and let him come away to tell it and to lead in a posse? It was a thing beyond all sane belief!

And it is evidence of the blood in the lawyer, Mr. Lewis, that in this conviction, with the inevitable end of the venture before his face, he got down and went in with my father.

The path lay along a sort of dike, thrown up in some ancient time against the swamp. Now along the sides it was grown with great reeds, water beech and the common bush of wet lands.

They came to the old tobacco house noiselessly on the damp path. The tumbledown door had been set in place.

My father did not pause for any consideration of finesse or safety. He went straight ahead to the door and flung it open. It was rotten and insecurely set, and it fell with a clatter into the abandoned house.

At the sound a big, gaunt figure, asleep on the floor, sprang up.

In the dim light Mr. Lewis looked about for a weapon—a piece of the broken door would do. But my father was undisturbed.

"Dabney," he said, "I came to arrange about the money. My agent, Mr. Gray, in Memphis, will hand it to you. There will be nothing to sign."

Mr. Lewis said he cried out, because he was astonished:

"Dabney Madison, by the living God! I thought you were dead!"

My father turned about.

"How could you think that, Lewis?" he said. "You yourself pointed out how the dog was killed by somebody who knew him; and you must have seen that there was no blood on the floor where the dog lay—and consequently that the dog was killed in the bed to furnish blood for the pretended murder."

"But the money, Pendleton!" cried Mr. Lewis. "Why do you pay Dabney Madison this money?"

"Because it is his share of his father's estate," replied my father.

"So you were after that!" cried the lawyer, Mr. Lewis; "the half of your father's estate. Damme, man, you took a lot of hell-turns on the road to that! Why didn't you sue in the courts? Your right was legal."

"Because a suit at law would have brought out his past," replied my father.

The man roused thus abruptly out of sleep had got now some measure of control.

"Lewis," he said, "no law of God or man runs on the sea. The trade of the sea south of the Bermudas is no business for a gentleman or to be told in the land of his father's honor. Pendleton knew where I'd been!"

"Yes," replied my father. "When I saw your bleached face; when I saw your cropped head under the pirate cloth; when I saw you take three steps in your nervous walk, and turn—I knew."

"That I had been in the Spanish Main?" said Dabney.

"That you had been in the penitentiary!" said my father.

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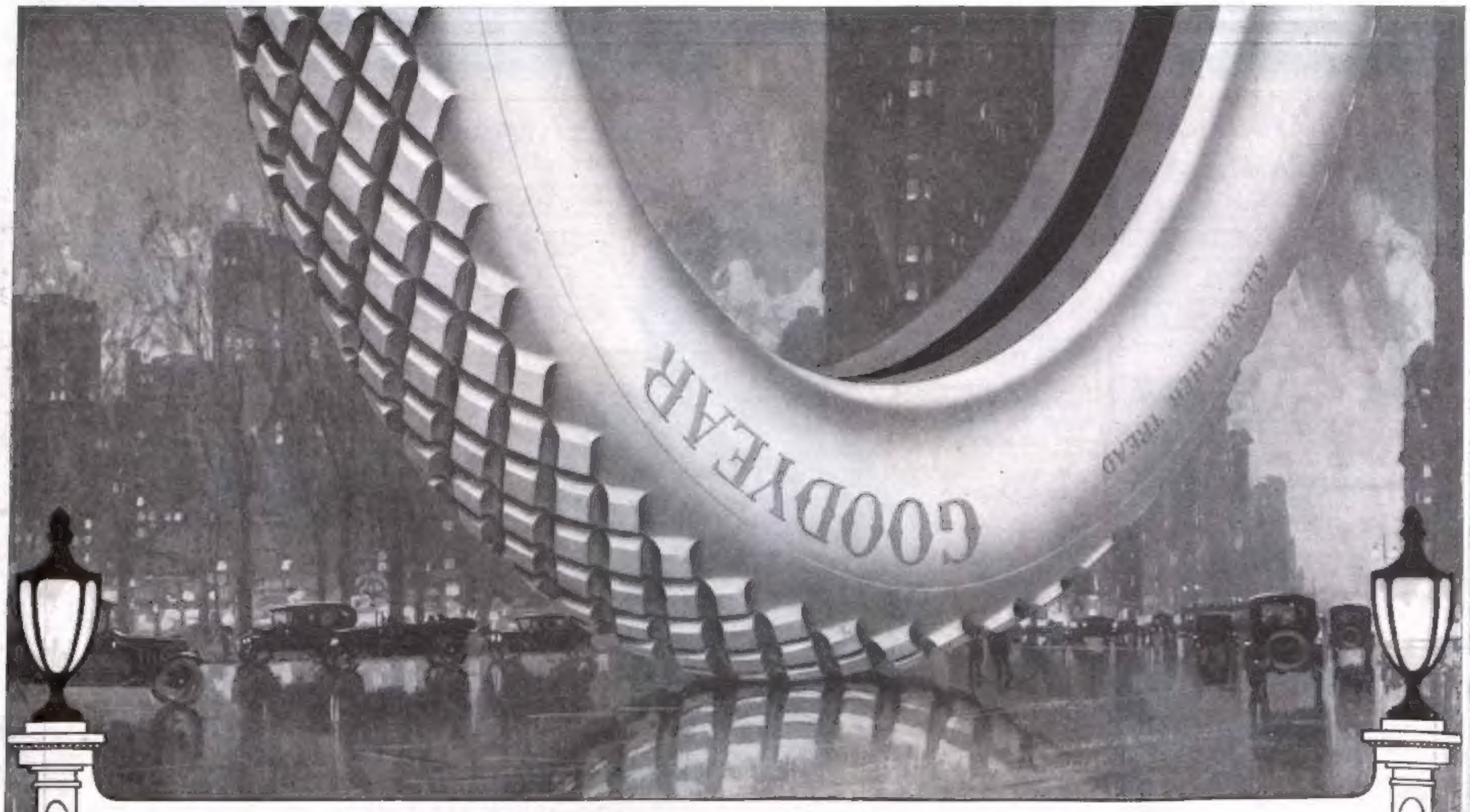

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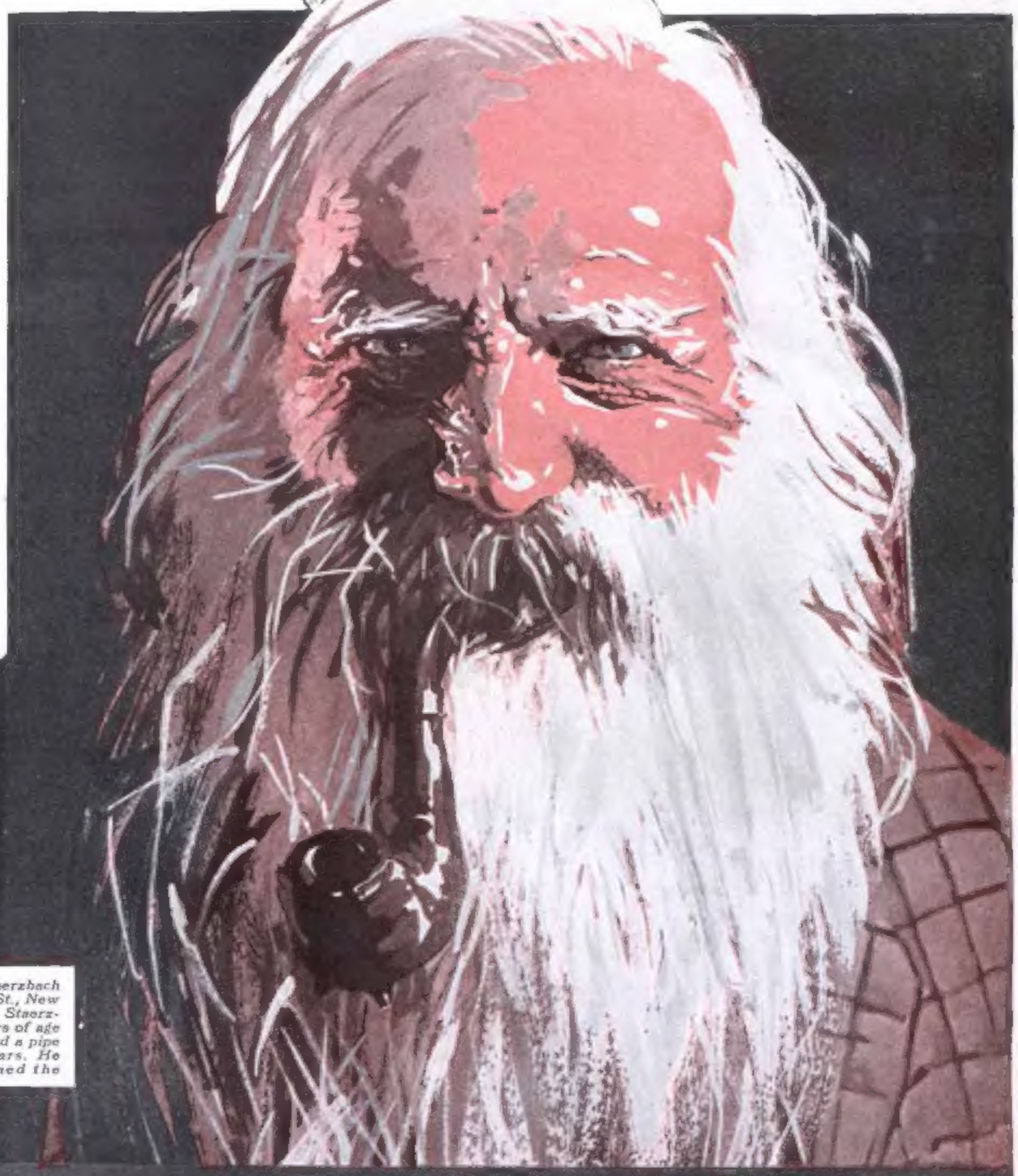

This is Mr. H. Staerzbach of 199 E. 76th St., New York City. Mr. Staerzbach is 75 years of age and has smoked a pipe almost 60 years. He has just joined the "Old-Time Jimmy Piper's Club."

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